



up a dog.....I have found on a tree.
the.

Bryan accorded a warm reception at St. Louis....Hanna quotes Hoar and unmask Bryan.

question whether the powers shall
shall not evacuate Peking. This, it
reassured, is already provisionally ac

SCROFULA

This root of many evils—
 Tumors, abscesses, cutaneous eruptions,
 dyspepsia, rheumatism to catch cold and in-
 ability to get rid of it easily, catarrh,
 and other ailments including the consump-
 tive tendency—
 Is removed by Hood's Sarsaparilla so
 completely that a radical and permanent
 cure is effected.

The doctor was proven by the use of a volume testis-lytic. Miss Vernooey, Warwaring, N. Y., writes: "When our daughter was two years old, she broke out all over her face and body with scrofula sores. Nothing we did for her seemed to do her any good, and we had become almost discouraged, when we thought we would try Hood's Sarsaparilla. The first bottle cured her, when she had taken six the sores were healed and her face was smooth. She has never shown any sign of the scrofula returning."

Healthy Blood.
Hood's Pills cure liver flay, non-irritating;
only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Keep on drinking coffee and paying
doctor's bills if you wish. But don't
make your children drink it—give them

Cof-farin

Your grocer will sell it to you.

Steep it like tea in the proportion of
a dessert spoonful for each cup.

Ansonia
Pirate Alarm Clocks.
At each. The best low priced clock.
MONTGOMERY BROS.,
Douglas Bldg., Spring and Third Sts.

start into the arena. With every thing driving him, he was in the lead, and he drove resolutely when straightened out, but soon dropped back, beaten, and it was left for Kinney Mack and Ethelbert to fight it out with her. Both boys rode very liberally. The first round was a draw with Imp a length in front of Kinney Mack, who was a necktie before Ethelbert. The time, 2:34-4. The second round was a draw with her own track record, made in the same event last year. Summary:

About six furlongs: Montaine won Gold for second, Carbine third; time 1:01-5.

Steeplechase, about two and a-half miles: Cock Robin won, Capt. Pierall second, Count Navarro third; time 1:01-5.

Holy handicap, five and a-half furlongs: Montaine won, Capt. Pierall second, Carbine third; time 1:01-5.

longs: Conroy won, Dublin second, Bellarce third; time 1:57 4-5.
Second special, mile and a half: Imp won, Kinley Mack second, Ethelbert third; time 2:34 1-5.
Five furlongs: List Prince won, Lady Padden second, Gracious third; time 1:02 2-5.
Mile and a sixteenth: Greenock won, Oles second, Ritardo third; time 1:49.

TER O-O-O!

The Owl

PRICES

for
in our line, sent by
point within 100 miles
or upwards.
we opened our store
will Never Be Raised.
50 per cent. by buy-
may boycott us, but

... something that the Lib
... there just the same.

FATAL CRASH ON RIVER.

Two Launches Sunk and
Three Men Drowned.

Contradictory Accounts of the Tragedy.

Double Murder in Arizona—
Trains Collide on a Trestle
—Stage Help Up.

(A. P. DAY REPORT.) STOCKTON, Sept. 13.—Three men were drowned and two launches sunk, the result of a collision between the small craft with the steamer Dauntless of the Union Transportation Company of this city, at Bouldin Island last night about 10 o'clock. The dead are:

JACK DOAN, buyer for Wood, Curran & Co., Sacramento produce dealers.

JACK DAVIS, Sacramento, in the boat with Doan.

W. S. Broadbent of the Henderson-Brown Company, who was an eyewitness to the accident, telephoned the following particulars this morning:

"I left Stockton last evening on the steamer Dauntless for San Francisco. As the steamer neared Bouldin Island, the pilot noticed two launches coming up stream. They had a light on board, and were towing a small boat. The launches were run down and sunk."

"Of course, there was a great deal of excitement at once. Doan and Davis went down immediately, but Kent, as many of the passengers will testify, was absent for at least fifteen minutes, and yet the crew of the steamer did not get out a boat in time to save him. They had plenty of time to do so had they gone at it properly, and the passengers were loud in their condemnation of the crew for their lack of drilling and discipline. The general impression among the passengers was that Kent could have been saved had he not been so careless of his duty."

"My private opinion is that the accident was due to the carelessness of the pilot. In the first place he had no right to hug the shore, and I am satisfied that had he stopped the wheel and reversed the engine the accident could have been avoided."

"The Dauntless finally continued on her course to San Francisco after I was landed at Bouldin. I have been endeavoring to recover the bodies, but have been unable to locate them up to an early hour this morning, and have sent to Stockton for assistance. I also desire to offer a reward for the recovery of the bodies."

VICTIMS WERE BUYERS.

The unfortunate men have been located at Valencia Station Island, for some time in the capacity of produce buyers for the firm, they represent. They have gasoline launches at their command, and yesterday Kent broke down at Bouldin. He sent a telephone message to Doan, who was at Valencia, asking him to come down and give him a tow. Doan responded, and the two boats, Doan's and Kent's, started from Bouldin when the accident occurred."

At the local office of the Union Transportation Company it is claimed that the accident was due to the fact that Doan, who was in charge of the towing launch, hit his head or the control of his boat."

Eye-witnesses declare that after the Dauntless veered for sides given the signal that it would take the bank, the launches, which were provided with whistles, appeared to answer and made as though to take the open water. Suddenly Doan, who was handling the forward launch, changed his course, and was in the rear launch, seeing the danger, called out: "For God's sake, Jack, address Doan. What are you doing?" Either Doan did not hear or could not manage the boat, for he continued to hug the shore, and Kent, seeing the danger, jumped to save himself. Instead of going toward shore he, doubtless, fearing his boat would run down, swung toward the river, right into the current."

Pilot O'Neill was at the wheel at the time, Mate Ben Bartinger being asleep. The latter was awakened by the commotion that followed the accident, and hastily dressing, he ordered out the lifeboat and had it in the water as soon as possible, in an attempt to save Kent. Kent sunk, however, before the boat could reach him."

CAPT. McNEILL'S VERSION.

Capt. McNeill, who was at the wheel when the accident occurred, telephoned the following version to the local office this morning from San Francisco.

"The Dauntless had been on the Mokelumne to Tyler Island and Valencia, where she took on freight, and was coming down the river, and was passing the new bridge at Bouldin Island, two launches came up stream. I blew two whistles as a signal for them to pass on the starboard side, the launches answering the signals. Shortly afterward I noticed that the launches were headed for the starboard side instead of following the signals. Seeing that an accident would occur if they followed their course, I headed the steamer for the bank in an attempt to avoid them and give them a chance to get into the open water. The launches came straight for the steamer, however, and the forward launch struck the best just at the gangway. A few seconds before the steamer I recognized Kent's voice, who was in the forward boat, also. He was saying: 'For God's sake, Jack, where are you going?'"

"When the launches struck, the steamer was almost at a standstill and was merely drifting. The launches struck on the side away from the bank, capsizing and sinking. Kent had jumped before the collision and swam to the open water. In less than four minutes, actual time from the moment we saw an accident was inevitable, we saw a lifeboat in the water. The crew could hear Kent shouting for help, but it was very dark, and he could only be located by the sound of his voice. The men rowed as hard as they could to reach him, but without avail. Finally he ceased calling, and we knew that he had gone down. In the darkness no trace of him could be discovered."

Doan's body was found shortly after noon, and the Coroner has gone to the scene.

COLLISION ON A TRESTLE

Four Men Meet Death in Wreck
on the Esquimalt and
Nanaimo Railway.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.) NANAIMO (B. C.), Sept. 13.—Coal train No. 1 from Lady Smith and No. 10 from Alexandria collided today about two miles north of Lady Smith on the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway. The trains met on the center of bridge No. 36. The approach to the bridge on both sides is a steep incline coming suddenly off the level, the bridge lying at the bottom of the valley. Both trains were badly wrecked, especially No. 1, the engine of which was reduced to scrap. The killed are:

ROBERT FISHER, superintendent of the Alexandria mines.

SAMUEL WALTON, engineer of No. 1.

LUIGI THOMPSON, fireman.

H. SANDERS, brakeman.

The cause of the accident was a misplaced signal. When the engines sighted each other, as the trains rushed down the incline, the reversed at once and made every effort to bring up, but the impetus was too great, and both smashed together with tremendous force right in the middle of the trestle, one train toppling over into the ravine below, and the other being killed on the spot; the other two died in a few minutes.

COOL STAGE ROBBER.

EDITOR HIS ONLY VICTIM.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.) NEVADA CITY, Sept. 13.—This afternoon, a four-horse stage, bound from this city to Downsville, was held up by a lone highwayman while ascending the grade one mile and a half above Nigger Tent, twenty-seven miles from here. The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

The robber, who was armed with a double-barreled shotgun, covered L. H. Gaffney, the driver, and the latter at his command, threw out the wooden box of Wells, Fargo & Company, which was empty, all the treasure aboard being in an iron chest bolted to the bottom of the stage.

W. L. TEACH THE FILIPINOS.

Five More California Teachers
Selected—Mrs. Alice M.
Farmer Appointed.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.) UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, Sept. 13.—Five more primary teachers have been selected for service in the Philippines by President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California, at the request of Judge Taft, chairman of the United States Philippine Commission.

They are Miss Josephine M. Dow, San Francisco, a graduate of the Los Angeles Normal School; Mrs. Alice M. Farmer, for the last three years a teacher in Los Angeles; Miss Minnie Hopkins of Modoc county, Miss Katherine Smith of Cloverdale, and Miss Mary Norton, all graduates of the San Jose Normal School.

Miss Hopkins will sail for Manila on the Thomas next Tuesday, as will Katherine Smith, who will be accompanied by Maxwell L. McCullough of Irvington, two members of the last graduating class of the University of California, who have been selected by President Wheeler for high school positions in the Philippines.

Dr. David P. Barrows, summoned from the San Diego Normal School by Judge Taft upon the suggestion of President Wheeler, to become assistant superintendent of education in the Philippines, will sail on the same steamer. The four additional teachers hope to follow on an early transport.

MULVANEY ACTS UGLY.

SENKES REVENGE ON HIS PAL.

(A. P. DAY REPORT.) FRESNO, Sept. 13.—Thomas Mulvaney, said to be a member of a gang of eastern thieves operating between Los Angeles and Stockton, was found guilty of burglary this morning. After the verdict and the partial emptying of the courtroom, he attempted with a heavy chain to brain a youth named Cunningham, who had turned State's evidence against him. Bailed in the morning, he was taken to the jail and made confession of alleged crimes further connecting him with former pal.

HOMER WRECKER KILLED.

SAN LUIS OBISPO TRAGEDY.

(A. P. DAY REPORT.) SAN LUIS OBISPO, Sept. 13.—Simon Morillo was killed this morning. Santos Moreno, whom he accused of wrecking his domestic happiness. The shooting was done on the street with a rifle, and was deliberate. Moreno was called on to halt, and two men with him were asked to step aside. Then Morillo fired two shots, one of which took effect near the heart, causing an instant death. The murderer, who was a hard-working man, and has a large family, is known in Bakersfield, and is a fighter who plays at rustic entertainments.

BRIEF COURT DISPATCHES.

Train Goes into Ditch.

ROSEBURG (Or.), Sept. 13.—South-bound train No. 13, which was wrecked four miles south of here at Gravelly, this morning. A driver axle of the engine broke, and the engine and the mail, express and baggage cars are in the ditch. No one was injured.

Minnie Adams' Losing Fight.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 13.—After a two-year battle in the courts, Minnie Adams, accused of poisoning her infant with carbolic acid, was sentenced to life imprisonment for life in San Quentin.

Missionaries Unsatisfied.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 13.—On board the steamer Doric, which sailed this afternoon for the Orient, were a number of missionaries to Japan, including several who but recently returned from similar, though more hazardous labor in China.

MAHONEY NOT KILLED.

Opinion of Sheriff Sibley of Stockton—See No Reason to Continue Investigation.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.) SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 13.—After an investigation of two days in this city, Sheriff Sibley of Stockton was killed accidentally by falling from a train. He was on the train when it derailed, and his investigation, and will go home tomorrow.

STATE FAIR CLOSING.

Directors are Satisfied With the Attendance and Results.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.) ACACEMTONT, Sept. 13.—The State fair closed tonight, and the directors are satisfied with the attendance, which was better than they expected. In 1899 the gate receipts, which were heavier than they had been for years, amounted to \$20,824. The year's receipts in San Francisco drew people from the city, as well as from other parts of the State, and receipts amounted to \$15,539, or only \$5,285 less than last year.

APPEAL TO ALL NATIONS.

Boer Delegates Want
Intervention.

Despairing Call in the
Name of Liberty.

Gen. French Occupies Barberton
Without Opposition—
England Tired of War.

(A. P. DAY REPORT.) THE HAGUE, Sept. 13.—(By Atlantic Cable.) The Boer delegates, Messrs. Fischer, Wolmarans and Wessels, have addressed an appeal to all nations for intervention in South Africa. After expressing the conviction that the annexation of the Transvaal was only proclaimed with the object of enabling Great Britain to prosecute the war in an inhuman manner, contrary to international law, and to mercilessly pursue as rebels exhausted combatants, hereafter recognized as such, they declared that they will continue to struggle to the last breath against Great Britain's attempt to annihilate their existence as a free people. The appeal concludes as follows:

"In the name of justice and humanity we hereby appeal to all peoples to come to our aid in this supreme moment, and save our country from complete subjugation to God, trusting that our prayers will be heard."

FRENCH OCCUPIES BARBERTON.

Boers Surprised and Unable to
Offer Opposition—Captives
Locomotives.

(A. P. DAY REPORT.) LONDON, Sept. 13.—(By Atlantic Cable.) Lord Roberts reports to the War Office that he has occupied Barberton, September 14, as follows:

"French occupied Barberton yesterday with the cavalry, which he took across the mountains. He met slight opposition, the enemy being completely surprised. Twenty-three officers and fifty-nine men were prisoners were released, and forty-three locomotives and other rolling stock were captured. The former will relieve us of great difficulty, as we had to put up with a few rickety engines."

"French reports that he has sufficient supplies for three weeks for his force and for a week for his horses. One hundred Boers, with many Mauser rifles and a quantity of ammunition were captured. There are large quantities of cattle and sheep in the country, which is good news."

"French interrupted large convoys, showing that Barberton was used as a depot of supplies for the Boers in the south and southeast. The bulk of French's force is still thirty-five miles from the city, owing to the difficulty of getting the wagons over the plain leading to Barberton."

FIGHTING AMONG THEMSELVES.

LORENZO MARQUEZ, Sept. 13.—Boers who arrived here yesterday evening aver that the burghers are fighting among themselves at Delport, and are looting and burning buildings.

FAMINE PRICES.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.) JOHANNESBURG, Friday, Sept. 14.—Privations of selling at famine prices here, sugar bringing 3 shillings and pence a pound, and pork the same price, while matches are sold at 1 cent a dozen. The market is so tight that necessities are not obtainable at any price.

DISSOLUTION IS THE WORD.

"BOERS" GENTLE HINT.

NEW YORK, Sept. 13.—A dispatch to the Tribune from London says:

"Lord Salisbury is not known to have made any sign respecting the dissolution of Parliament, but Lord Roberts is evidently hastening the general elections. 'Dissolution' is writ large across the proclamations and bulletins which have been received from Machelodorp in the last twenty-four hours."

"The British commander-in-chief's proclamation to the Boers, respecting Mr. Kruger's retirement from the office, is an adroit and statesmanlike document, which can hardly fail to be helpful in securing the disbandment of guerrilla troops."

"The statement that 15,000 Boers are prisoners of war causes surprise here, where the number of the Dutch was not supposed to be over 10,000."

"The veiled threat respecting the employment of rigorous measures sanctioned by the customs of war, is hailed with satisfaction by the English press which, too, has lost patience with Lord Salisbury's leniency."

"Bulletins from Machelodorp all point to the speedy collapse of the Boer army. Sir Redvers Buller's immense seizure of Boer stores at Spitzkop, both the retirement from command, Gen. Buller's successful advance eastward along the railway, with Gen. Hamilton within supporting distance behind him; Gen. French's advance toward Barberton, and various operations by Gen. Hart, Clements and Rundle are proofs that the pressure of overwhelming numbers is irresistible, and that the Dutch burghers are fighting without hope and are gradually breaking down."

"Military experts expect that the last Boer army will be broken up within a few days."

HOSTETTER'S

CELEBRATED

FOR

THE BEST

INDIGESTION,

DIARRHOEA,

BILIOUSNESS,

FEVER,

AGUE,

AND ALL

THE BILTERS

MEANS HEALTH

FOR EVERY

SUFFERER

FROM STOMACH

AND BILTERS

California Carpet Co.

312-314 S. Broadway

All Grades, Complete Assortment

Wilton, Axminster, Savonnerie,
Moquette, Saxony and
Velvet Carpets

Brussels, Tapestries and
Ingrain Carpets

RUGS All Kinds and Sizes

INLAIN AND PRINTED
LINOLEUMS.

China and Japan, Napier
and Cocoa Matting, Grass
Matting for heavy wear.

Lace Curtains, Portieres,
Coach Covers and
Ornamental Draperies.

Prompt and reliable workmanship. Lowest
cash prices.

T. BILLINGTON CO., Proprietors

real battle of the war will be fought at Delport, and that Commandant Buller's forces will then disperse. Their forecasts have been falsified so often that little importance can be attached to them, and it is a fairly safe conclusion that there will be little except police work after Koomatipoort has been occupied. The general elections will not be deferred for the completion of the police work, since, unhappily, that is likely to go on for several years."

ACCIDENTS AT MODESTO.

MODESTO, Sept. 13.—A stranger named Alexander had both legs crushed below the knees by a train at Crow's Landing this afternoon. He was trying to cross the tracks when he was struck by a train. J. S. Dodge, a painter, was badly injured today by falling from a scaffolding thirty feet high.

(Indianapolis Journal): "I hold Bryan responsible for this hot summer."

"How's that?"

"Why, we've had sixteen hot days to one cool one."

The Jacoby Store as a Woman

Store—the store that sells artistic garments
common-place prices.

**Women's
Tailor Suits.**

Prices showing magnificent tailor costumes at prices no other store in this city can reach, but no trash, no shoddy, at any price. Only the advance styles are here, and still better showing more suits today than most stores will show later when their stocks are complete. We're doing a big business now, though the season has hardly opened, because we follow the same principle that has built up our enormous shoe business. Here it is in a nutshell—just the very best tailor suits for the lowest possible price. Don't you like a store which does business that way? We have details of two suits, but you'll never know how far this store leads unless you come and look and price things. Then you'll know and it's well worth knowing.

**Oxford
Homespun**

Tailor suit double breasted, black, with short skirt, waist, tailored, inverted flap back. Your very high priced tailor suit.

**Black Pebble
Cheviot**

Tailor suit, double breasted, black, with short skirt, waist, tailored, inverted flap back. Your very high priced tailor suit.

**Women's
Handkerchiefs**

10c Handkerchiefs for 5c.

20c Handkerchiefs for 15c.

Some edged with val lace, others with lace corners and insertion.

Women's Hose

2

ator, for he has created so many of them—the plain people of these United

Barkeley, equal the world-famed col-

scraped! Well, let him scrape! No

it be applauded is too much—too much!

ere's to the little brown jay: He
already beags more of sense than
average until So says
THE EAGLE.



it be applauded is too much—too much!

ere's to the little brown jay: He
already beags more of sense than
average until So says
THE EAGLE.

Committee last winter.

DAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1900.

WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Los Angeles Sunday Times

SEPTEMBER 16, 1900.

PRICE PER YEAR....\$2.50
SINGLE COPY....5 CENTS

"THERE'S A CRY FROM MACEDONIA."



Columbia to her people: "Save them 'ere they perish."

So. California Wine Co.,
220. W. Fourth St. Tel. M. 332.

value of silver reduced the value of a Mexican dollar to less than 50 cents, and the property of its peoples is now measured by these half-dollar coins, suffering great depreciation. Japan a general years past the owning of modern steel steamships has been very profitable, and our commerce has been a harvest for these foreign-owned ships.

The Hissin
[New World:] At
town a star across

OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE, though only in its third year, is an established success. It is complete in itself being served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required, and is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

The contents embrace a great variety of attractive reading matter, with numerous original illustrations. Among the articles are: *Topography of California*; *Historical, Descriptive and Personal Sketches*; *Frank G. Carpenter's Incomparable Letters*; *Southern Development*; *Scientific and Solid Subjects*; *Care of the Human Body*; *Romance, Fiction, Poetry, Art, Anecdote and Humor*; *Noted Men and Women*; *The Home Circle*; *Our Boys and Girls*; *Travel and Adventure*; *Stories of the Firing Line*; *Animal Stories*; *Fresh Pen Pictures*, and a wide range of other fresh, popular up-to-date subjects of keen human interest.

Being complete in themselves, the weekly issues may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes thirteen numbers each. Each number has from 28 to 32 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 magazine pages of the average size. They will be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year. THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers, Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 8, 1897.

MR. CROKER ON POLITICAL ORGANIZATION.

ON ANOTHER page of this issue will be found an article from the pen of Richard Croker on organization in politics. The subject is one in which Mr. Croker is at home, and his opinions ought to be read with interest. That everyone will agree with him in all his propositions is, however, doubtful.

It must be conceded that organization is necessary to success in any undertaking, more especially in this end-of-the-century period. The whole history of civilization is the history of the growth of movements of organization. The more advanced human society has become, the more effort has been organized, on every hand, and the complexity of organization has increased. Government itself is organization.

It is likewise true that in all organization there must be leaders. The nature of organization presupposes it. The unorganized only can be homogeneous. Every organism requires a head.

Conceded, then, that organization is a necessity. Conceded, also, that organization, as necessary to the success of any movement, is good. But it is well not to confuse the abstract with the concrete, here, and argue that, because organization is good, organizations necessarily are so. Mr. Croker asserts that there can be no had organization for any length of time. That depends! It depends on how you define "had" and how you define "length of time." Mr. Croker says that you cannot mislead the people long. A wise man who is dead, a man who was also somewhat of a politician, but more of a statesman, once expressed an opinion on that point; but he was more conservative than Mr. Croker. While he believed that you cannot fool all the people all the time, he admitted that it was perfectly possible both to fool some of them all of the time and all of them some of the time. This will appear to most persons a more correct statement of the facts. Organizations have undoubtedly existed that even Mr. Croker would be obliged to concede were had. Some of them have existed for a great length of time. Some of them exist today.

Mr. Croker further considers that the victories of Tammany Hall at election have proven that the people indorse that organization. Undoubtedly they prove that some people indorse it. But what people, and why? These also are questions that are of interest to the discussion.

Mr. Croker claims that Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield were "bosses." It had not occurred to most of us to put it in that way, but possibly they were. In the same sense in which Mr. Croker is a statesman. And in that same sense Washington and Lincoln were also bosses.

"As for the leader," continues Mr. Croker, "he cannot live an hour after he ceases to be truly representative; after he ceases to act for the whole body of the people represented by his organization. He must represent his people, or they put him out at once." This is partly true and partly absurdly false. Every leader becomes such because he to some extent embodies opinions or principles accepted by those who make him their head. But he may himself have originated those opinions or principles in the minds of his followers, and he may also, once in power, acquire an ascendancy never intended to be delegated. And this ascendancy may be attained by fair means or foul; it may be the result of personal greatness, of force of character, of an individuality that excites enthusiasm and compels confidence and allegiance, such as was Abraham Lincoln's, or it may be the result of careful scheming and unscrupulous manipulation of men and money.

But that Mr. Croker is wholly right in one of his propositions will be willingly admitted by those who are actively interested in the progress of methods in politics. Organization might be made a means of advance if good citizens, instead of railing at it, would organize themselves, or enter organizations already existing. Only it must be added that, if good citizens were to enter some of the existing organizations and endeavor to render them of benefit to the coun-

try, these would cease to be; that is, with a majority of good citizens as members, these organizations would be compelled so to alter their character as practically to become other organizations. We are of the opinion that Tammany Hall is such an organization.

A CLASSIFICATION OF NEWSPAPERS.

DR. DELOS F. WILCOX has a curious article in the current number of the *Annals of the American Academy*. It is an analysis of the characteristics of about two hundred newspapers published in twenty-one cities of the United States, and a comparative estimate of their intellectual standing. It is hardly probable that everyone would agree with the author's decisions in all cases, but these are at least interesting, the more so as this is the first time so systematic a classification of our daily news literature has been attempted. That the work viewpoint is that of an outsider is manifest in the opinion Dr. Wilcox expresses that a weekly or even monthly paper carefully put together would probably be more wholesome for the most of us than the daily digest of hastily-compiled news. No newspaper man, and, indeed, few men outside newspaper work, could indorse that opinion.

Dr. Wilcox bases his comparative estimate of the intellectual standing of the newspapers he considers on the proportionate space devoted in each to sporting news, to news of crime and vice, to medical advertisements, to illustrations, to literature proper, to editorial, etc. He considers that the rating should depend also on the quality of these different departments. On this basis he reaches some noteworthy conclusions.

New York, he says, for instance, although supposed to represent the news center, the head and front of newsdom, in the United States, stands first in nothing, among the cities compared. It stands second in foreign news; also in news of crime and vice. Boston, the supposed home of culture, stands second in sensational journalism and at the foot of the list in business news. Chicago, on the other hand, stands second in literary news and at the foot of the list in news of crime and vice.

After these remarkable statements, we are not surprised to hear that Philadelphia heads the list in society news; Baltimore and Washington stand next above Boston in business news; that is, they stand at the bottom of the list, with only Boston below them. Minneapolis and St. Paul hold the foot of the class on political news. St. Louis and Cincinnati are ranked as the head centers of yellow journalism. Cleveland stands first in respect to foreign news, second in medical advertisements, third in news of vice and crime, and near the last in war news. Omaha bears the high distinction of standing at the head, among these cities considered in the article, in political news.

These estimates are, it must be remembered, based upon an average arrived at by considering all the papers belonging to each city; so that no one paper is necessarily condemned or recommended in the condemnation or commendation of its city. Rather the general characteristics of the inhabitants of the city may be regarded as under criticism. The computations have been very carefully made, and the article is a long and scholarly one. If only for the delectation of newspaper men, whose lives are not too sugar-plummed with amusement, it is to be hoped that this first sociological study of the newspaper will not be the last, even though its conclusions be not of the first value.

Abram S. Hewitt, former Democratic Mayor of New York, has taken issue with Richard Croker, present Democratic boss of New York, with reference to present opportunities of young men for business success. Mr. Croker asserted that the young men have no chance of success under existing conditions. Mr. Hewitt, himself a successful business man, declares that the chances are as good now as they ever were. And Mr. Hewitt is undoubtedly right. While the demands of business life are more exacting than formerly, requiring superior qualifications, the means of training to meet these demands has increased correspondingly. Further than this, the field for enterprise has been largely extended. This is especially true since the Spanish-American war and the expansion of our interests in and across the Pacific. The earnest, energetic, intelligent young man never, at any time, or in any country, had a better outlook for success in business than he has now in this country.

Our letter from Frank G. Carpenter, printed in this issue, is of unusual interest, treating, as it does, of the efforts that are being put forth by the United States for the education of the Filipinos. Next to maintaining peace, the work of education is the most important which this government has before it in the Philippines. It is therefore most gratifying to know, as Mr. Carpenter informs us, that "every town which has been garrisoned has been given a school," and that "the officers urge the people to open the schoolhouses." In no other way can the condition of the inhabitants of the islands, so long held in the bondage of ignorance, be so effectually improved.

The people of Southern California may well be doubly liberal in their contributions for the sufferers from the storm in Texas, and make their gifts not only a beneficence, but a thank-offering, uniting with their sympathy a spirit of gratitude that their homes are in a section not visited by such calamities as that from which the Lone Star State is suffering.

[New York Tribune:] If the powers can do no better in China than to loot and to ravish and to murder, they would best get out in short order, and pray that the world may some day forget that they ever went in.

CURRENT EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

[New Orleans Picayune:] A man is a man, and acts as such when he looks like a wise man and acts as a man.

[Boston Globe:] Europeans no longer seem to be as green as grass. They have learned, for instance, that the green is not as green as grass.

[Boston Journal:] The concert in China was summed until the first violins get in tune again. The clowns were ever jealous!

[Anaconda Standard:] We don't know about gold, but the crown of thorns seems to be doing with the Chinese Empress.

[Denver Post:] The petrified leg of a giant is earthed in Pennsylvania. It was probably some prehistoric political campaign.

[Washington Star:] The era of processions and making is at hand, and it will be particularly noticeable in brass bands and typewriters that these are fictitious.

[New York Mail and Express:] Gov. Wood's affairs will some day be written in Cuban history, as a blessing to a newly-emancipated people very corner stone of true helpfulness.

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch:] If the hottest produced the coolest masculine garment, man has gained for human comfort. The shirt waist is a blessing—if the belt isn't too tight.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat:] Japan looks like an ocean and realizes that its nearest great neighbor is the United States. While no alliance exists between countries, the geographical tie is evident.

A THRILLING RESCUE.

[New York World:] With hundreds cheering, lay back limply in the harness whose career had just captured, Policeman Richard O'Connor, cycle squad rode back up Eighth avenue, at last to find the owner. O'Connor is an honor man, having received a medal last year for conspicuous in stopping a runaway team. This time he made a wonderful stop. The horse was just about to be the stables of its owner when he tore away with a bang and began his career down Eighth avenue. O'Connor stopped him before he got well under headway, as he had nothing by which he could be held, nor was standing some distance from his horse on the sidewalk of the avenue.

The street was thronged with church goers, entering of these before the plunging beast first officer's eye. With a running leap he was under way by the time the horse and car had reached thirty-ninth street. At Thirty-eighth street he was enough for his purpose. He saw there was no to cling around the horse's collar, and, watching he deftly swung himself from his spinning horse's shoulders. The wheel went to the gutter.

His hold slipped, and a cry of dismay went up as he saw him dragged along, and he was tenaciously to the collar strap. With a supreme effort he pulled himself up, holding by the car and man, where the thrill would support him and vault into his side. The crowd was thrilled with his heroism.

His weight was telling on the horse, and at the street corner officers and bystanders succeeded in the brave young officer's work. The horse was brought to the stable, but O'Connor was helped from it and placed in an ambulance. He was badly hurt, and were many narrow escapes of women and children through which the horse dashed. He announced his intention of heading a fund for reward for O'Connor.

THE NIGHT.

The night is the pure soul of the day, its spirit seen never revealed in the light when the world is kindred with starlight and silence, hushed and so.

In the sky—the infinite Vast is unfolded, the grandeur of space to our vision and God's light. His feet, they are star-shod, and His path is the light. Of the far milky way, which illumines the deep, As 'twere a signal hung out from Heaven's sight.

September 11, 1900.

INSPIRATION.

An angel came to me by night,
A being pure as morning light;
Within whose deep, transcendent soul
There gleamed the writing of Life's scroll.

"What is there writ thereon for me?
I trembling asked—afraid to see—
And scarce believed the words that came
For there to me was given Fame."

My mind returned to where, last night,
I sat upon the bank to write
A tender verse about the stream;
And how the words came like a dream.

I scarce believed them all my own;
So soft the rhyme, so smooth the tone,
I looked upon the scroll to see;
"Twas part of heaven, and part of me."

ELIZABETH J.

The Duchess of Cleveland, mother of Lord... one of the most remarkable octogenarians in society. She officiated as bridesmaid at the Queen Victoria, and can recall every incident of that memorable event. Some years ago she published a voluminous work dealing with all the who can trace their descent from William the

THE MIDNIGHT

THE WONDROUS SPECTACLE FROM THE NORTH

By Rev. T. De Witt Talmage

WE TAKE steamer from Trondhjem, that you will pronounce wrongly you pronounce it, unless you were you have for a long while practiced the world, or the Land of the Midnight. We are sailing for the North Cape, with a depressed spirit, for the voyagers have learned from those regions did not see the There were clouds and fogs which their curtain for the solar exhibition. In the people who go to see the midnight sun, and there are thousands of persons who promised performance a failure and a hum from the North Cape feeling chilly, old in their heads, and they sneeze violent describing their disappointment. It was stepped aboard the Kong Harold, and if party had suggested to us another route, the night moon kept more reasonable hours than, we would have changed our itinerary. We sailed on toward one of the most rapid experiences of a lifetime, for we saw the steamer day after day goes winding among which suggest the Thousand Islands of waters, and then among inlets that resemble and Cayuga, and by waterfalls of think of those of the Yosemite, and by the angling among the crags until the frolic themselves in the sea, and then we go on covered rocks which are great white thron camp, and our ship's gun startles the seagulls, and the echoes of rock which human when we ask what means that cannot named that we have passed into the Arctic sound up the Jeannette, and has fought the Vikings and the Dr. Kanes and the De of the world, and will keep on until the great palace of Arctic of its keys of crystal are flung down reign of eternal frigidty. The Norwegian volcanic. It shows that nature has been when Titans play ball they throw rocks.

It is summer, but all our blankets and to service. Good-by to straw hats and a few hours we have passed from June into with in the integrity of watches and clock taken. They say it is 9 o'clock and to clock and yet not even a hint of darkness watches cannot be in conspiracy to deceive. who has a watch is looking at it, and all the agree in saying it is ten minutes of mid time a great thick cloud drops over the sun. too miles through the isles of the great the and alas! there is a prospect that the mail appear upon the stage. Having disappointed the disappoint us? We are transfixed with are watching and waiting and hoping and that we may see what we have come so far to see, everybody and everything! Not one cough, not one throb of the engine, not one test it disturb the scene. Look! The starting, dissolving, passing. Aye! They are daylight sun is before us.

Our steamer has moved out of the Fjord, that nothing may hinder our view. The waters of the polar sea have become forty fathoms, and all the angels of beauty and down on ladders divinely lowered, waists of mosaic, and they look like the of snow which trail the white robes of the be so bright we looked at it through smoked sky was on fire. Enough clouds nearby to mystery of flame. Horses of fire and chariot through cities of fire. Great masterpiece in the gallery of the sky. Sunbeams carried. Niagara of fire. Strange, weird, spectacle, smiting all other natural brilliance searching enough, overmastering enough, glow in the eye which never slumbers nor sleeps. the morning sun, and the noonday sun and the never before had we seen and never again the midnight sun. From what vats of infinite these colors dipped? A commingling of hues such excess on no other sky and on no other and gold; lavender blending with royal shades of yellow, orange, and canary and lam of blue, turquoise and sapphire and navy and azure; all shades of green, olive and myrtle shades of yellow, orange, and canary and lemon cooling into gray, and the gray warming into amethyst seems about to triumph untold, but the emerald is soon outdone by the it is in some respects the most impressive whole world. Seeing other wonders of nature like this or like that. The Alps are the Nevada, the Rhine is like the Hudson, Lake Geneva, but the midnight sun is unlike anything only one "Last Judgment," by Michael Angelo Gallery, and only one "Sistine Madonna" Gallery, and go to those places we must see them, so we must go to the north end of the burning and defile glory of the mid

The sun seems disposed to go to bed at night it does not like the wet pillow offered it. Its mind, for you watch, expecting it to hide

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

Playmate:] A man is a man, and he like a wise man and acts like a man. They have learned, for instance, that the green. The concert in China cannot be a violin get in tune again. The Emperor. The petrified leg of a giant has been found in the state of Pennsylvania. It was probably pulled out of a political campaign. The era of processions and of the world, and it will be particularly noticeable in the typewriters that these people will and Express:] Gov. Wood's commission to be written in Cuban history, and to a newly-emancipated people and of true helpfulness. The hottest American soldier's masculine garment, much more comfort. The shirt waist is more of the belt isn't too tight. Japan looks more that its nearest great neighbor. While no alliance exists between the geographical tie is evident.

A THRILLING RESCUE.

With hundreds cheering him in the hansom whose runaway horse, Policeman Richard O'Connor of the back up Eighth avenue, at noon O'Connor is an honor man on the medal last year for conspicuous runaway team. This time he made the horse was just about to be owner when he tore away without down Eighth avenue. Several he got well under headway nothing by which he could be some distance from his wheel.

throughed with church goers, and before the plunging beast first with a running leap he was the time the horse and cab at. At Thirty-eighth street he purpose. He saw there was no the horse's collar, and, watching himself from his spinning wheel. The wheel went to the gutter, and a cry of dismay went up as they saw him dragged along the collar strap. With a supreme holding by the car and man, he could support him and would the crowd was thrilled with admiration.

telling on the horse, and at the officers and bystanders succeeded in the officer's work. The horse was taken. O'Connor was helped from the ambulance. He was badly lamed, but escaped of women and children, which the horse dashed. Mr. O'Connor of heading a fund for some.

THE NIGHT.

pure soul of the day, its spirit led in the light when the world a start and silence, heavy the infinite vast is unfolded, we space to our vision and God are star-shed, and His path way, which illumines the deep.

ELIZABETH T. M.

INSPIRATION.

came to me by night, on a morning light; these deep, transcendent soul named the writing of Life's end. There writ thereon for me? I asked—afraid to see— I believed the words that came to me was given Fame. returned to where, last night, I came to write about the stream; the words came like a dream.

loved them all my own; a rhyme, on smooth the ten-on the scroll to see; of heaven, and part of the.

ELIZABETH T. M.

Cleveland, mother of Lord Byron, remarkable octogenarians in England as "bridesmaids" at the wedding can recall every incident of the work. Some years ago the Duke of Devonshire, who was then a work dealing with all the current from William the Conqueror.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

THE WONDROUS SPECTACLE SEEN FROM THE NORTH.

By Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

WE TAKE steamer from Trondhjem, a proper name that you will pronounce wrongly whichever way you pronounce it, unless you were born in Norway, you have for a long while practiced the strange accentuation. We are sailing for the North Cape, or the north end of the world, or the Land of the Midnight Sun. We start with a depressed spirit, for the voyagers who have just returned from these regions did not see the wonderful spectacle. There were clouds and fogs which would not lift their curtain for the solar exhibition. Indeed, the most of the people who go to see the midnight sun never see it at all; and there are thousands of persons who think that the promised performance a failure and a humbug. They returned from the North Cape feeling chilly, and with a bad cold in their heads, and they sneeze violently while they are describing their disappointment. It was raining as we stepped aboard the Kong Harold, and if any one of the party had suggested to us another route, and that the midnight moon kept more reasonable hours than the midnight sun, we would have changed our itinerary. But fortunately we sailed on toward one of the most rapid and entrancing experiences of a lifetime, for we saw the midnight sun four times out of the five nights we were in the Arctic. Our summer day after day goes winding among the islands which suggest the Thousand Islands of the American lakes, and then among inlets that remind us of Lake Geneva and Cayuga, and by waterfalls which make you think of those of the Yosemite, and by mountain torrents rushing among the crags until the frolicking liquids fling themselves in the sea, and then we go on between snow-covered rocks which are great white thrones of luster and light, and our ship's gun startles the seagulls by the mill, and the echoes of rock which human foot never trod, and when we ask what means that cannonade we are informed that we have passed into the Arctic Sea, which is up the Jeannette, and has fought back the John Adams and the Dr. Kane and the De Longs and the rest of the world, and will keep on defying the expedition until the great palace of Arctic cold will be left and its keys of crystal are hung down for the peace of eternal frigidity. The Norway coast is wild and majestic. It shows that nature has been in paroxysm. The Titans play ball they throw rocks.

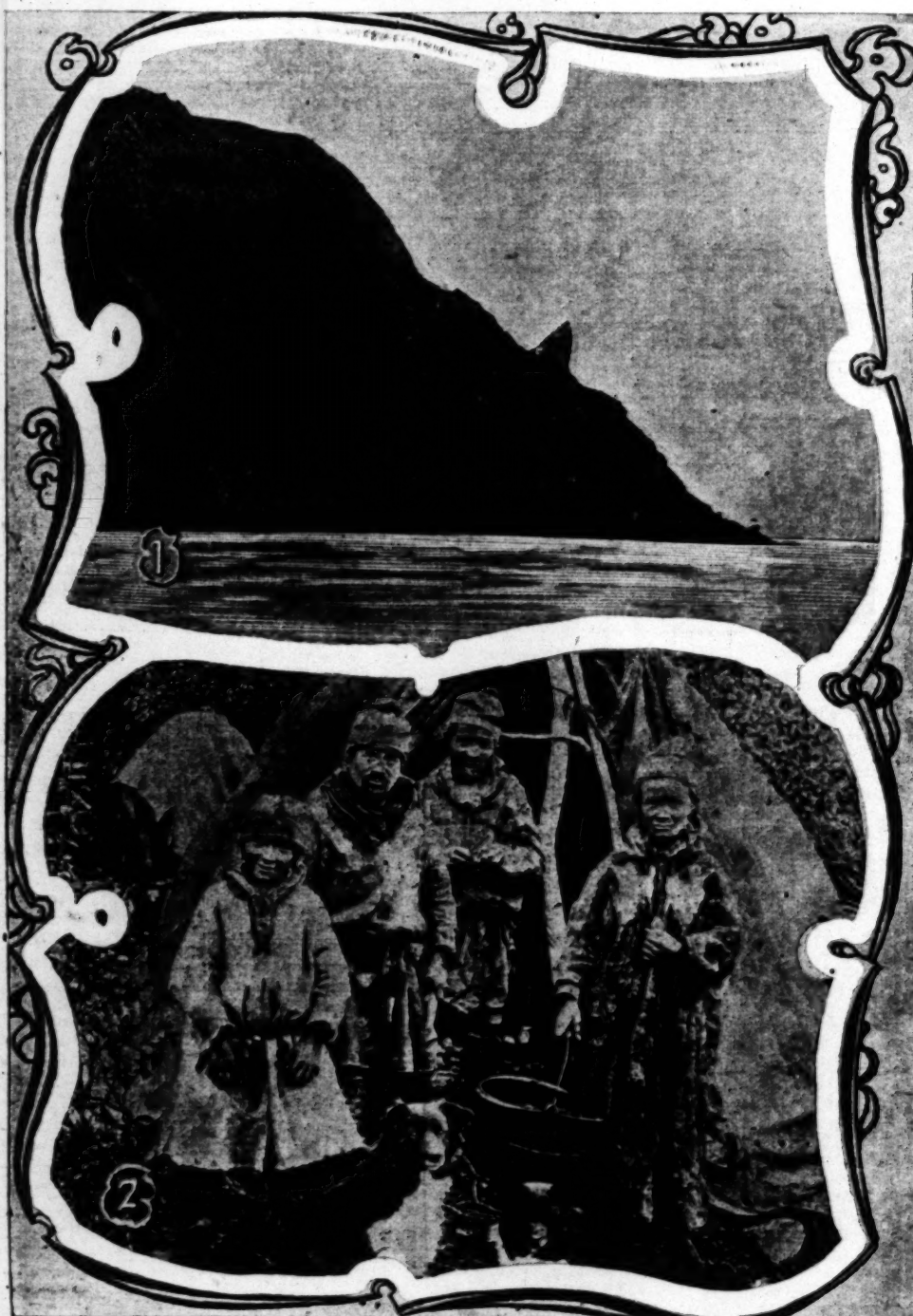
It is summer, but all our blankets and furs are brought for the winter. Good-by to straw hats and thin shawls. In a few hours we have passed from June into November. Our clock in the integrity of watches and clocks is very much shaken. They say it is 9 o'clock and 10 o'clock and 11 o'clock and yet not even a hint of darkness. But all the watches cannot be in conspiracy to deceive, and every man who has a watch is looking at it, and all the chronometers agree in saying it is ten minutes of midnight. At this time a great thick cloud drops over the sun. We have come upon the ice of the great theater of nature, and alas! there is a prospect that the main actor will not appear upon the stage. Having disappointed so many, will he disappoint us? We are transfixed with anxiety, and are watching and waiting and hoping and almost praying that we may see what we have come so far to see. Hush, now, everybody and everything! Not one cough of the smoke-stack, not one throb of the engine, not one shuffle of the feet lest it disturb the scene. Look! The clouds seem melting, dissolving, passing. Aye! They are gone, and the midnight sun is before us.

The steamer has moved out of the Fjord into the open sea, and nothing may hinder our view. The shimmering ice of the polar sea have become forty miles of richest blue, and all the angels of beauty and splendor having come down on ladders divinely lowered, walk those pavements of mosaic, and they look like the floor of heaven which trail the white robes of the beatific. The sun is on fire. Enough clouds nearby to make an up-draw of flame. Horses of fire and chariots of fire rolling through cities of fire. Great masterpiece of the Almighty in the gallery of the sky. Sunrise and sunset mixed. Niagara of fire. Strange, weird, overwhelming spectacle, smiting all other natural brilliance into nihilism. Dazzling enough, overmastering enough, glorious enough to be the eye which never slumbers nor sleeps. We had seen the morning sun, and the noonday sun and the setting sun, but never before had we seen and never again will we see the midnight sun. From what vats of infinite beauty were these colors dipped? A commingling of hues to be found in such excess on no other sky and on no other sea, amber and gold; lavender blending with royal purple; all the shades of yellow, orange, and canary and lemon; all shades of blue, turquoise and sapphire and navy and marine and green; all shades of green, olive and myrtle and Nile; all shades of yellow, orange, and canary and lemon; all shades of cooling into gray, and the gray warming into ruby. How smothered seems about to triumph until emerald appears, but the emerald is soon outdone by the carbuncle. It is in some respects the most impressive scene in the whole world. Seeing other wonders of nature you say they are like this or like that. The Alps are like the Sierra Nevada, the Rhine is like the Hudson, Loch Katrine is like the Loch Lomond, but the midnight sun is unlike anything. As there is one "Last Judgment," by Michael Angelo in the Sistine Gallery, and only one "Sistine Madonna" in Dresden, and go to those places we must if we would see the burning and defile glory of the midnight sun.

The sun seems disposed to go to bed at the right time, but it does not like the wet pillow offered it, or it changes its mind, for you watch, expecting it to hide beneath the

wave. But no! Like unto its behavior in Joshua's time, it seems to stand still. Afterward it begins to rise. It banishes the night. It forbids the moon and stars to appear. These lesser lights seem to say: "There is no use in our shining, for the sun does enough of that for all." Victory of light over darkness! The shadows told to go and hide themselves in the dens and caves of the earth! But do not think that it is easy to climb the North Cape—the rock at the jumping-off place of the world. I advise none to undertake it unless they be strong of limb and lung and heart. From the steamer you push off in a small boat, and after ten minutes' rowing reach the foot of the rock, which, according to the guide-book, is 1000 feet high, but by the unanimous opinion of those who climb it, about three thousand feet high. We were not surprised to find a seemingly athletic man give it up and return to the boat.

in New York, and why should you seek your pillow at all? Nothing but force of resolution, and a rehearsal of sanitary law, and an extemporaneous discourse on the uses of sleep can send you to your stateroom, and, reaching it, you find the place flooded with light and all the scene proposing activity instead of somnolence. The result is that many people come down from the North Cape nervous wrecks. They have acquired an insomnia which only weeks of regular habits can extirpate. With what joy we welcomed the night after we had come down into lower latitudes! Oh, the practical uses of the night! Shadows as important as the sunshine. Midnight as useful as the midmoon. We may say of the polar seas which we visited as it was said of a much better place. "There is no night there." But in the one case it was descriptive of a perpetual joy, for there is in that land no fatigue to be soled, but in the other case it is descriptive of a disquietude, because we must have hours shaded for rest.



(1.) THE NORTH CAPE, ACTUAL PHOTO OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN. (2.) A GROUP OF LAPS IN THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.
[Photos from the Christian Herald.]

Up and up, slipping and sliding, now holding on to a rock, now to a rope, till you come to a stretch of deep snow affording you no solid place for a foothold, and along by precipices, where the climbers are warned not to look down if they become dizzy at great heights. The most of the ladies got fast in the snow, and would have been there yet, but for the gallantry of those who had them in charge. After you feel you have almost reached the top, some encouraging soul will tell you that the worst is yet to come. But you cannot stop there, and so you keep going on and up until you reach the top of Cape North, and find that you have at least a mile to walk before you come to a place of shelter and the points celebrated in stone for the visits of William II. of Germany and Oscar II. of Sweden. There again you see the midnight sun. But the descent is much more difficult than the ascent, and by the time you reach the steamer you are disposed to say: "I would not have missed that excursion for a thousand dollars and I would not take it again for ten."

But the most trying thing in all the journey to the Land of the Midnight Sun is the perpetual light. There is no suggestion of retirement. You stay up until 12 o'clock to see the wonder in the heavens, and you are so thrilled with the scene—if you have any soul in you—that you must talk it over until 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning, and at that hour it is as bright as 12 o'clock at noon in Washington or

Yet these polar regions have as many seasons of darkness as seasons of light. From the 23d of September until the 23d of March it is continuous night. The inhabitants long for the morning. Lanterns and candles below, moon and stars above are the only alleviations. Think of it! midnight through all of October, all of November, all of December, all of January, all of February, and most of March. I wonder if the roosters know when to crow. I wonder if the sleepers know when to rise. I wonder if imbecility and unhealth of all sorts are not the result. Thank God all ye who live in latitudes where the days and nights are not so long. Light for enough hours to do our work. Darkness for enough hours to favor refreshing unconsciousness. Let all who live in the temperate zone rejoice in the place of their habitation.

On our way down from the North Cape it was Fourth of July, and the anniversary of American independence was celebrated. The captain of our ship, a Norwegian, himself genial as a bank of honeysuckle, decorated the dining table with American flags. We all sang the "Star Spangled Banner," that is, as much of it as we could remember, all joining in the first line, half of us joining in the second line, two or three voices in the third line, but the last voice gave out in the fourth line, and then we hummed a note or two, and then we all quit, but when our music failed we burst into a chorus of patriotic laughter which saved the occasion from embarrassment.

[Copyright, 1900, by the Christian Herald.]

er Drama.

it being supported by a strap, about
enveloped in a cotton bag from his
ad. In the front of the bag was a
whole thing hardly a yard square. One
sh and explained the performance, while
the box, himself covered up in the bag,
ating the springs in performing their
common little Punch and Judy shows
are frequently other street entertain-
ers, who can afford a band, all in one
looking outfit, box, stage, lecture stand,
have a mind to call it, with quite an
commodious apartments for Mr. Punch
and his wife, and a large number of
newmen generally select desirable loca-
tions, and follow in the wake of fairs,
in feast days ply their trade with in-
numerable similar institutions in other countries.
The figures have been an established
feature since such a remote time that
out their origin. Italy for a long time
show, and it is said that a chicken
acted attention to his stock by making
noise, but it was his appropriate call
that made him the center of street at-
tention; his chickens to become later
the Italian for little chicken, pulcin-
ella, the origin of the catchy name of Punch.
The performances of China cannot be con-
sidered as entertaining; for they are
usually the crowded streets are blockaded
and the performers harass the throng
with solicitations for contributions.
Every day and regular horse-play, such as
the world over, the Chinese
performances could supply many
of the few permanent theater buildings
in the city, and these are generally
small, and the entertainments given at
the house of the god before whose temple
the priests give the performance, and
around with a subscription blank, and
the funds will supply. The
always sure to be a financial
paid for before hand, all the
clear profit.
few permanent theater buildings

representative of the earth thrusts a huge disc at the audi-
ence, as if to say, "Here's the sun, be dumfounded, it's the
son of heaven!" The lady moon is represented by a boy,
and revolves properly around the magnificent sun in her
capacity of adoring orb.
The pantomime includes a personification of Thunder,
who is accompanied in his leaps and bounds over the stage
by cymbal and drum peals and flashes of lightning, weird
and vivid, all made on the stage before the wondering gaze
of the audience.

The play is rather interesting in itself. A monarch of
China has been transported to the realms above, through
the intervention of a wood nymph, or some of his herbs,
and is so joyously happy that he doubts all felicity, be-
lieving that too much happiness foretells evil. For him it
is a wicked courtier, dressed in a tiger's skin, pene-
trated the heavenly abode, and, worse still, there on the
stage before the astonished beholders' gaze, he rushes into
the inclosed apartments of the ladies of the Sun and amid
screams and lamentations seizes the hair apparent most
ignobly by the heels and pitches him into the moat. Two
sisters waddle demurely over to His Majesty, the Emperor,
and advise him of the catastrophe that has just occurred on
the other side of the stage. He forthwith announces to the
audience, through gesticulations, his intention of retiring
from the world and seeking seclusion in a monastery.

In selecting his successor he is cleverly, though boldly,
influenced by a crafty woman, and through her selects a
rascal. No sooner is the selection made than the poor
hearted father dies, leaving the throne to the fool,
who does not know enough to rejoice at his good fortune,
but who closes the spectacle with moans and wails, and
the audience is unable to decide whether to be amused or
to cry with him.

Should the performance of the Spectacle of the Sun and
Moon continue several days, as theatrical performances in
China generally do, a sequel is sometimes added. The
pantomime, mystic style of drama suits the Chinese, as is
well evinced by their delight in necromancy. In rational
China, Tiao-Tsin abounds in conjurers and fake doctors. It
must be acknowledged that their sleight-of-hand perform-
ances and ability to delude the people are wonderful. In
that land of credulity and superstition, where there are
usually no certificated doctors nor any medical institutions,
the towns swarm with quack doctors, hawking their
various drugs, and fakers selling antidotes for all
diseases, remedies for all accidents, and cures for all ills.
His wily tongue he dilates upon the virtues of his
snake for snake bites, and then to prove the efficacy
of his medicine he holds a ball of the remedy to the serpent,
as if in disgust the snake turns its head and moves
away. The doctor applies the medicine to his own hands,
arm and neck, and then gives an exhibition of how per-
fectly he can handle even the dangerous cobra capella with-
out receiving wounds, so long as he is protected by his
poisonous medicine. He repeatedly demonstrates to his in-
credulous audience that the reptile retains its power to in-
fect injury, by allowing it to attack a piece of soft wood,
and exhibiting the poison fresh from its fangs to the aston-
ished beholders. When the snake is completely exhausted
of its virus, the faker pretends to swallow the snake. Next
he hides it in his sleeve only to draw it forth from some
spectator's basket and thus create consternation and greater
business. All the while he is talking and setting forth the
virtues of his snake balls. At the close of each performance
he makes, needless to say, very extensive sales of little
 dough balls at a trifling price.

HARRY FORBES.

WOMEN OF NOTE.

Ken, the Japanese wife of Sir Edwin Arnold, has be-
come one of the most popular hostesses in London. She
speaks English with only a slight accent.

Miss Patti has for some time held the record for the
most sum that has been earned in a year by a woman.
Her highest total for twelve months is \$350,000.

She is now some sixty years since the Baroness Burdett-
Gummer inherited her great fortune, and in that time it is
estimated she has distributed in charity at least \$5,000,000.

The Duchess of Edinburgh, as the widow of the Duke
of Albany is still familiarly called in England, has always
been beloved by her servants. As the daughter of a Czar
she has been looked upon as proud and haughty, but to
those who serve her she has always been the kindest and
most mistress.

Miss Grace McKinley, niece of the President, graduated
from a famous school for young women at Holyoke, Mass.,
a year ago. It is now announced that she will go back to
that institution as a teacher, and Miss McKinley's deter-
mination to take up a career as a teacher of young women
is warmly applauded by all her friends.

Queen Victoria as a singer could have held her own in
the professional world. She had a charming mezzo-soprano
voice, which was cultivated to the utmost by Signor La-
bèque, who for eighteen years was her teacher. A good
second musician, the Queen played the pianoforte ex-
tensively, and could read music well at sight.

Ms. Fannie Lamar Rankin was chosen as delegate from
Chicago to the annual convention of wholesale druggists to
be held in Chicago September 15. This is the second time
that she has been selected for this duty, and the drug
men of the State have been well satisfied with her dis-
charge of their commission. She is the only woman dele-
gate.

The Princess Alice of Monaco, who is now in the news
because she is seeking a legal separation from her husband,
is the only woman of American birth who has been recog-
nized at the court of St. James, of the Quirinal and of
the Vatican as a lady of sovereign rank. She was born in
New Orleans, the daughter of Michael Heine, a banker.
The son of the Prince and his wife by Queen Victoria
was on a pledge that the Prince would not renew his gam-
ing establishment at Monte Carlo, but he broke this
pledge a couple of years ago.

DEFENDS THE MACHINE.

A FAMOUS POLITICIAN WRITES OF
ORGANIZATION IN POLITICS.

By a Special Contributor.

ORGANIZATION in politics is just as essential to the
moral welfare of the community as organization in
religion. If there were no political organization, there
would be no government. Anarchy would ensue. In an auto-
cratic country, where the people have no rights and no voice
in the government, there is no need of political organization,
but where there is anything approaching popular government
there must of necessity be parties, and if there are parties
there must be fundamental organization. Theorists and a
certain class of newspapers are perpetually crying out
against the "organization" and "leaders." The practical
man and the truly thoughtful citizen takes no part in this
clamor. He knows that the "organization" is the true rep-
resentative of the people, good or bad, as they choose to
make it. And right here let me say, there can be no bad
"organization" for any length of time. Let it be shown
that the "organization," whether it be Democratic, Repub-
lican, Populistic, or what you will, is corrupt, and it will
be overthrown so quickly and completely that the most
rabid organization man must be satisfied. The people are
never misled for any length of time. And, on the other
hand, they are not to be fooled into a condemnation of
organization by the absurd clamor of theorists, nor yet by
the chicanery of the people on the other side.

I know of no better illustration of this than we have had
in New York. Tammany Hall has been the subject of "in-



RICHARD CROKER.

vestigation" and attack from a dozen quarters. All sorts of
efforts were made to prove that there was corruption.
There was a great throwing of dust, but the eyes of the
people remained wide open. They could see nothing of
the bugaboo raised by the opposition, and by the men and
the publications who are "against the organization" on gen-
eral principles, who want to tear down, but have nothing
better that they can build up. Well, then, in the face of
all this clamor the great body of the people remained cool
and critical. When election time came, the time when the
question went before the jury of voters, the Tammany
ticket was elected by an overwhelming majority. Now,
that would have been impossible, as absolutely impossible
as a flight to the moon, if the organization had been cor-
rupt. No politician on earth, no set of politicians, can in-
fluence the great body of people on a vital issue. When
such issues rise, the people do their own thinking; and
they do their own voting all the time. A bad organization
is certain of death and annihilation. How many organiza-
tions that were not truly representative have come and
gone in New York. Those things regulate themselves just
as certainly as the tides regulate the rise and fall of the
buoys that mark the shoal places in our harbors.

It is a mere matter of detail. The great unlying prin-
ciple, the necessity for organization, is not disturbed nor
affected by the coming and going of any particular politi-
cal body, no matter what its name. Nor is the principle
of true popular representation affected. On the contrary,
the passing away of a political body merely proves this
principle, for it is only when it ceases to be representative
that an organization dies.

And as for the leader, he cannot live an hour after he
ceases to be truly representative, after he ceases to act for
the whole body of the people represented by his organiza-
tion. Such power as he wields is dependent entirely on his
representative qualities. If a man is elected or appointed
to an ordinary political office, his tenure is absolute, his
status fixed. He cannot be disturbed no matter what he
does, as long as he obeys the law and performs the duties
of his office. But the political leader, or "boss," if you
will, holds by an intangible power. He must represent his
people or they put him out at once. Let him cease to be
acceptable to his organization, and he ceases to live, politi-
cally. Gladstone was a "boss," Beaconsfield was a "boss."
As they represented the desires of their people they re-

mained in power. When they no longer represented public
sentiment, they went out of power. So it is with us here.
Our leaders amount to something just as long as they rep-
resent the people's wishes. When they don't, the people
kill them off.

This being so, the political organization and the political
leader represent in the most concentrated form the great
body of people. What would become of our political free-
dom if we did away with party organization? How would
we maintain popular government? What machinery could
we substitute for our present organization? They are the
foundation of our entire system. The thing for good citi-
zens to do is not to clamor against organizations, but to
become part of them. The scheme is thoroughly equitable,
and under our primary laws the machinery of the organiza-
tion may be controlled absolutely by the people. Every
good citizen ought to be a politician. Without the politi-
cian affairs with us would soon develop into a woeful con-
dition. Chances would result if all the politicians would drop
out all of a sudden. Nothing more serious could possibly
happen. Just imagine, if you can, the result. The orga-
nization starts the whole machinery of the franchise.
Blot out the organization and there would be no primaries,
no conventions, no nominations, no elections. The Utopian
condition dreamed of when the people are to make their
nominations and hold their elections direct without the
organization is about as remote as anything well can be.

RICHARD CROKER.

MEN OF NOTE.

After the civil war he became an officer in the regular
army. Gen. Bell performed distinguished service in the
war with Spain.

Guy M. Walker, who has been made official interpreter
to Gen. Chaffee, is a son of the Rev. W. F. Walker, for
many years a missionary in China.

Rider Haggard, the novelist, is trying to have all English
missionaries trained as athletes, since nothing, he says, so
impresses the savage as strength and agility.

Among those who accompanied the new Japanese Minis-
ter to Washington was Mr. Yamada, a prominent young
Judge of Tokio, who will remain in Philadelphia the com-
ing year.

The government of Queensland, Australia, has engaged
Dr. Maxwell, the famous sugar expert of Honolulu, for five
years' service on the Food Commission, at a salary of
\$20,000 a year.

King Leopold of Belgium, who has been a life-long
patron of gardening, has donated the whole of his real
estate in that country for parks and pleasure grounds for
the people forever.

Sir Thomas Lipton has started a new enterprise. He is
trying to organize the Australian wine trade with a view
to pressing the colonial wines on the British public as he
did the Ceylon teas.

Prof. Gegenbaur, who has done more for the Darwinian
theory of evolution than any other German excepting Prof.
Haeckel, has resigned his professorship of comparative
anatomy at Heidelberg, where he has taught since 1878.
He is 73 years old.

Hans Hohl, a German, of Appleton, Wis., recently swam
across Lake Winnebago, a distance of nine miles. Hohl has
frequently gone distances of three and four miles, but this
trip is the longest he has ever attempted in this country.
Hohl is a native of Saxony, Germany, and is 27 years old.

Lord Wantage emphatically protests against the admis-
sion of women to the new rifle clubs now in course of for-
mation in England. The idea is ridiculous, he says, and,
what is more, he even suggests that it would reduce the
"great game of national defense" to the level of golf or
tennis if once women joined in it.

Brig.-Gen. Bell, the new Provost Marshal of Manila, be-
gan his career as a soldier in 1862 as a lieutenant of the
Eighty-sixth Ohio Volunteers. For his courageous bearing
during the battle of the Wilderness he received the brevet
of captain, and he was breveted major for "gallant and
meritorious services" in the battle of Reams Station.

Adna A. Treat of Denver says that he is the oldest Mason
in the United States. He was born in Hartford, Ct., on
April 8, 1797, and became a Mason at Troy, N. Y., in 1823.
He was one of a committee of Masons appointed to re-
ceive Gen. Lafayette when he visited Troy in 1824. Mr.
Treat is remarkably well preserved. He smokes in mod-
eration, but does not drink alcoholic beverages of any
kind.

An aide-de-camp of King Humbert says he never saw
the King angry but once. The aide was then at a dinner
in the role of the officer whom the Queen always kept at
hand to make a fourteenth at the table if necessary, and
arose to prevent the sitting of thirteen when a lady was
obliged to leave the room. The King angrily insisted that
the aide keep his seat, as the superstition was all non-
sense.

Robert Burns-Begg, who recently died at Kinross, Scot-
land, was a grand-nephew of Robert Burns, being a grand-
son of Isobel Burns, sister of the Scottish national poet. He
belonged to the legal profession, and was for more than
twenty years sheriff clerk of the county of Kinross; he
also held several other important public appointments in
the county. Besides being a frequent contributor to the
press, he was the author of a "History of Lochleven Cas-
tle," "The Lochleven Angler," and some other books. In
politics he was a staunch Conservative.

WHAT, INDEED!

[Chicago Tribune:] "Did you go to preaching this morn-
ing, Jack?"

"Aye, sir, but when I heard the landlubber who was
preachin' say 'Ye can't serve on a two-master' I got up an'
kern out. What does he know about ships?"

By a Special Contributor.

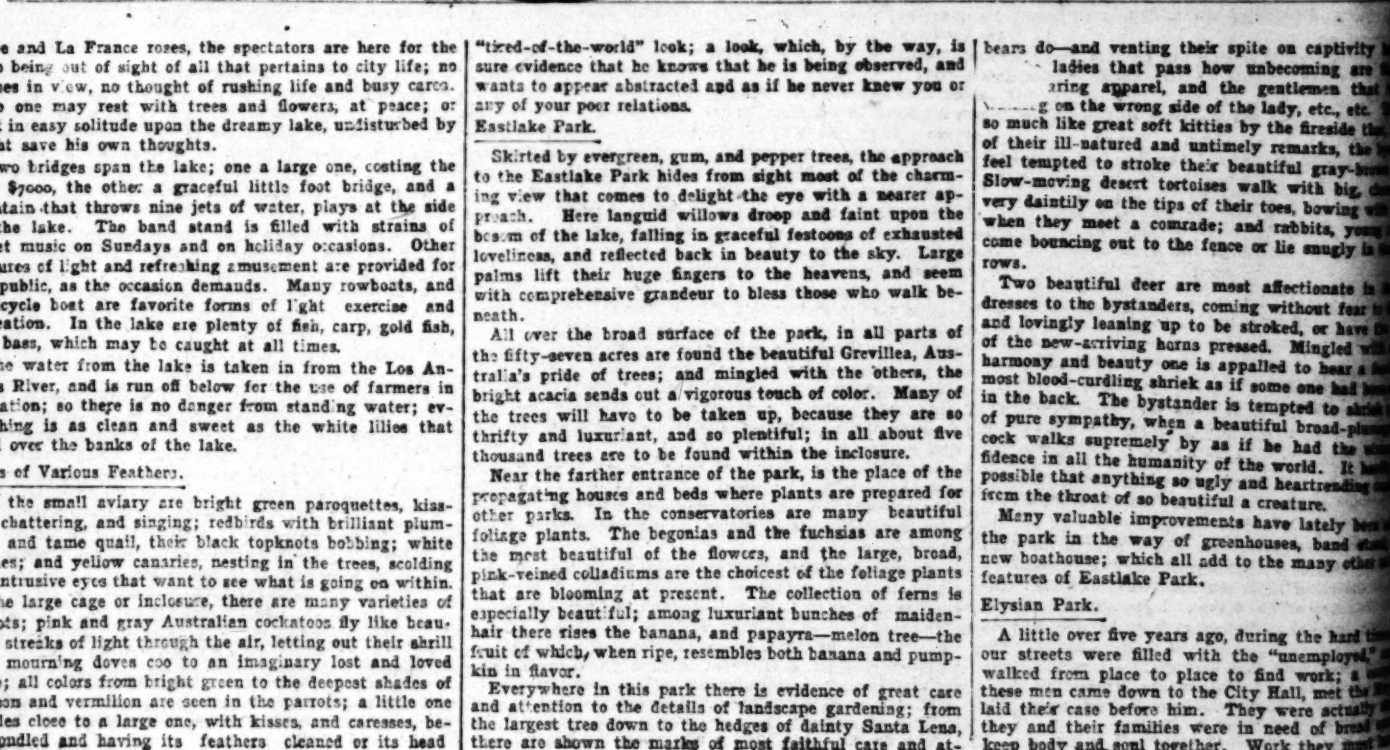
Eastern tourists dropped down at Hollenbeck Park ask: "Is this the Los Angeles River?" when they see the beautiful winding lake so picturesquely lying in its bed of soft green verdure. The park itself contains thirty-three acres of land, all of which is under cultivation. One-half of this was given by Mrs. Hollenbeck, and the other by W. H. Workman. It has been open to the public for over five years, and it is needless to say, the opening has been made good use of, both by tourists and those living in the city.

Patsy, the Monkey.

Possibly he is aware of this latter commendation, for he looks at himself frequently in the looking-glass, and with glowing marks of appreciation and affection. One could hardly believe that there could be so much that is "man-like" in a poor dumb animal, unless he had seen "Patsy" watch his own face in the glass, then sit down with a pensive, "far away" expression on his face, that human

The Animals and Birds.

The wild cats in a cage opposite, are a marked in behavior to these, for they spend their time on floor—instead of "letting the other fellow do the



Nothing is at peace with itself and the whole Nature, in the timid and reluctant soil, has conquered, is now a most devoted mistress, and man all the finest treasures of her being. Beautiful homes have sprung up all around the

By Mrs. Lu Wheat of Shanghai.

Mr. Little said that in traveling through it in any direction it was impossible for days at a time to find a vacant

Love for his children is the dominant emotion in the Chinaman's heart. Patient under abuse, ridicule and ill treatment of himself, he will endure no harm to his children. Lay a hand upon them and you see him descending wild-eyed, in multitudes from his mud hovels, every man with a heart full of sorrow and savagery, bent on your destruction. It is by appeal to this feeling that the secret society men of China are now arousing widespread sentiment against all foreigners. Under their teachings, millions of the coolie class are coming to believe that all foreigners are kidnappers and that the eyes of Chinese children are used for making medicine. There is a story being scattered broadcast at this moment to the effect that the railroads lay the foundation of their bridges in children's bones. That belief is at the root of much of the antagonism to the building of railroads. All over the country the Chinese are guarding their wells lest the foreigners put poison in them. Less than five hundred years ago our ancestors held precisely the same superstitions as do the Chinese today. During the fourteenth century they persecuted and burned alive thousands of Jews for the supposed poisoning of wells, and during the great mortality caused by the

There is yet splendid metal in China, but it is out of the Chinaman's heart. The spirit of a dead within him. Like a dumb animal, he will eat or if he may not eat, with no possessions, he moves on to meet his coming doom. Intellectual and able Chinamen, the flower of the stalk, but they are few, and the stalk is without root. All classes are suffering from the agonies of the birth of a new era. The time when China has reached the limit of what she could endure under old conditions. The Chinese empire is on the verge of dissolution, but there still remains, for the moment, the task to reckon with, the Chinese people; a vast, superstitious, with fearful possibilities of a steadily-increasing millions.

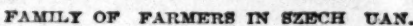
By a Special Contributor

"I am not alone, though, in my plaster submitted the artist, "for I know of a wonderful done by a rich architect wholly in plaster oval, with nine columns outlining its ends columns and the ceiling are made wholly Paris of a warm cream color, with the most signs in fruit, flowers and cupids in low relief. "The result was strangely beautiful, for a decade curtains hung between the pillars and that of a Roman dining-room. In the front of this beautiful salle a manger was a place in which the owner had cut sockets into which plaster medallion portraits of favorite masters the center of a panel was sunk a plaster of Robia's choiring cherubims. So, you see, with and ingenuity the possibilities of plaster are almost infinite."

MILLICENT ARNOLD

By a Special Contributor

There is reason in the stockholders' concern. The old-time railroader is of the brand "sloshed." He hates innovations. I have a little track. "Good single track is what I like;" that's where they make railroad money. The latter assertion is true. The former parents; being fossils, however, they may be of the old style "man-eater" drawhead, gorged with years. The companies invested great wealth in legislation. A law resulted, pronounced as the "co-employed act." A man never proves—that an employee could have been killed except as the result of the act. Thus was rung the death knell of a life equivalent, a life-long snap. The incentive withdrawn, behold the "brakery" clothing. Not at all. The soulless corporation, sampling stick, free of charge, an instrument of the link without the brakeman entering to protect it scornfully, inserted himself between, and harried the courts, where he had the company extorted a receipt from him to stop a stick. No use. He had lost or was to the accident. Discharge for the company. The esprit de corps foiled this; proof of the Red Flag.



Amid unutterable poverty, disorder and confusion of confusions, despite overpopulation, pestilence and famine, the Chinaman increases and multiplies uninterruptedly. This is in part due to the universal desire for children, progeny who shall hand down the name and family blood through long generations. All the miseries of existence have no terrors for the Chinaman so long as he is raising children to worship at the ancestral tomb. His individuality he counts as naught if he only may turn to his family and with pathetic devotion die within the charmed circle. Ask him how long he has lived in a certain locality and he will answer 800 or 1000 years, meaning that for that length of time his family has perpetuated itself and left the record.

Under favorable conditions he should have been ahead of us, and this must be taken into account in reckoning with him as a foe, for the seeds of a higher order of civilization are latent in China. They have blossomed once and may again blossom. The Chinaman's physical characteristics, too, are such as to make him formidable. From the physical point of view, he seems the fittest of all races to survive adverse conditions. Well-built, possessed of marvelous endurance, with an unequalled power of racial perpetuation, insured to all hardships, thriving amid conditions of life that would wipe out most races, he is of the material of those who conquer by the very power of persistence. That he will ever amalgamate with other peoples is highly improbable. Admitting that we all sprang from an anthropoid race, there still must have been some characteristics peculiar to the stock from which the man with the almond eyes came. The persistency with which he turns his face to the East and invokes the spirit of his ancestors, his unwillingness to associate with other men, his non-communicativeness, his highly-religious and superstitious nature.

old-time railroader was a character. But he is different. In those days the size of the road was small. Its personnel were few, little. Small iron rails wandered about the roadbed was unscientifically constructed of the wooden trestle. Small, weak ties were coupled with links and pins. The heavy machinery was furnishing thrills to passengers. The operations were momentous. Those were the days of the steam locomotive, the car stove and the oil lamp. A Bible in a rack, labeled, "Bible," was slanked by an ax with a horribly sharp edge. Passengers were regaled with pungent coffee from the engine. Conductors collected fares from the passengers. Passenger brakemen were the most prominent citizens. Engineers were the most respected.

By a Special Contributor.

time railroader was a character. So is he of to-day. He is different. In those days the influential of the road was small. Its personnel was weak, little. Small iron rails wandered about the countryside as unscientifically constructed. It was on the wooden trestle. Small, weak engines made up of wood piles. Frowny, hard-riding passenger coaches, coupled with links and pins. The hand-brake as a source of thrills to passengers. Stopping and starting were momentous operations. Those reservoirs of potentiality, the car stove and the oil lamp, were prominent. A Bible in a rack, labeled, "Read and receive comfort," was flanked by an ax with a horribly suggestive red head. Passengers were regaled with pungent wood smoke from the engine. Conductors collected fares and bought tickets. Passenger brakemen were unbecomingly intimate with prominent citizens. Engineers forgot, as they

Wireless telegraphy may supersede the block, which, however, is quite satisfactory. Bar accidents, trains trundle the entire length of the road at short intervals at high speed

Coursing the atelope with hounds is possible only from the fact that the animal is not long of wind, for at his own distance he will easily hold his own with the very swiftest dogs and fairly distance any ordinary pack.

So. California Wine Co.,
220. W. Fourth St. Tel. M. 332.

THE ANGLER CAUGHT.

A ROMANCE OF CATALINA.

By a Special Contributor.

WHEN Ethel Wainwright dropped her line overboard that morning on the south side of Catalina Island, she had no idea the fish that would swallow the tempting bait would weigh twice as much as herself. And Ethel was not a lightweight either, as far as averdupois went, but one of the lightest-hearted and brightest girls that ever walked down the gangplank and kicked up the dust of that beautiful island with a pair of rubber-soled outing shoes. Jack Hardison had never met a girl of her type before, and when he was introduced upon the night of the cake-walk at the hotel, he decided that he would be willing to buy bread and cake for her for many summers. And when the cake was presented to her he felt as proud as if he had won it himself. Afterward, when she accepted his invitation to adjourn to the Japanese tea-room for a lemonade, he told her he was awfully glad she had decided to spend the season at Catalina.

"I hope," he continued, "we will become very good friends. You are so different from the other girls of my acquaintance, and don't you know if the judges had not awarded you the cake tonight, I'd have bought a whole bakery for you myself."

"You are very kind," replied Ethel; "I like you western men; you are so painfully frank. An eastern man would never make a speech of that kind even if he thought it."

"And do you like our country as well as the inhabitants?" ventured Hardison. "I am not quite sure that I do; there is too much sameness about your Southern California climate. You need a dash of cold weather occasionally to put color in your cheeks and make you stir yourselves. Why, in New York we'd walk a block while you people are making the croaking. But the island is lovely; in fact, the most beautiful spot I have ever stumbled onto, and I am considerable of a globe-trotter. Those submarine gardens, as seen through glass-bottom boats, are beautiful beyond description; the stage ride from Eagles' Nest, the wildest and most exciting in the world, and the bathing perfect. I have been here nearly two weeks and have sampled everything except the fishing and wild-goat hunting."

"I don't care for hunting," replied Hardison, "but I'm something of a fisherman, and I'd consider it not only an honor, but a privilege to take you on a fishing excursion and impart to you what little knowledge I possess about deep-sea angling."

"Do you suppose I could ever manage to land one of those monsters if I did succeed in hooking it?" asked Ethel.

"If you ever got it near enough to the surface to get a look at you, it would certainly quit fighting and submit gracefully."

"Am I such a ferocious-looking person that I would scare it into submission?" demanded Ethel.

"On the contrary, those big, honest, brown eyes of yours and that fetching smile would completely hypnotize it."

"Why do you make an assertion of that kind?"

"Because if I were a fish I would act that way. You may think me a consummate ass, but really, Miss Wainwright, you have a peculiar influence over me."

"What is the nature of the somnatic," she laughingly asked.

"If you should request me to dive down to the bottom of the ocean and stay there, I would consider it a privilege and immediately take a header."

"What are you driving at, Mr. Hardison? You have not known me an hour; do you usually start in that way with each new acquaintance?"

"I am sorry you think so lightly of me as to ask that question," replied Jack, seriously. "To tell you the truth, I never had a sweetheart, although I have met hundreds of charming women."

"I would advise you not to get discouraged, and I am sorry if I hurt your feelings. I thought you were—to use a slang expression—'stringing me.' Don't get discouraged; you'll meet Miss Right some day."

"They tell us there are 'just as good fish in the sea as have ever been caught,'" replied Jack.

"Yes, but did it never occur to you that the bait might get stale while you were angling for them?"

"Well put," laughed Jack.

"Do you know what I'd do if I was a man?" continued Ethel.

"I'd hunt until I found a girl I could thoroughly respect—respect is akin to love—then I'd ape the postage stamp: 'It's usefulness depends upon its ability to stick to one thing till it gets there.'"

"Yes, but suppose it was a registered letter addressed to some other fellow?"

"If I wanted it badly enough, I suppose I would either bribe the registry clerk, or commit forgery."

"Would you really do that, or are you joking?"

"No, that's true talk."

"Miss Wainwright, you have given me an inspiration. I believe I have a lady in mind that I will proceed forthwith to try your system."

"Don't spoil everything by rushing into deep water the first day. Hug the shore until you learn to swim."

"Why not put it 'hug the shore until you hug the girl?'"

"Mr. Hardison, you have too much sense to talk to me that way. You know better."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Wainwright. Seriously, I want you to have a good opinion of me. I want to enter into a contract with you of this kind: I'll agree to instruct you to the best of my ability in the art of catching fish, if you will, as conscientiously instruct me just how to win the lady whom I respect."

"I will be very glad to answer all of your questions," replied Ethel, "but you would find me a white elephant in the art of fishing. Why, would you believe if I never

caught a fish in my life, and I've fished perhaps a hundred times, often putting in a whole day at it."

"Perhaps the bait got stale while you were angling," laughed Jack.

"No, indeed! I tried all sorts of bait, but all to no purpose. They simply would not bite for me, while the others would make big catches. How do you account for that?"

"Oh, I suppose Mr. Right Fish didn't happen along."

They both laughed heartily, and Ethel continued:

"You are so terribly in earnest about this contract, and I am so positive it will be impossible for me to catch a fish, much less a big one, I will make this bargain with you: If a week from today you are still of the same opinion, I will go fishing with you. We will start in by going after sea bass. If I succeed in hooking one that weighs 300 pounds and it is landed, I'll not only promise to coach you, but agree to use every honest effort to get you on the waiting list. Whether you ever get to the head of the list and marry the girl will depend largely upon your own efforts."

Jack escorted her to the foot of the stairs, and although she let him hold her hand perhaps a trifle longer than was absolutely necessary in saying good night, her parting words were: "Remember! No fish, no girl!"

When Jack dived from the springboard next morning, by a strange coincidence he came up alongside of Ethel. After they had exchanged greetings he remarked:

"I had no idea you were such a good swimmer. How does it happen I have not seen you in the water before?"

"I suppose because I like to take my dip early in the morning. I am usually one of the first in, but I overslept this morning."

"How far out have you ventured?" asked Jack.

"I have been over to Sugarloaf a couple of times."

"Alone?" said Jack.

"Yes, all alone."

"Don't do it again, Miss Wainwright, I entreat you."

"Why not? I'm not afraid."

"That may be all true, but promise me you won't do it again."

"Very well, then, I won't do it again without an escort," laughed Ethel, and they swam out to the raft.

On the evening preceding the day appointed for their fishing trip, Jack asked her if 5 o'clock was too early in the morning.

"Not at all. You have not given up the trip, then?"

"Given it up? Well, I guess not. Why, I engaged the

launch a week ago. I have ordered our lunch to be ready at 5:30. I had some fruit and a few other little things sent down this evening."

The boat which Jack had chartered for the day was the "Banning," one of the fastest and best-equipped of the small power launches. Jack had been out in her many times and knew she was perfectly seaworthy and her captain a skilled fisherman. The start was made that morning at 6:15 and by 8 o'clock they were on the fishing grounds. A small boat had been towed behind, the custom being that after the fish is hooked, the fisherman takes the small boat and lets the fish tow him around instead of feeding him too much line.

After the boat had come to anchor, Ethel noticed the fisherman was preparing only one rod.

"You are going to fish, also, are you not, Mr. Hardison?"

"Not today. I'm going to put in my time wishing that you will catch the largest fish of the season."

After the hook had been baited and dropped overboard and two or three hundred feet of line fed out, the fisherman handed the rod and reel to Ethel.

"I don't believe I will ever be able to handle this reel if I do hook a fish."

"Oh, yes, you will," replied Jack. "Just hold the brake down hard and make him fight for every foot of line he gets. You have seven or eight hundred feet still left."

While they were speaking the pole was almost jerked out of her hands and the old-reel began to sing.

"Down hard on the brake!" said Jack. "Stand up and brace yourself!"

"But I can't hold the brake."

"Oh, yes, you can! Just hold tight; his first mad rush will soon be over; then you can get a little line back."

"But he has taken over half of the line already," excitedly retorted Ethel.

"You have plenty; now he's easing up a little. Now

then reel in a little line—just enough to keep the Don't try to take too much, or he'll be off your too much line. Just hold him for a moment."

The boatman had unfasted the small boat and it up alongside, Jack jumped in; then holding alongside he told Ethel to hand the pole to him until she got in. They had hardly got clear when made another frantic rush.

"Down on the brake!" called Jack.

"But my poor thumb has almost given out."

"Take both thumbs until he comes up a little."

When he did ease up there was not over a line on the reel and the boat had been towed for half a mile.

"Now then, reel in; raise your pole as high as then reel down to the water; then repeat. You're an apt pupil."

"But won't you take the pole now, Mr. Hardison's fingers ache so."

"No, the worst is over now. It will be child's game. Besides, it would be dangerous to change this heavy sea." The Banning had weighed following them at a respectful distance.

"Oh, how my fingers and wrists ache," again

"Rest a while, then. There is little danger of ing another wild rush. Just keep your thumb and 'take it easy.' That's the idea."

"Why, I'm shaking as if I had the ague, and spiration is coming out of every pore in my body, neither afraid nor nervous."

"It is the same thing as buck fever," replied the cry beginner is affected the same way. Just keep and keep perfectly calm, and it will soon pass."

"But is there no danger? We are a long way shore."

"Not in the least. You see the launch in the heels. Now, if you're rested, try and get in a line."

Alternately reeling and resting she had about two-thirds of the line when away she again with a frantic rush, but Ethel checked he had gone far. Slowly, but surely, she ward her, and when Jack called out, "I can was almost tuckered out. Jack signalled to to come alongside so as to gaff the fish with a tow line around his gills. The monster was on surface. Ethel handed the pole to Jack.

He struck the fish with the gaff, but it tore away follow with a final lunge jerked the pole to hands. Jack plunged overboard after it. He swam around until the launch came close to handing the pole to the boatman, he clambered the fish was brought alongside and this time curesly fastened, but killed. Ethel had small boat, but the tow line had been safely boatman while Jack was in the water, so she Pulling the boat alongside, Jack helped her his hands, "why did you risk your life for There are plenty of others in the sea."

"But I was afraid the bait might be stale the laughed Jack. "And you know I have a part to fulfill."

"You have certainly worked hard enough to win," said she.

They were almost home when Jack said:

"I haven't offered you a bite to eat nor a and (producing his watch) 'It is almost 3 and the sea bass weighed 353 pounds, being the ever caught."

That evening Jack asked Ethel about her contract.

"Don't worry about it," she replied; "you the girl who caught the fish!"

The bait was evidently not too stale.

FRANCIS

DOES CO-EDUCATION EDUC

SOME SEARCHING QUESTIONS FOR

OF COLLEGE GIRLS TO ANSW

In an article on higher education for women

member Woman's Home Companion, Louise C

thus arranges our present collegiate instruction

"Does co-education accomplish the best

Is her work identical with man's? Are the

masculine nature the same? If not, isn't

of folly in spending the important prepar

giving the same studies demanded by man's

it be just as reasonable to teach a boy

and nursing, and expect him to make a full

or blacksmith, as to instruct a girl in

mechanics and physics, and then expect her to

thrifty, notable housewife and house-mother

woman may fight against her obvious

her acquired masculinity, but she cannot

of her creation, and woman will go down

time as wife and mother, and it is for

should prepare her. An unfortunate number

marry and try to rear families with the

as unknown to them as it was to one of

There have been schools where fine needlework

and might it not be profitable if our up-to

tions would discard such superfluities as

theoretical ethics and substitute instruction

tially feminine and eminently useful employ

becomes a lost art? Cooking schools have

several years, and why not practicable and

clude some knowledge of the culinary art in

tion? And, most Utopian scheme of all,

the care of the sick and young children? For

as the years go by this work will fall upon

and then an understanding of logarithms

will avail her nothing."

Preparation of Literature.

First in importance in the mass of work

the campaign managers when they open head

preparation of literature. A great variety of

ation, well written and arranged, must be

small books, circulars, letters, posters and

expert writers are employed and well paid,

of stuff submitted by outsiders is carefully

such as proves available is accepted and paid

are employed to search the records of Con

departments in Washington for facts and fig

be useful and convincing. The chief docum

known as the campaign text-book. One m

copies are printed in less than one month.

called a text-book because it supplies the inf

the political addresses by the hundreds of me

make speeches during the campaign.

A great quantity and variety of other liter

ing poems, songs, condensed statistics about

the tariff and other issues, and speeches

of prominent party leaders, is selected and

to supply every voter in the country. The

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

ing the literature of one party, the matter

COST OF AN ELECTION.

THE GRAND TOTAL FIGURED OUT TO BE ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS.

By a Special Contributor.

IT COST \$100 to nominate Abraham Lincoln for President, and \$7,000,000 to elect William McKinley. These figures represent in part the growth of political campaigning in thirty-six years into a great business with a perfect system of organization. Today the total expenses of all political parties and candidates in the United States for one campaign in which a President and Congress are elected exceed the entire cost of the Federal government for its first twenty years of its existence.

Arthur P. Gorman of Maryland and Matthew S. Quay of Pennsylvania are the men who, as chairman of the National Executive or Campaign committees of the Democratic and Republican parties in 1884, introduced into American politics the present system of conducting national campaigns by means of thorough organization throughout the country and the expenditure of vast sums of money for speeches, literature, music, fireworks and other spectacular devices that please the masses and often conceal the real work of the men who control or influence voters. All the work done by the Republicans in that contest, all their carefully laid plans and mastery of details were in the end nullified by one—timed and injudicious phrase, and in every subsequent campaign the secret watchword of each national chairman, the warning ever before his eyes, has been "Remember Burchard!" The brief speech of Dr. Burchard, in which he used the phrase, "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion," in the opinion of all Republican politicians of that time, defeated Blaine. Prior to that speech party managers eagerly sought and encouraged without question all public declarations in favor of their party or candidates. Today they censor 90 per cent. of all the campaign speeches delivered, and carefully consider the possible reception and effect of every public utterance before it is made.

of National Committees.

The business affairs of the great political parties are in the hands of national committees, composed of one member from each State and Territory, who are elected by the delegates to the national conventions at the time the convention is held. The chairman of a national committee always the choice of the nominee for President, and he is the supreme power in planning and conducting the campaign. Candidates for President, with few exceptions, make no speeches or public appearances and write no political letters during a campaign without the advice and approval of the national chairman of their party. The exceptions to this rule have all been defeated. In this connection it may be recalled that Blaine was in New York, contrary to the advice of Senator Quay, when the Burchard incident occurred.

National headquarters are opened soon after the candidates are nominated. The national chairman appoints various subcommittees and assigns members of the National committee to certain specific work, and then for four or five weeks every man who is to take part in the management of the campaign is expected to work from twelve to fifteen hours every day. The first and most important task is to collect money for a campaign fund. That duty falls to the chairman and the treasurer of the National committee. Circular letters and personal letters are sent out to individuals and to great corporations. Many of the great corporate interests contribute to both campaigns, so that they may have friends in power, no matter what the result may be. Large contributions are also obtained by the personal solicitation of the chairman and the treasurer, both of whom must have an extensive acquaintance among men of large wealth. Because of the civil service regulations no money is raised by political assessments. Every dollar received is, in theory at least, a voluntary contribution.

The management of a national campaign is probably the biggest business in the world involving the collection and expenditure of millions of dollars in a period of three months that is conducted without the assistance of a book-keeper and at the same time managed without extravagance. The chairman is the only man who knows to a cent how much money is received and how much paid out, and he alone handles the secret service and emergency fund. The bulk of the money, however, is turned over to the treasurer, who keeps it in bank and draws checks on bills presented to him with proper vouchers and receipts.

Dispensation of Literature.

It is in importance in the mass of work that confronts campaign managers when they open headquarters is the dispensation of literature. A great variety of political information, well written and arranged, must be embodied in booklets, circulars, letters, posters and pamphlets. Many writers are employed and well paid, while the mass of literature submitted by outsiders is carefully examined, and if it proves available is accepted and paid for. Experts are employed to search the records of Congress and the newspapers in Washington for facts and figures that may be used in a convincing manner. The chief document issued is a campaign text-book. One million or more copies are printed in less than one month. The volume is a text-book because it supplies the information used in political addresses by the hundreds of men employed to speak during the campaign.

A great quantity and variety of other literature, including poems, songs, condensed statistics about finance, coinage, the tariff and other issues, and speeches in Congress by prominent party leaders, is selected and enough printed to supply every voter in the country. The cost of printing the literature of one party, the matter selected by the

National Committee, varies from \$500,000 to \$750,000, and the expense of distribution is nearly as much.

While the chairman of the National Committee and his assistants are preparing the literature, they have in operation a "speakers' bureau," where men are employed to make speeches at any place to which they may be assigned. A few prominent party leaders, Senators and Congressmen, volunteer their services for a limited number of speeches. They expect no compensation, but their traveling expenses are paid from headquarters. The great army of speakers of less reputation, the men classed as "spellbinders," are hired and paid by the National Committee. With few exceptions their speeches pass through the hands of a careful censor before the men are sent out. The pay of these speakers ranges from \$500 for one speech down to \$100 a week and expenses, the prices being regulated by the reputation of the speaker and his ability to interest and hold an audience. These men are held to strict account in the matter of expenses and are required to present vouchers with their bills.

Expensive Speakers.

It sometimes happens that popular orators, whose volunteer services are gladly accepted, prove very costly campaigners. No one at national headquarters would presume to question their expense accounts. In 1896 a very popular volunteer speaker turned into the Chicago headquarters of his party an expense bill of \$1000 for a trip to a nearby State, where he made one speech, \$1000 of this sum representing, it is said, his losses at poker while on the trip. The account was paid.

Arrangements for public meetings to which hired or volunteer speakers are detailed are made through State and local committees. From these minor organizations the demand for outside speakers is always in excess of the supply.

The man in charge of the speakers' bureau is in daily communication by telegraph with his army of orators. They report to him where they are and how they are received. In addition local leaders report to him upon the speakers and the result of their efforts. If a man proves dull or unsatisfactory in one locality he is immediately ordered elsewhere or recalled.

Campaign managers depend to some extent upon the newspapers for information about political conditions in remote sections of the country, and the clipping and reading bureau at headquarters is an important detail. The Press Committee or trusted subordinates have also to deal with the owners of scores of small papers who demand a cash consideration for supporting the ticket. Most of this business is regarded as blackmail, but party managers submit rather than risk the loss of a few votes in a close State. The owner or editor of such a paper goes to headquarters and makes a statement as to the circulation and influence of his publication, and then offers to publish a certain amount of advertising during the campaign and support the ticket for a fixed sum to be paid in advance. He usually has some friend in the local organization to speak a good word for him. If his demand is not too extravagant the support of his publication is secured by paying him for the advertisement five or ten times his customary rates.

Replenishing the Exchequer.

By the end of August the campaign work here outlined has been arranged so carefully that it goes forward in charge of subordinates at national headquarters with few hitches or interruptions. The chairman of the National committee now take stock of their funds. They usually want more money and often a great deal more. They send forth letters and appeals alarming in tone, and call together the rich and liberal givers of the party. They always manage to replenish the treasury. While they are gathering more funds they have trusted experts at work gathering reports from State, county and district committees of the probable vote that will be polled for the candidates of each party. Careful calculations are made, and in a few days the experts hand to the national chairman condensed and detailed tables showing how each State will vote on election day if the first poll of the votes was approximately correct. The accuracy of these early forecasts would astonish the general public and they are not guesses, but careful mathematical calculations based on reports and records. Men who become expert at this work command high pay. These figures disclose to the chairman the doubtful States and the weak points in their plan of campaign. Within a week they have doubled the number of speakers in certain sections, flooded entire States with new literature and issued the most extravagant but positive statements about the outlook in other localities in the hope of influencing those voters who want to be with the winning party.

When this stage of a national campaign is reached the expenditures are limited only by the amount of money on hand or in prospect. If the funds are ample, \$50,000 a day or more is paid out from headquarters. If necessary to economize speakers are laid off, literature curtailed and State committees notified to expect no further financial assistance. In any event the chairman of each National Committee puts aside an emergency fund, which may be \$100,000 or \$200,000. This fund is kept in cash ready for instant use, and the amount of it is known only to the chairman. If any record of payments from it is kept the entries are merely lump sums sent to—State or city.

Local Secret Service System.

State and local leaders, in addition to the routine information from the national chairman, have organized and perfected a vast secret service for their own information. They send out secret agents from headquarters to report upon conditions where results are in doubt or local management unsatisfactory. Thus they determine the points where extraordinary efforts may win a victory. In this work the secret service fund is expended. Wherever a reliable worker is able to show that he can get a certain number of votes for the party if supplied with a certain amount of money for extra work the money is provided, if the national chairman has it.

This work is called "still hunting," and the details of it are never made public. There is no intention on the part of the writer to convey the impression that any part of

this work is bribery or the buying of votes. Under present political conditions in this country a man who went to the headquarters of a party and proposed to buy and deliver any number of votes would be put out in a hurry. But when a tried and trusted party worker says he can carry a city, county, ward or district if he has so much money for expenses he need not submit an itemized account of the expenditure.

The Days of Anxiety.

The last ten days of a campaign are days of anxiety to every manager unless the political situation so favors one party that no accident or error could possibly change the anticipated result. That is the period when every possible precaution is taken to avoid a second Burchard incident and when secret-service work is prosecuted with vigor on both sides wherever it promises to aid in the general result. The expert calculators are kept busy, final polls are made and reports are obtained from every section, and unless the contest is going to be very close experienced managers in nation and State can tell within a few hundred or thousand votes how the election is going. The figures upon which they rely are never made public. The fight toward the end is often largely bluff, each side claiming everything in order to influence every hesitating voter who wants to vote with the winning side. No matter how certain a result may appear before election, there is no let up in work while the money holds out, no relaxation of vigilance anywhere, because every campaign manager with a reputation at stake remembers Burchard.

The money expended by the National committees is only a small part of the total cost of campaigns and elections throughout the country. In the larger States each party organization spends from \$100,000 to upward of \$1,000,000 working for the State tickets. The party expenditures in large cities are enormous and the expenses of thousands of candidates throughout the country cannot be ascertained. The entire system of campaigning has been reduced to a matter of business in this country, and during the past twenty years the increase in the cash expenditure has been close to one hundredfold. Experienced politicians estimate that the total cost of national, State and local campaigns and elections in 1900 will largely exceed \$100,000,000. It may console the masses of the people to know that the major portion of the cost is born by men who live or profit by the business of politics.

WALTER L. HAWLEY.

MRS. EDITH WHARTON AT LENOX.

A FEARLESS HORSEWOMAN AND A CONSPICUOUS FIGURE IN SMART SOCIETY.

By a Special Contributor.

Mrs. Edith Wharton, whose short stories and her novel, "The Touchstone," have in the past two years created such a flutter of interest and admiration in the literary world, is herself a most interesting and charming personality. Her love of literature and her pen is quite unselfish, for she has never known the spur of necessity, and she writes for the reason the whimsical child gave, because she likes to and because she can.

She is a daughter of Boston, Miss Jones before her marriage, and so comes by her love of books naturally. Artistic as is her temperament, like a wise woman, she chose to marry a man who, though admiring and applauding her in her work and study, is himself a most unliterary person, fond of sport and society, interested in business affairs and a gentleman of large means.

In her husband's life Mrs. Wharton plays a leading part—she is fond of entertaining, of delicate and lovely clothes, of dogs and horses and afternoon teas. All her mornings are spent at her desk, for she is capable of working hour after hour without raising her eyes from the paper; but after luncheon work is forgotten, and first comes a ride, for horseback exercise means life to this fragile, but energetic woman.

To meet Mrs. Wharton at a tea or dinner no suspicion would arise but that she found her chiefest pleasure in the merest social frivolities. Her gowns are marvels of Parisian art, and she can talk clothes with the keenest feminine delight or lavish on an affectionate small dog the most devoted attention.

In spite of the charms society possesses for her, Mrs. Wharton cherishes such high ambitions that she has willingly given up her home in Newport to settle in the aristocratic but very quiet neighborhood of Lenox, Mass. Here she says she can work out her mornings uninterrupted, and the windows of her library give her a view of a garden of exceptional beauty, the red roofs of her stables beyond the trees, and then the stately blue hills of the Berkshire region.

While her work is on not even a maid dare tap at the door, unless to bring a telegram or announce luncheon, and only the dogs are allowed to roam in and out at will or lie sleeping beside the writer's chair. All this summer Mrs. Wharton has worked with unabated vigor and a proof of her industry is given by the fact that at one time no less than five magazines on the newsstands contained very finished stories or articles from her pen, while her first novel was airing its red and gilt cloth coat in the book dealers' windows.

HAD FORGOTTEN HER MOTHER TONGUE.

[Philadelphia Record:] Two sisters who have not seen each other for fifty-nine years met in Pottstown, Pa., on Wednesday, but the joy of their reunion was marred by the strange fact that neither could understand what the other said. Mrs. John Knapp, 70 years of age, of San Diego, Cal., was one of them, and when she left Berks county in 1841 she could master the German language fairly well, but her long absence caused her to forget all of it, and when her sister, Mrs. Charles Horts of Exeter, greeted her in Pennsylvania's German it was like so much Greek to the California woman. She tried her English on her sister, but that did not help matters, as Mrs. Horts could speak only German. To get over the difficulty the sisters are now accompanied by their niece, Mrs. J. W. Gilbert of Reading, as interpreter.

By John Foster Fraser.

I remember, at Yunnan-sea, paying a visit to the arsenal, of which the Viceroy was very proud. All the machinery was English, and bore the stamp of Greenwood, Batley & Co. It probably cost some £10,000. It certainly cost double that amount to bring the machinery across country to the city, but when it arrived it began to dawn on everybody that no one knew how to put it together. There it lay and rusted for four years. I saw many Chinese-made rifles, big unwieldy things that one man might balance on his shoulder while another man pulled the trigger. Then there were some Krupp guns which the authori-

Then there is no fighting to be done the soldier is aided to engage in some other work. He retains, however, soldier clothes, but turns them inside out to keep them on. Millions of pounds have been spent by the Celestials building naval and military schools and fleets and stockpiling huge quantities of ammunition. But the theory and of all these things are generally neglected, from the fact the only military training required is a proficiency in tenets of the Confucian faith.

...and concluded it came from too much

They had been living in any way

Stories of the Firing Line * * Animal Stories.

Release of Prisoners at Pretoria.

THURSDAY, June 5, turned out to be the day on which Pretoria was reached, after a march which must rank as one of the most memorable for endurance and skill that the records of British warfare can produce. But if the story of the British prisoners was still in their barbed-wire entanglements and their tin houses. About 10 o'clock on Monday night the prison commandant came into the great dormitory. "Gentlemen," he said, "I must ask you to pack your things. My orders are to have you all a certain number of miles away on the veldt in two hours." Capt. McKerny, an Australian volunteer notorious for his great stature, stepped up to the commandant and looked down on him. "What's that you say?" he asked.

"You must pack and come with me," said the commandant.

"Suppose we refuse to go?" asked the Australian.

"Then," said the commandant, "there is a commando still in Pretoria, and I shall have to call upon them to fire on you."

"You seek will be wrong first," said the Australian.

The commandant turned to go. "Stop!" He hesitated.

"No!" He stopped. "Sit down!" He sat down on a bed.

"You kept there for an hour. Then a subordinate came in to look for the commandant. He, too, was made a prisoner. The dormitory was all awake. It was an audacious plan for the commando might come at any moment. Hours passed, and the commando did not come. The two officers were given back their arms and were released on parole when they had promised not to repeat the order. The dormitory slept. About 8:30 o'clock the next morning the prisoners saw the Duke of Marlborough and Winston Churchill following up the path to the tin house. They knew relief was near; they threw open the gate, which the guards no longer dared hold, and surged into freedom; 129 officers and 1,000 men were free.—[Manchester Guardian Correspondent.]

University Graduate's Experience.

A RECENT letter to Prof. S. B. Christy, dean of the School of Mining in the University of California, Alpheus Jones, a university graduate, writes as follows concerning his experiences during the siege of Kimberley by the Boers.

"I had a pretty bad time of it here during those terrible days of shelling. We lost a lot of good men, and most of all, an American, George Labran, general engineer of the Boer Company. He had just gone to his room for dinner when a 100-pound Boer shell entered his room and exploded.

"The Boers put shells into every part of the town, regardless of the part set aside for the sick and wounded. For three long months they bombarded us with fifteen-pound guns from all sides, but still we held out. Finally they sent a 100-pound quick-firing gun and bombarded the town. Buildings were blown to pieces on every side during the explosion of shells. I never will forget the feeling I had whenever this big gun was fired. There was nothing to do but wait and see when it was your turn to be killed. One morning, while we were in our cabin, a shell exploded over the house, but it did little or no damage except a few holes in the roof of our house and the smashing of some window glass. October, November, December and January had passed and our food was running very short; there was everywhere, but we could do nothing, and so when we could learn, the relief of Kimberley was no nearer than it was on the 1st of December, when Lord Methuen made his big fight at Modder River. On Thursday, February 1st, a 100-pound gun was fired up to about 11 a.m., when, as we knew for what reason. However, we were not fleeing from the mountains south of Kimberley. It was found out it was Gen. French letting his commanding officers know that he would relieve the town in Kimberley. That evening Gen. French with about eight hundred mounted men entered Kimberley and relieved the beleaguered town after 124 days' bombardment.

"It was some time after this before we had a railroad running as the Boers had burned the bridges and torn up the rails. As soon as the town was well supplied with food of what we had got in some mining supplies, we started the shelling."—Berkeley Correspondence Oakland Tribune.

No Heroes at San Juan.

ONE of the most remarkable incidents of the San Juan fight had to do with two officers of the Tenth Cavalry—Lieut. William H. Smith and Lieut. William E. Shipp. Two young men had entered West Point together, one of them from North Carolina and the other from Missouri. They were room-mates at the Point, and remained such through the course of the Military Academy, entertaining each other a friendship more devoted than that of most men. Being graduated together, each of them returned to his own home and married. Both entered the same regiment, receiving their intimacy. They went together into the battle of San Juan, on the first day of July, 1898, and both were shot and killed in the same hour, falling within ten yards of each other. When the list of killed was being made in the newspapers, their names were consecutive. Each of them left a widow and three children.

"Thinking of touching incidents reminds me of the most heroic episode I witnessed in the Philippines. When the revolution began, Gen. Luna, who was the commander-in-chief of the rebel armies, ordered all the native villages in the neighborhood of the scene of hostilities to be burned down before the people before him like sheep. After the capture of Tarlac and the dispersion of the insurgent troops, the unhappy folk began to return to their homes, and on their homelands I would meet bodies of men, women and children, from half a dozen to one hundred in a bunch, coming back. They had been living in any way they could

to preserve bare existence, most of them in carts, and their clothes were exceedingly ragged and dirty, though many bore evidence of superior culture and standing. They always had a number of white flags on poles, and usually a little child walked some distance in advance of the party, carrying a tall reed of the fishpole kind with a handkerchief attached to it. The infant would toddle along through the mud, holding up the reed, which was ten feet long perhaps, and presenting one aspect of war that might well bring tears to the eyes even of the most hardened veteran. —[Gen. Joseph Wheeler in Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Wheeler's Bravery.

WHEELER'S charge at the battle of Shiloh was said by Gen. Grant to be one of the most splendid exhibitions of human bravery he had ever witnessed, and a feat which roused admiration among both armies was when the intrepid little general accomplished the destruction of Rosecrans' provision trains after the battle of Chickamauga.

On December 30, 1863, Gen. Wheeler attempted and successfully carried out one of the most daring, perilous and important duties ever assigned a cavalry commander. He crossed the Tennessee River in the face of a division of cavalry under Gen. George Crook, drove back and worsted the troops that guarded the Federal trains of 600 mules and 1000 wagons, and captured the whole with 1500 prisoners. While he was thus engaged, Rosecrans' cavalry 8000 strong, swept down upon the Georgians. The latter charged and repulsed the Northerners, capturing the forts at McMinnville, Tenn., with 600 prisoners and great stores; capturing the forts and destroying the bridges near Murfreesboro, and then, as full of fight as at the beginning of the engagement, they turned and put to rout Gen. Hooker and the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps that came riding down at the moment to reinforce the Yankees.—[Chicago Journal.]

A Reminiscence of Lee.

WHEN I went to West Point as a cadet, in 1856, the first thing I did was to report to Col. Robert E. Lee, who was at that time superintendent of the Military Academy. Reaching his office, I knocked at the door, and when, in response to a summons to "come in," I entered, one of the handsomest men I ever saw rose from a table, walked around it, and put a hand upon my shoulder in a kind and fatherly manner. I told him that I had come to report, and, with a few pleasant words, he bade me welcome and sent me long to the adjutant.

I never met the great leader of the Confederacy during the war in which we both served, but my schoolboy recollections of him are even more valuable to me on that account. He was a very dignified man, and could be stern on occasions, but extremely kind-hearted. His ideas of duty were inflexible, and his son, Austin Lee, who at that time was a cadet at the Point, was treated by him with no favorable discrimination; the fact, indeed, was rather the opposite. Once the boy got into serious trouble, and his entire class had to come to his rescue with persuasion and pledges in order to redeem him from punishment.—[Gen. Joseph Wheeler in Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

ANIMAL STORIES.

Made the Dog Laugh.

ONE day I sat upon a piazza overlooking our large back yard, while beside me Pat, my terrier, was busily tearing to pieces a palm-leaf fan. Suddenly he became perfectly still, staring so intently into the yard that I turned to see what had attracted his attention. There was only Polly, our cook's little mulatto girl, who was solemnly parading up and down with a gorgeous brand-new rag doll in a cigar-box chariot, and I wondered what Pat could see in this to interest him.

But the next moment he had darted from my side, and I saw his sharp little face cautiously peeping in at the open yard gate, still watching Polly. Waiting until she had passed and her back was toward him he stole in, literally on tip toe, and, swiftly taking the doll in his mouth, dashed out of the gate, pursued by the exasperated Polly. Then ensued a wild chase, ended at length by Pat's dropping the doll into the box, and immediately seeking refuge in his former place on the piazza. Here he thrust his head through the balustrade, and to attract Polly's attention gave vent to a queer smothered little bark, at which she looked up and shook her fist at him in impotent rage.

And it was then that I saw Pat laugh. Trembling all over with delight, he turned his head from side to side and cocked first one ear and then the other in the most comical fashion. His little black nose and forehead were wrinkled, his eyes snapped, and his eyebrows twitched, while his lips quivered, and—yes, there could be no mistake about it—the corners curled upward and Pat was laughing.—[Our Animal Friends.]

Dog with Monkey Rider Caused a Panic.

PRETTY Fido lay a-sleeping just inside the kitchen door where the sound of breakfast cooking mingled gently with his snore. In the dining-room adjoining came a flow of lively chat from the guests of Buena Vista, who around the table sat. In a room upstairs was Chico in a splendid gilded cage, and the sounds of mirth below him filled his monkey soul with rage. There he was, a lonely prisoner, and a few brief months ago he was leader in the jungle and the boss of all the show.

So Chico fell to thinking, and with him to think was set, so he "monkeyed" with the cage door and displayed astounding tact, for in less than half a jiffy he was walking round the house with the stealth of a midnight burglar and the cunning of a mouse.

The din of knife and platter moved him to descend the

stair, and he peeped in through the doorway at the guests assembled there. The talk was all in Spanish, which he did not understand, so he moved toward the kitchen humming, "In That Promised Land." But the song stopped in the middle, and the singer's heart stood still as he spied the sleeping Fido just beneath the window sill. Like a flash his memory traveled back to days when he was young, how his mother had instructed him in Simianic tongue to whip every dog he came across, because in ancient days an ancestor had lost a tail through playful canine ways.

With a prayer to Bob Fitzsimmons, Chico took a flying leap, and the way he landed put a stop to Fido's peaceful sleep. He landed on the terrier's back, and there he clung like wax; while Fido, with a howl of fright, concluded to make tracks. He flew around the kitchen at a Maud S. rate of speed, with Chico tearing wool and hide with ghouliah, frenzied greed. The cook, who thought his time had come, struck blindly with his knife, believing that assassins had designs upon his life. The heavy blade swung through the air; there came a plaintive wail, and Chico kept on riding with two inches less of tail.

Into the dining-room they ran, this strangely-mated pair, and the guests cut short their eating and began to move from there. Some climbed upon the table, other sought the window sills, while the screams and howls combined would give a callopie the chills.

Had Chico stopped to ponder ere he made that frenzied leap, it is likely he would hesitate to make himself so cheap. He dared not leave the dog, because a bite would surely come, so he clung on like Macseppa, though it wasn't any fun.

Then a serving man with courage and a blanket came in view, and o'er the fleeing animals the coverlet he threw. That stopped the headlong flight, and ere a battle fierce could rage, the monkey was a prisoner within his gilded cage.

Now the owner of the dog who keeps the Bath Beach hostelry says the owner of the monkey must "come down" most handsomely. And the owner of the monkey, Mrs. Caballero, wails that she'll have the law on cooks who amputate pet monkeys' tails. So there's war down by the seashore, and the sunny smiles of Spain are lost in clouds of gloom, while dog and monkey are in pain.—[New York Mail and Express.]

A Kansas Dog Story.

A LITTLE group of newspaper artists were sipping beer from stone mugs, and, strange to say, they were not talking shop. In some unaccountable way the conversation had drifted to the subject of dogs. "When I lived out in Kansas, before I came East," said one, "I had a dog that used to do his best to hold back freight trains. The trains always had to stop to take on water, and my dog would fasten his teeth into the rear steps of the caboose, and when the train would start he would do his best to hold it, only letting go when the pace got too hot for him. The train crew all knew him, and one day they set up a job on the poor pup. They had a cargo of raw hides, and one of the trainmen cut off a cow's tail and fastened it to the end of the caboose. When the dog saw this he just ignored his favorite step and fastened his teeth into the caudal appendage of that defunct cow for keeps. He got his teeth all tangled up in it, and when the train started and got going faster and faster he couldn't let go. The last I saw of him he was being swallowed up in a cloud of dust in the wake of the train. He didn't get back home for three days, and then he was minus most of his teeth. After that you couldn't get him within 100 yards of the railroad station."—[Philadelphia Record.]

Crabs Loose on a Ferryboat.

THE inherent frivolity of human nature was never better illustrated than one night of last week on an incoming West Twenty-third street ferryboat. The hour was late and the boat had its usual crowd of summer travelers, laden with bags and golf sticks, umbrellas and parasols. In the forward cabin were seated a group of boys, laden with the result of a day's crabbing on the Shrewsbury. They carried the crabs in an ingenious fashion. Around one claw of each crab was tied a string, and these strings enabled the youthful fishermen to carry their catch without any danger. One boy handled his bunch carelessly, and in a moment the floor of the ferryboat was filled with scurrying crabs. Each crab went in a different direction, and the speed attained by them was remarkable.

Then the other passengers grew interested. With their umbrellas and canes they egged on the crabs to all sorts of strange gymnastics. On one side of the cabin four crabs clung from an umbrella held horizontally, while on the other side a giant crab dangled from a golf stick. In the center of the cabin other passengers started the crabs in races, making wagers on their favorites. It was a great three-ring circus, and the crabs seemed to like the attention they were attracting. Finally the boy collected the truants, and then the passengers crowded round him and tried to buy the crabs, evidently wishing to take them home as pets. The boy refused all offers, however, and he and his companions trudged off with their day's lively catch.—[New York Sun.]

MARRIED TO A VASE.

[London Chronicle:] A correspondent, writing from Shanghai, says that a young Chinese lady there has recently been married to a red flower vase, the vase being a substitute for the son of a wealthy mandarin to whom she had been engaged. Her fiancé died just before the contemplated marriage, and as she vowed she would never wed another, the flower vase was substituted for the bridegroom, and the marriage celebrated with all due pomp. These impersonal marriages are not uncommon in China, and it is easy to believe that a happy pair so united would easily dispense with other finally jars.

don't exist. Here and there, in Russia, but they are of no use at all. I saw many quaint garments a century old, and which had caused more damage to the garments they aimed at. One of the vests of wood, painted.

One was the Chinese dismissed the ward one of the warships, deciding upon the vessel. The result was that they were ending up messages to come on board and stop the Chinese now have are not but are required they consist of about a garment at all.

to prove anything, and although have been appearing these last few of Chinese warriors, the number of good qualities, but value on the called one of them.

by National Press Agency.]

OUT CLOTHESPIN.

WILL MAKE 12,000 OF THEM

WILL BE WORTH \$100.

"The longer you live," as a philosopher said, "the more you find, by doing

the common, everyday clothespin, the more able to improve, any man upon the wheelbarrow or the dog-pole. Who would imagine that out the clothespin that was used in was passing a little grocery store among the things displayed on

display today?" he asked of a

empty.

Y, not. Four cents a dozen!"

good judge of clothespins?"

"I've made more than a million

ever. I've followed the changes of its evolution, from the

ben. Say!" exclaimed the

off severely believe that the

will sell twelve of them for a

than 50 per cent. at that, and

can whistle out clothespins with

now? Easy enough. All I

single or black leg and go to

long and a foot through. He

for it. If he pays any more

money. That leg will whistle

it will take the man two

long up into clothespins, which

now. But when they are

to the market. He will

best, and will get away with

springing to find out that he

one clothespin, worth 50

pins has cost only 50, profits

buying it. Now, if that

is a clothespin factory would

than if he owned a coal mine.

the gambler of a good deal of

full-fledged clothespin. A

of stripes inches; another

bands three-quarters of an

reduces the boards to strips

ones. These little strips are

ties them to a gang of other

clothespin lengths the quick

chip up a pound of meat. It

a swift-moving belt to a

them in a lather. The latter

twinkling of an eye, and

feeds them to still another

and forward as if it were

chews out the dot that the

over the clothes on the line

ing's ready, all except

-drying hands the sap out of

to done by letting the clothes

in a revolving iron cylinder.

at money, and when the

goods for sale he finds that

is, or a day's hard work, is

manufacturer: cost a

and, really I am

them for a cent a dozen, or

it's be so bad if I could a

with one a thousand

with or two, and I even

eat. Chinese cheap labor

clothespin trade, for

clothespin in their

in the clothes that are

THE METAPHOR.

At this point of the story

rum. There being nothing

fast violating the union, to

known western journalist,

part of San Francisco, he

over a necktie. He once had

came from too much wiggling

Compiled for The Times.

The Hissin
[New World:] A
town a star actress
itude appeared on

Circling the Pacific. By Frank G. Carpenter.

EDUCATING THE FILIPINOS.

HOW OUR ARMY OFFICIALS ARE ESTABLISHING SCHOOLS IN THE VARIOUS ISLANDS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

MANILA, Aug. 1, 1900.—One of the most important things our government has to do in the Philippine Islands is the establishment of a good public-school system. At present not more than 20 per cent. of the people can read and write. There are districts in which very few of them can speak Spanish, and there are hundreds of thousands of school children who have had no school advantages. For the past four years, owing to the trouble with the Spaniards and the Americans, many of the schools have been discontinued. In every island I have visited I have found the schoolhouses vacant, and nearly everywhere they are going to ruin. In some parts of Luzon they have been burned by the insurgents and in others the teachers have had to leave because they were connected with the friars.

The Army and the Schools.

With the advance of our army every town which has been garrisoned has been given a school. The officers urge the people to open the schoolhouses, and tell them that they must support their own schools, and that English must be one of the studies. In some places the soldiers are teaching, and everywhere attempts are made to organize a new system of education. Heretofore the Philippines have had nothing like a public-school system. They have had schools

came out here as a soldier in the Second Oregon Volunteers, but he has been placed at the head of this department. He tells me that there are now between forty and fifty public schools in Manila, with an attendance of 4000 to 5000 pupils—not more than one-tenth of what there should be in this city of 300,000 people.

The schools, with one or two exceptions, are all of the primary grade. The language used is mainly Spanish, English being taught for only a portion of the day. The English teachers are in most places American girls, the daughters of the officials here. Some few have been school teachers at home, but many are new, experimenting for the first time on the poor Filipinos. Many of them labor under the disadvantage of not knowing the Spanish language, but they are all learning rapidly, and, considering their lack of normal-school training, are doing remarkably well. They are very well paid, each teacher receiving a salary of \$1440, or \$720 in gold. This is, I think, for a year of ten months. It is considerably more than the school wages in the United States.

What Is Needed.

What we need here is a bureau of education, officered by practical American teachers, who will take charge of the educational system of the whole archipelago and direct it from here. There should be a supply of American teachers so that there could be at least one English teacher in every village and school district, with a corps of general superintendents, who could go from district to district and see that the children are being properly taught. The best educated of the native teachers should be retained, and the work for years will have to be continued in Spanish. The chil-

may sweep through. There is a little coconut grove of the building I am describing, and we pass the grove of banana trees on our way to the back yard, the entrance is found. Going upstairs, we find two rooms filled with little children at work.

How Filipino Schoolboys Dress.

In this school all are boys, for there is no co-education in Manila, and the boys and girls go to schools of their own. The boys are as brown as chocolate and their hair is cut short, so that it stands up in bristles over their little bullet-like heads. Their eyes are black, and the most of them wear the interest they show in the teaching. How they dress. If our boys wore their clothes in this way, teachers would send them straight home. Each boy has his shirt tails outside of his trousers, and he has bare feet, or in slippers, without stockings. The number cannot help studying out loud, according to custom which was taught in the past, but which our teachers are trying to abolish.

As we stand and look at the school the mother comes out. It seems queer to us that he keeps in while he is teaching, and stranger still when he takes cigarettes from his pockets then and there and joins him in a smoke. He shows off the children, and the language is Spanish, and we can hardly say whether they do well or ill.



In most of the villages, but the teachers have been appointed by the priests and the studies have been controlled by them. The chief teaching has been in the catechism and along lines of religious instruction, and today the priests object decidedly to having the catechism taken out of the schools. The schools were opened with the reading of Catholic prayers, and until now every school had a crucifix hung up over the teacher's desk. The same prayers are used now by many of the American teachers, one of them telling me that she thought it better to keep up the prayers, notwithstanding she was a Protestant herself.

In Manila.

At present there is no systematic school organization of the islands. Each military official prescribes for his own district, and it is a sort of go-as-you-please. The only place where there is anything like a bureau of education is in Manila. Here we have a superintendent of public instruction. This is George P. Anderson, a Seattle man, the son of one of the leading college educators of the Northwest. Prof. Anderson graduated in one of the Washington State universities, and about nine years ago finished a course of three years at Yale. He has had no practical experience in public-school work, and it is a question whether a man who has worked in the school at home would not be better equipped for the place. Mr. Anderson

dren should be compelled to go to school. They need new school buildings and new schoolbooks, and, in fact, a thorough reorganization of their educational system. They are, I am told, in nearly all places anxious to learn and perfectly willing to pay for the best school advantages, but in order to have these there must be Americans at the head of the school system and enough American teachers scattered throughout the whole to leaven the lump.

A Typical School.

I have visited a number of the public schools of Manila. I am surprised at the quickness and intelligence of the pupils. They are very apt at learning, and are the equals, I believe, of children of the same age in the United States. Let me take you into one of the schools, and show you just how it looks. It is a primary school, for as yet little more than the primary grades have been established. The schoolhouse is nothing like any you have seen in the United States. It is a one-story building about thirty feet square, built upon posts ten feet in height. It has sliding windows made up of a lattice work of hundreds of little squares, in each of which a piece of oyster shell not thicker than your thumb nail has been fitted. These shells serve to keep out the hot sun, and they are so transparent that they admit enough light for study and work. The windows are always open, except where they keep out the sun, so that the air

A Girls' School.

Later on I visited one of the primary schools. The teachers were women, and among them was a girl who told me that she found the children as bright as our school children at home. With her I photographed some of the pupils, taking the girls as a sample, and later on made a picture of her. She had some of the little ones recite their English and they did remarkably well.

The teachers are doing all they can to inculcate patriotism. Last Fourth of July there was a celebration at which pyrotechnic speeches on liberty and the Declaration of Independence read by the pupils. On Washington's birthday American flags were put over all the school buildings for the first time. There were appropriate exercises in commemoration of George and his remarkable hatchet. I doubt whether the hatchet story has as much force here as in America. Filipino child has thus far not been taught to love truth. Men, women and children think nothing of and some of the poems which were written by the Filipinos must have seemed strange to them. I found a specimen poem as it was actually recited by

September 16, 1900.]

little fellow of 10. It is entitled "Truthful Washington."

I am a Filipino boy,
And not supposed to be
About the great George
And why folks love him

But I have heard it said
That from his early years
When accused of naughtiness
He always spoke the truth

And I believe that truth
Will truthful men be
And be beloved by every
Like the great Washington

Jesuit Priests the Public High School

It seems funny to think of Jesuit acting as teachers of the public schools. This is the case here, by the present at least. The only high school is the Ateneo, or Jesuit College. It has pupils—boys, from 14 to 18, all well-looking. The professors are dark-faced Jesuit priests, and, as far as I could judge, with them, well-educated men. It is just next to the Church of San Ignacio in Manila. The college is many rooms, floored with mahogany, is to be finished in native woods of themselves. The carving of the church is entirely by natives, and it equals in cathedral in Europe. One of the features of its musical instruction. During my twenty boys seated at pianos, all had exercises at the same time and each. In other rooms the boys were engaged in others they were carving. They showed ability, and are, the priests say, very along the lines of the beaux arts. I understand, the most of its income comes from the

Manila Colleges.

There are several colleges here in the different clerical orders, but none with even the second-class colleges. Each has a long list of studies in its practical education along modern lines. Of the largest colleges, St. Thomas, is here in the United States, having been ten years before our Pilgrim Fathers Rock. St. Thomas belongs to the Dominicans, the richest of the clerical organizations caused a vast deal of trouble in the Philippines. The Dominicans also own the College of which was founded in the middle of the century. It was at this college that Aguinaldo but he does not seem to have carried a series of his school days, for he has been enemies of the friars ever since his graduation.

In addition to these institutions is Joseph, founded by the Jesuits in 1860 with three professorships by the King each. There are also schools for girls by the nuns, such as the colleges of Rosa and La Concordia, so that so far Manila has had no lack of educational institutions. There is probably not a city of its size wanting in educational advantages of Educated Filipinos.

There are many natives of the better school abroad. Some girls are sent to Hongkong, and many of the young Filipinos are in Spain. There are here in Manila doctors and dentists. The rebellion against the people in war with Spain, a result of a novel written by a Filipino. This man was educated in Germany and famous throughout the Far East as a hero. He had the same effect here as the "Cabin" had in exciting feeling against the Spaniards. He was a poet as well as a greatly beloved by the Tagalogs. His name translated into English.

The Lord's Prayer in Tagalog.

There are a number of native newspapers in Manila and at other places throughout the islands. Some are in Spanish and others in Tagalog. A Tagalog paper looks very strange to a type seems to have been grabbed up at once into the columns without regard to the language is harsh, containing many rather grating on the ear of the foreigner. A copy of the Lord's Prayer in Tagalog. "Ama namin sung ma sa langit camo. Napa sa amin ang kahayagan mo. Sa equi sa lupa para nang sa langit. Higit nang amin camo sa arsanon. Patavarin masama."

In looking over the prayer you will note of the consonants are n's and m's and is a g. It is indeed a curious language. Names of towns in the island begin with great many of them begin with G. The people of the Philippines at least one speak the Tagalog, though comparatively The Visayan Literature.

Next to the Tagalogs come the Visayans, are perhaps two millions. They also have literature, but the literature is largely published by the missionaries of the Catholic Church. The Visayan is not unlike the Tagalog from the following extract, which I copy

carpenter.

There is a little coconut tree in the yard, and we pass through it on our way to the back yard, and then, going upstairs, we find two or three little children at work.

Boys Dress.

are boys, for there is no co-education here, and the boys and girls each have their own school. The boys are as brown as mahogany, and so that it stands up like a little bullet-like head. Notice the hair, and the most of them are wearing a white shirt and trousers, and each is wearing a pair of white socks, and each is wearing a pair of white shoes, without stockings. Fully half of them are studying out loud, according to the custom of the past, but which our American teachers are trying to abolish.

I look at the school the native teachers are queer to us that he keeps his hands in his pockets then and there and asks us questions. He shows off the scholars, but we can hardly say whether they are

With follow of so. It is entitled "The Truthful Washington."

Truthful Washington.
I am a Filipino boy,
And not supposed to know
About the great George Washington,
And why folks love him so.

But I have heard it said of him
That from his early youth
When accused of naughty deeds
He always spoke the truth.

And I believe that truthful boys
Will truthful men become,
And be beloved by every one,
Like the great Washington.

Jesuit Priests the Public High School Teachers.

It seems funny to think of Jesuit priests, in their gowns, acting as teachers of the public schools of a United States possession. This is the case here, but it is a necessity for the present at least. The only high school of the islands is the Ateneo, or Jesuit College. It has about eight hundred pupils—boys, from 14 to 18, all well dressed and bright looking. The professors are dark-faced, black-haired Spaniards, and, as far as I could judge from my conversation with them, well-educated men. Their college building is just next to the Church of San Ignacio, one of the finest churches in Manila. The college is very large, comprising many rooms, floored with mahogany, and a theater, which is to be finished in native woods carved by the Filipinos themselves. The carving of the church interior was done entirely by natives, and it equals in beauty, I venture, any cathedral in Europe. One of the features of this college is its musical instruction. During my visit I found about twenty boys seated at pianos, all hammering away at their music at the same time and each in a different key. In other rooms the boys were engaged in sketching, and in others they were carving. They show considerable artistic ability, and are, the priests say, very good at all things along the lines of the beaux arts. This school received, I understand, the most of its income from the public-school funds.

Manila Colleges.

There are several colleges here in Manila managed by the different clerical orders, but none which will compare with even the second-class colleges of the United States. Such has a long list of studies in its curriculum, but as to practical education along modern lines it is unknown. One of the largest colleges, St. Thomas, is older than any college in the United States, having been founded at least ten years before our Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock. St. Thomas belongs to the Dominican friars, one of the highest of the clerical organizations, and one which has caused a vast deal of trouble in the Philippine Islands. The Dominicans also own the College of San Juan de Letran, which was founded in the middle of the seventeenth century. It was at this college that Aguinaldo was educated, but he does not seem to have carried away pleasant memories of his school days, for he has been one of the chief enemies of the friars ever since his graduation.

In addition to these institutions is the College of St. Joseph, founded by the Jesuits in 1601 and then endowed with these professorships by the King of Spain at \$10,000 each. There are also schools for girls here, taught chiefly by the nuns, such as the colleges of Santa Isabel, Santa Rosa and La Concordia, so that so far as name is concerned Manila has had no lack of educational institutions, although there is probably not a city of its size in the world so wanting in educational advantages of real value.

Selected Filipinos.

There are many natives of the better classes who go to school abroad. Some girls are sent to the Italian convent in Hongkong, and many of the young Filipinos have been educated in Spain. There are here in Manila Filipino lawyers, doctors and dentists. The rebellion against the friars which involved the people in war with Spain was largely the result of a novel written by a Filipino author, José Rizal. This man was educated in Germany and Spain, and was famous throughout the Far East as an oculist. His novel had had the same effect here as to the friars as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had in exciting feeling against slavery in the United States, and it eventually caused him to be shot by the Spaniards. He was a poet as well as a novelist, and is greatly beloved by the Tagalos. His novel is now being translated into English.

The Lord's Prayer in Tagalo.

There are a number of native newspapers published in Manila and at other places throughout the Philippine Islands. Some are in Spanish and others are in Tagalo. A Tagalo paper looks very strange to American eyes. The type seems to have been grabbed up at random and thrown into the columns without regard to order or reason. The language is harsh, containing many nasal sounds, and rather grating on the ear of the foreigner. I give you here a copy of the Lord's Prayer in Tagalo.

"Ama namin sung ma sa langit casambahin ang nagla ma. Napa sa amin ang saharian mo. Sundin ang loob mo sa luha para nang sa langit. Hiygan mo cama ngaion nang amin canin sa aronas. Patavarin o mo cami sa dilan masama."

In looking over the prayer you will notice that the most of the consonants are n's and m's and one in every eight is a g. It is indeed a curious language. Nearly all of the names of towns in the island begin with M or N, but a great many of them begin with G. Still, of the 8,000,000 people of the Philippines at least one-third, if not more, speak the Tagalo, though comparatively few can write it.

The Visayan Literature.

Next to the Tagalos come the Visayans, of whom there are perhaps two millions. They also have a language and literature, but the literature is largely made up of tracts published by the missionaries of the Catholic Church.

The Visayan is not unlike the Tagalo, as may be seen from the following extract, which I copy from one of their

tracts merely to show you how the stuff looks in print. It is only one sentence, but it contains fifty-four words.

"Sarang man maca-agum sang indulgencia plenaria ang mga gumatayon nga, sa dili maca confesar cag maca calauat tungud sang mga caula ngan sang hinali cag mabug-at nga balatian, mag hinulul sang ilang mga sala cag manuang sang santos nga ngalan ni Jesus cag con dili sarang maca-himo sini bisan tuyoon lamang sa salud sang cabubut-on."

The Moros and the Koran.

As to the Moros, the only education which they have had up to now is learning the Koran. The teaching is all done by the Mohammedan priests. The books are in the Arabic characters, and the little ones squat down on the floor or the ground and in a sing-song tone cry out the prayers until they have learned them. They usually keep a book before them as they study, but as to learning to write essays in Arabic or as to any practical education, as we know it, such things are unknown in our Mohammedan land.

In fact, in nearly all the islands education will have to begin at the ground, and in many of them new books will need to be written for the purpose of teaching. The superintendent of education here in Manila has already ordered a large number of books, and before this letter is published some 20,000 will already have arrived and be in the hands of the people.

A great many of the books are in Spanish, but it seems to me that this language should be changed for English just as soon as possible. The quicker we can open the doors of our literature, religion and ideas of political morality to these people the quicker we can make them respectable American citizens. I doubt if much can be done until they have learned the English language, and it seems to me that the chief hope is in the children and not in the grown-ups, who have been bred and raised in Spanish corruption.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

[Copyright, 1900, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

WINDS AND STORMS AND THEIR CAUSES.

By a Special Contributor.

THE terrible calamity which has just come upon the city of Galveston will surely arouse the most profound sympathy of the whole country; and it may well stir up in us who live on these Pacific shores the deepest thankfulness that we are not exposed to such awful storms.

In connection with this great catastrophe a few thoughts on the general causes of storms may not be out of place. Such dire effects as have been felt at Galveston must be produced by the conflict of mighty forces, in the presence of which man is helpless, and his grandest works mere playthings. We are told that the longest wagon bridge in the world, which cost \$65,000, went down before the storm had got under good headway; and where a few days ago a prosperous city stood with all the modern appliances that wealth and skill can obtain, there is now a scene of utter desolation. And all this misery and destruction have been brought about by a disturbance of the equilibrium of the atmosphere; by a commotion in the air we breathe.

We boast of our modern inventions in the field of explosives, of the destructive power of our dynamite and of our modern weapons of warfare, but more destruction has probably been wrought in a single night by this atmospheric strife than by the whole navy during the late war. And yet we cannot see this subtle vehicle of force, and sometimes scarcely feel it—although we live in it, breathe it, and are surrounded by it on every hand. This invisible sphere of air incloses the earth and extends to a height of about two hundred miles. Its weight is equal to a layer of mercury spread all over the earth to a thickness of nearly thirty inches, and its pressure is about 14 1/2 pounds on every square inch of surface. It is so fluid and so easily expanded that the slightest increase of temperature sets it in motion, and the heated air begins at once to rise. This point is illustrated every time we light a lamp or a fire in a room. The heated air flows up the chimney, and the colder air rushes in to take its place and produces the draught, and the air at the top of the room is soon found to be much warmer than that near the floor.

This is, on a small scale, exactly what is always taking place in the atmosphere all over the world. The rays of the sun fall perpendicularly upon some point within the tropics all the year round, and thus raise the temperature of the surface of the earth in the equatorial regions above that of the parts to the north and south. The air in the tropics, being heated both by the direct rays of the sun and also by the radiation of heat from the earth's surface, expands and becomes lighter than the surrounding air and rises to the top. The air from the colder regions north and south then rushes in to take the place of the heated air, to be heated in its turn, and thus a complete circulation of the air is established.

If the earth were at rest the cold currents of air would always flow straight from the north and south to the equator, and the warm currents straight from the equator to the poles. But as the earth is turning round daily on its axis from west to east the air currents from the poles, having a slower movement at their start than the surface of the earth has at the equator, gradually lag behind and flow toward the west, so that the cold winds generally flow from southeast and northeast. These two cold winds meeting each other in the tropics in a diagonal direction are gradually heated and rise to the surface, giving rise to the trade winds. On the other hand, there will be a general tendency of the upper warm currents of air to flow toward the poles. But as they have shared in the rapid movement of the earth at the equator eastward of a thousand miles per hour they will outrun the slower movement of the surface of the earth as they get farther north and south, and will become southwest winds in the northern

hemisphere and northwest winds in the southern hemisphere. And thus we see that the heat of the sun in the tropics is the first great cause, directly or indirectly, of all winds, their general direction being controlled by the daily rotation of the earth.

The winds are divided into constant, periodical and variable winds. The trade winds are called constant, and prevail in both the Atlantic and the Pacific. The north trades blow between the parallels of 9 deg. and 30 deg. in the Atlantic, and between 9 deg. and 26 deg. in the Pacific; and the south trades between 4 deg. north and 22 deg. south in the Atlantic, and between 4 deg. north and 23 deg. 30 min. south in the Pacific. These limits, however, are not fixed, but follow the sun, northward in the winter and southward in the summer. There is a belt of calms between the north and south trade winds, both in the Atlantic and in the Pacific, about 4 or 5 deg. wide, parallel to the equator. "It marks the meeting line of the north and south trades where they mutually neutralize each other."

Of the periodical winds we have a good example on our own coast in the daily land and sea breeze. These winds are caused by the land getting more heated during the day than the sea, and consequently the air over the land will rise and the colder air from over the sea will come in to take its place. At night the earth cools more rapidly than the sea, and so the air over the sea being warmer than that over the land rises and flows inland, while the colder air from the land flows over the sea to take its place.

The variable winds depend upon local or temporary causes, such as the form of the surface of the earth, whether level or mountainous, nearness of the sea or lakes, and whether the land is bare or covered with vegetation. In the tropics all these various causes are overcome by the great atmospheric currents, which have all their own way there; but farther north and south the variable winds have full scope for their movements.

All storms may be said to be the result of more or less violent commotions in the air. Wherever there is a difference in the temperature from any cause in adjoining regions there will be the rising of the air over the warmer region and a rushing in of the air from the colder region to take its place. The disturbance may or may not be accompanied by rain or snow, but the disturbance will move from point to point, and in the case of cyclones with a spiral movement. The commotion may be widespread, traveling for days across the country, with strong winds and rain, or it may be a local thunderstorm spending its force in an hour.

Cyclones are called low-area storms, because at their approach the barometer goes down rapidly, showing that there is a low pressure of the air at that point, or less weight of air above it, and so there must soon be a rush of air from all around to restore the balance. "These low-area storms have a wind circulation inward and upward, are elliptical in form in the United States, generally; have a mean velocity varying from 300 to 500 miles a day, and move in the same general direction." About 90 per cent. of the cyclones in the West Indies occur in August, September or October.

The terrible cyclone in Galveston was foretold by the low reading of the barometer, but whether any precautions were taken or not we do not know.

It is sometimes a comfort to know that our sufferings are not greater than those of others, and terrible as the recent storm was, yet there have been still more awful ones in the past. The hurricane of August 14 to 27, 1873, known as the Nova Scotia cyclone, was the most destructive storm that ever visited the Atlantic Coast. Twelve hundred and twenty-three vessels were known to have been destroyed by it, and 233 human lives were definitely reported as lost. The storm seriously crippled the fishing industries of both Canada and the United States, and entailed a loss of more than \$3,500,000. "The Calcutta cyclone of October 5, 1864, followed by a storm wave of sixteen feet over the level delta of the Ganges, caused the death of 45,000 persons." Another cyclone occurred in October, 1876, accompanied by a storm wave which covered the eastern edge of the delta of the Ganges to a depth of nearly fifty feet, and is said to have caused the death of more than one hundred thousand persons. G. R.

MOTOR CAR MOUNTAIN CLIMBING. TWO MEN'S JOURNEY UP THE HIGHEST ELEVATION IN IRELAND.

[London Express:] Climbing the side of Carnatual, in County Kerry—the highest mountain in Ireland—with a gradient of one foot in five feet on a road twelve feet wide and on a ton weight Daimler motor car is a rather exciting performance, but it has just been accomplished by E. J. Mccredy and Dr. Colohan, two enthusiastic motorists from Dublin, who performed a journey of from 800 to 1000 miles on their big Daimler cars in the south of Ireland recently. Mr. Mccredy gives an interesting account of the experience. The test was the severest for a motor car in the British Isles, and when half way up they almost repented their folly in attempting it, taking into account that the cars were valued for \$5000 and that they had nine passengers to reckon with, and there were various interesting problems to consider as to the behavior of huge vehicles weighing over a ton each on gradients which horse-drawn vehicles rarely tackle. The route up the mountain side was zig-zag, bordering on a precipice, and there was therefore no turning back, as it would be impossible to steer a car backwards down a two-mile slope without running the risk at the first curve of dashing over the road into the valley of rocks far beneath. At the stiff portion of the ascent he thought it prudent to let the passengers dismount and walk, as there was little hope of their safety if anything gave way at a critical moment. The engines of Mr. Mccredy's car went steadily up the slope, though the rough shingle gave the wheels scarcely any road hold, and it looked at times as if a gust of wind would stop the engine and bring the car to a standstill. It was a moment of relief when he reached the summit. Dr. Colohan's car had the latest improvements in mechanism and took the hills well at a good rate. These were the first motor cars to cross the Ballaghbeoma Pass in County Kerry.

Current Literature. Reviews by Adachi Kinnosuke.

FICTION.

A Collection of Pennsylvania Yarns.

THE happy author—for a writer who finds a taking title for his book is, by all the standards in this sad human world, to be counted among the happiest of men—has gathered under the title of "The Chronic Loafer" a goodly congregation of entertaining yarns.

"In the center of one of the most picturesque valleys in the heart of Pennsylvania lies the village, and at one end of its single street stands the store"—so opens the book. And one must be a very poor prophet, indeed, who does not think—as he smiles, all but oftener laughs, his way through the homely humor and amazing lies of these pages—that the store may perhaps pass into history. "On the broad porch of this homely and ancient edifice there is a long oak bench, rough, and hacked in countless places by the knives of many generations of loungers. . . . One July day the stage rattled over the bridge, past the mill, and drew up at the store. The G. A. R. man, the only passenger, climbed out of the lumbering vehicle . . . and when on the porch stopped and nodded a greeting to the men who were sitting on the bench kicking their heels together—the Patriarch, the School Teacher, the Miller, the Tinsmith and the Chronic Loafer."

Now these are the resourceful spinners of yarns—very much more wealthy are their brains of tales than the spider of threads. And the tales run their quaint way full of racy humor, native to the soil, about many things—an incident at the battle of Gettysburg, a girl with the original whim of selecting her lover by means of a spelling contest, an amazingly lazy man—and, by the way, you shall have to go to the Arabian tales for a bigger lie than this, for it is fully as vast as the one, you remember, Daudet told of an Algerian boy under a fig tree waiting for the fruit to drop into his mouth, too busy to think of starvation—an amazing love affair which proved to be successful because the suitor fought a huge fire so successfully by a counter fire, "the awfulest thing" of which the teller of the tale knows nothing, the wrestling match which tells you much of man-nature—especially at the time when he is abroad seeking to persuade the fair to join the grand army of martyrs; the romance of a tramp who courts a very quiet girl standing beside a tree, and finds that his Emily Kate (that was the name he gave to his lady fair) was a scare-crow, and so on. There are twenty-two chapters—and every chapter is a distinct tale with the characters whom the author introduces to you at the very start of the book, and whom I have taken a premature pleasure, perhaps to make known to you. A very readable volume, as a book of humor—and somehow, something in it makes you recall the tremendous success of Joel Chandler Harris's Uncle Remus stories. Perhaps, that is because both of them are humorous; and both of them are written in characteristic dialects. I do not mean by this that this book could by any decent means be ranked with the tales of Uncle Remus, nor the portrayal of the secluded portion of Pennsylvania humanity as you see it in the frequenters of the porch of the store, has that high touch of art which Mr. Harris gave to his marvelous negro creation, Uncle Remus. At the same time, I ought, I am sure, think twice before saying that this book is a picture of a certain human tribe is so very very much inferior to David Harum. Personally, I prefer this book to that once fabulously popular (and now forgot by the grateful public as if it were a lie despised of Satan) book of yesterday in many things—humor for one.

Moreover, the book is interesting because of another fact—Pennsylvania, so rich with history, draped with colorful legends, seems to have miraculously escaped the wooing of the teller of tales. And the promise which one sees in this book whispers in the ears of the hopeful, a very pleasing tale for the future of Pennsylvania in fiction.

Of course, in this book the author has taken a very small corner of the State for the scene; and for the characters, men who have but little to do with history.

"The Patriarch sat on the store porch. An old cob pipe, the smoke cooing lazily from its mouth, protruded from the recesses of his white beard. His eyes were fixed on the mountains over whose sides the black, sharp shadows of the clouds were wandering. His mood was so pensive as to awaken the curiosity of the Storekeeper, who had been watching the old man sitting upright on the bench, his gaze fastened on the distant hills. 'What are ye thinkin' of Gran'pap?' the young man asked. 'I was thinkin' o' Ben Wheedle. I hain't thot o' him fer a year, so I ails to meself today, says I, 'You otter think o' Ben Wheedle!' An' I set right down, an' a mighty good time I've had a medytatin' over him.' The miller laid the county paper over his knees and smoothed it out. Then he looked at the Patriarch. 'My souls!' he cried. 'Why, Ben's ben over the mo'nain night onto forty year. 'That's jest the pint,' was the rejoinder. 'When folks is gone ye otter think on 'em.' To the old man there was nothing beyond the mountains but the infinite space. To him the world was bounded by the green range before him and the range back by the river. The two sprang out of the blue at a point some nine miles to the north, went their own ways some fifteen miles to the south, joined, and made the valley and the world. To go over the mo'nain, to him, meant voluntary annihilation. He would step off into space beyond and become nothingness. In the 75 years of his life he had known men to return, but it was as though they had arisen from the dead."

As you see, then, this book is the sketch—rather slight at that, too—of very simple people. But as you see also, from what I have quoted, that the hand that drove the quill over these pages can without doubt guide one of much larger ambition and of swifter wings.

Therefore, with no little anticipation, we welcome the

good tidings that the author, encouraged by the success of this book, is now hard at work on a long novel, the scene of which is, of course, in Pennsylvania, but which deals with a much wider field.

The author is a graduate of Pennsylvania State College; was a reporter once on the New York Evening Sun, and is at present its city editor.

[The Chronic Loafer. By Nelson Lloyd. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. Price, \$1.25.]

When Dolts Gather Together.

Lady Blanche is by no means an impossible character; on the contrary, the majority of the earth's women are her sisters. She is an idiot. And like so many fashionables of empty upper chambers, she likes nothing better than to talk of the deep and the mysterious—hate, love, the transmigration of human souls, their immortality, and many cloudy things, spiritualism among others. Therefore, she was a worthy figure to whom a certain pen can dedicate a few hundred beautifully printed pages. She would have passed into the envied and long-lived kingdom of the famous in the hand of a master. The mistake of the author is, therefore, in his not knowing himself as well as he might. It is a rather thankless task, I know—still the work of the critic is meant to be taken philosophically—to tell the author that there is a very comfortable room to put an ocean or two between him and that light-white homeland of masters. You try very hard and very carefully (the foolish good nature of the reading public is proverbial) to laugh at the stupidity of Lady Blanche and her denser fellow "dolts"—so the good dolts who grace her salon call themselves—you try to laugh at them, I say, but then, you cannot do it. Your disgust sours your laughter.

The theories and comments on things and men (of course, I could call them by their proper names; but to be always truthful is considered shocking in polite society)



NELSON LLOYD.
[From the Bookbinder.]

which Lady Blanche and her friends vomit forth are as effective, strong and useful as an Egyptian plague. If we must have foolish things, is it a crime for us to demand that it shall be at least witty? If a thing must be foolish and unamusing, it does seem to me that it might at least be frank enough to plead guilty to being good. But evidently the author meant to write a hopeless book. He might have had it deep in his shrewd heart to write a profitable "success" (500,000 copies at the least) when he planned this book. And it is more than likely that his fond dream may soon be realized. For witness the senseless popularity of another crime against letters, "Unleavened Bread."

At the death bed of Lady Blanche a certain gentleman of much more years than forty (with the intelligence and common sense of a four-year-old and the taste in matters feminine enough to doom the reputation of a freshman) confides to Lady Blanche's husband, "O, John, my friend, I loved her too." And here is the reply of her husband, "My dear old friend, to know her was to love her!" Which shows, after all the noisy kicking of foolish boots against mighty heaven, how just a power it is that shapes the matrimonial fate of mortals.

[Lady Blanche's Salon. By Lloyd Bryce. Harpers, New York. Price, \$1.25.]

PSYCHIC STUDY.

Another Contribution to Psychic Study.

Everybody knows—especially those who have commerce with the fictions of the day—that the spirit of Romance seems to have everything its own way. Men hardly expected to see it invade the shadowy spirit land, but things which your philosophy has never speculated, of which poetry has never dreamed, are coming to pass in this day. Therefore one looks with but a mild uplifting of his eyebrows at the romance of a certain Mlle. Smith—so-called for convenience by the author because his heroine happens to be a lady with a proper and healthy dislike for notoriety.

The book is not as amazing and significant as that of Zollner, and from the scientific point of view, less in value. Still, it is an infinitely more convincing book than the record of Zollner's experiments with spirits. In fact, I would not be the least surprised to hear that it is the most romantic of all the psychic experiments on lands.

Mlle. Smith, as her communications in her automatic state go to show, had a wealth of romances in her existence—avatars, as the Hindus would call them—centuries ago she was the daughter of an Arab prince, became a favorite wife of a Hindu prince, and in the 17th century (in that savage human maelstrom turned into the heart of France) she was seen in the teaching of Marie Antoinette. That is not all. She, through her diuinitic faculties, has made herself quite familiar with the people and things on the planet Mars. And when she told all these, you see for the first time what an author means by the rather nebulous title, "From the Planet Mars." Moreover, Mlle. Smith's mediumship is triple—visual, auditive and typographical, that is to say, she possesses the faculty of "obtaining responses by raps upon a table." Altogether, then, she is one of the remarkable mediums who came—so happily for the cause of higher science; for a higher form of psychology—a thorough examination and study of a competent psychologist at the University of Geneva. You may think me incompetent, but in that case it may be just as well for you to voice your judgment when none of the dolts, at least, those for whose regard you care—are present. Prof. Flournoy, as well as quite a number of his equally eminent in science, have watched and studied Mlle. Smith for over five years.

If the devoted and altogether too much maligned fiction readers of the hour were to find out with what romantic reading the students of psychic phenomena being entertained, there would soon come, I think, a cold day for the popular fictionists of the day. The record of the subliminal romances—that is as her book would theorize about her experiences—of Mlle. Smith is as remarkable as it is for what it might mean for the future of the religious faith of mankind and the future of Romance's own day. Why, for the matter of that, it might happen to have a grudge against Mr. Wells, straighten you forth and place his romances beside this book and upon the world to witness what tame stuff he has been heaping upon the credulous readers.

[From Radio to the Planet Mars. By Prof. Th. Flournoy. Translated by Daniel R. Vermyle. Harpers, New York. Price, \$1.50.]

BOER WAR.

Kimberley During the Siege.

The author tells in this book what the life in Kimberley was like during the siege by the Boers. He was in the town to the Kimberley Hospital, and these pages, which were written by him, were never meant to meet the eyes of the public—they were his private diary. There are, of course, quite often, bits of unexpected surprise by way of enlightenment—just the very sort which the fictionist would think it too trivial to mention. We tell the beginning of the bombardment, the fighting and the burning of the food problems—how they fed on horse flesh, the big guns and the bigger one of the Boers, and how famous diamond mines were utilized for the shelter of shells.

A great deal of the record being so personal—I have the whole thing was meant for the private reading of the author, that touch of realism which you meet in good fiction which gives you the sense of reality.

I have said that the author is a surgeon; from that must not infer, however, that the diary is a dry matter of his profession during the exciting time of the siege. Here is, even the account of the almost miraculous escape of a lady. How a shell "fell into a room where a lady was in bed, just missed her hip, broke the side of the bed into bits, and harmlessly buried itself into the floor under the door."

[Described by the Boers. By E. Oliver Asha, M.D. New York, Page & Co., New York. For sale by C. C. Brown.

ESSAYS.

E. E. Hale's Addresses and Essays.

Under the general heads of education, history and play and sociology, Mr. Hale has collected a number of addresses and essays, and the collection makes up VIII of his works. Being a New England minister, an author very naturally has many things to say on the subject of education. If he believes the reader of these essays pray most earnestly that he might not sin against it. It would not harm him very seriously, either, to be always in mind that these came out of the soil of New England, and unto the native sons of the classic and vice given. And to do Mr. Hale the justice, amid these of vague and hazy thoughts, he is not without many intervals. And to an American (seeing what trouble has, and seeing also what a slave a man is to his own phrases) many crimes against the strict study of must be forgiven—and surely one ought to have a sense enough to understand what the author means when he speaks of every American as a king or a priest.

His address on Emerson on his ninetieth anniversary is naturally one of the most attractive things in the volume. We know that it is in the power of Mr. Hale to tell us many things about the greatest poet—and one of the greatest poets as well—America has ever produced. "Now it is not my place, this evening"—so he is introducing his theme—"to pronounce any eulogy or prophet. I am not quite a fool. Nor am I to give

September 16, 1900.]

work or restate his philosophy. He is a man. All of which is a vastly—can." All of which is, of course, to his address, Mr. Hale finds it convenient memory for what he says in this paragraph. But you are blackly ignorant and utterly and absurdly ridiculous and worthy the name, to resist temptation as that. In this address the number of passages which begin: "I was once, etc.," or "Emerson told me once, etc.," was my guest at the time and I said indeed, a very indifferent student of Mr. Hale's who would not, with the great world, swallow the sentences which introductory remarks. The address on "For Poor and Rich," which is included in the volume, is a touching one—almost a sermon, "I have been hoping," as you can find in this address, "since I was a child, of power more than greater work than Howard's, in this New England how to amuse herself." When you remember only that it is England. But you can hardly find than this of the un-New-Englandishness. [Addresses and Essays. By E. E. Hale. Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50.]

FINANCE.

The Banks and the Finance of the United States.

"In this volume, the author endeavors the first sentence in this book, 'an account of the present national bank system, including the first United States bank—both of which were from Great Britain by these statements of Sir Robert Peel, believed that a source of prosperity.'"

He deals with the origin of the money and of the present national banking system between silver and national banks; with the term, "Conspiracy of New York and bondholders to demoralize silver money and preserve the greenbacks." Many chapters on national banks tell you how they tried—that is as the matter of opinion, therefore—to "wage war on the country," how they secured the treasury, how they brought the national banks are guilty of. The author deals with the repeal of the Sherman campaign of 1896.

From reading the title of the book, you would at once conclude that with a design on the national event of the year. And in sooth there is much, as far as financial policy problems is concerned, convenient for some of the politicians in his devotion for silver is most frank, disavow upon everything that befriended. [The Coming Battle. By M. W. Wainwright, Chicago.]

MEN AND THINGS LITERARY.

"The Criterion (New York) for September is nothing so pleasant for those whose business it is to dispute about free with the characteristic Vapors—The who is called the critic, as to say plain so abused a thing as a current magazine. The peace and smile of a sunny mill pond. The Criterion affords you the rare luxury of Sweden" is one of those happy Thompson let drop from his pen in his gem from a magician's wand—and which that, after all, the Arabian days of the realm of literary art—have not passed. The two short stories in the number have in the face of the high tradition of the genre. And I feel very sorry that I have at my command that I might dwell on articles by Henry Maltzer, Zoe Anderson Payne, Joseph Dana Miller, H. G. Dwight, B. F. Keith, etc. And "A Wild Rose by of the surprise—rare as the visit of a poetry-famine days. Of course there are in the number—for example, the group of which are affixed the names very much literary ladies in their clubs in these late hours when they have exhausted against weather—the group of articles one of the most hopeless literary crime would commit an unpardonable sin were heaven knows the sins against letters as I am still wondering how Rob Wagner could distinction to the features and figure of the most absurdly common conceits, as you characteristic and certainly very powerful cover.

Henry Altman Company, Philadelphia, it would issue about September 15 a volume William J. Lampton, known wherever new by his peculiar form of signifying poetry in Sun. The volume will appear under the name of Other Things.

How Tien-Tsin was taken by the alliance is vividly described by Frederick Palmer in number of Collier's Weekly.

The approach of the centenary of the Christian Andersen is to be celebrated by issue, in several countries, of a sumptuous "Fairy Tales." The work has been under auspices of the Danish government, Hans Tegner, the living Danish artist, having devoted illustrations. Mr. Tegner's fellow-artists are

mosuke.

and significant as that of Freud. From the point of view, very much more than an Arab, and the experiments with Freud, the most surprising to hear that in the psychic experience in spirit.

communications in her somnambulism. A wealth of romances in her mind would call them. From the daughter of an Arab sheik and a Hindu prince; and the last human woman turned loose in the world, the touching, dancing, not all. She, through her "mad" love, has been familiar with the planet Mars. And when you read for the first time what the author has written, "From India to the West," Mrs. Smith's mediumship is a typical, that is to say, the responses by means of which, then, she is one of the most common—no happily for the common form of psychology—under study of a competent student.

theory, is the professor of psychology, in the University of Geneva. You may think that it may be just as well to say when some of the friends of the author are present. And quite a number of his colleagues have watched and studied him.

either too much martyred man of the world, to find out with what kind of psychic phenomena he could come, I fear, a very realistic of the day. And the conclusion—that is as her husband's experience—of Mrs. Smith, it might mean for the future of the world, and the future of the world, for the matter of that, if you read Mr. Wells, straightway, the author of this book and what came into his head, he has been a reader.

at Mars. By Prof. Th. Flammarion, Paris. Harper, New York.

ER WAR.

what the life in Kimberley was like. He was the author, and these pages, when they were meant to meet the million in private diary. Therefore, an unexpected surprise by way of a very best which the formal is used to mention. He tells of the war, the fighting and the end—how they fell on horse back, or one of the Boers, and how he was killed for the shelter of

being so personal—I have not read for the private reading—when you meet in good fiction of reality.

er is a woman; from that point the diary is a dry record of the life of the steps. We of the almost miraculous end of the war, the side of the battle, and the side of the battle.

By E. Oliver Asha, M.D. New York. New York by C. C. Putnam.

HEATH.

History.

of education, history and biography has collected a number of the collection makes the volume a New England minister, to many things to say on the subject of the reader of these pages is to be not in against history, either, to be out of the soil of New England, the classic call of the nation, amid this time, he is not without many lessons (seeing what tradition is to share a man is to be affected by the strict study of history, one ought to have seen what the author means when he says "a king or a prince." In his sixtieth anniversary, the attractive things from the power of Mr. Hale is the greatest one—and one of the best has ever produced. This evening, as he says, to be any eulogy upon the fact. But am I to analyze

of his work, Edouard Detaille declaring it to be "a veritable national monument." A new translation will accompany the pictures, and Edmund Gosse has written an introduction for the book, and the Princess of Wales has accepted the dedication.

The Century Company is about to publish a new series of the world's best books, to be called "The Century Classics," selected, edited, and introduced by distinguished men of letters. In response to a popular demand for well-made standard books at a low price, "The Century Classics" will be sold at \$1 per volume, net. The first six, to be issued in October, are as follows: "Bacon's Essays," with an introduction by Prof. George E. Woodberry; Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," with an introduction by Bishop Henry C. Potter; Defoe's "Plague in London," with an introduction by Sir Walter Besant; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," with an introduction by Henry James; selections from the Poems of Robert Herrick, with a biographical and critical study by T. B. Aldrich; and Kinglake's "Eothen," introduced by the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, M.P.

"The Girl at the Halfway House," E. Hough's successful new romance, is appearing also in a Canadian edition.

"The Brass Bottle," the new romance by F. Anstey, which is said to be in the brilliant "Vivian" vein, is to be published probably in September by D. Appleton & Co.

It is generally agreed, says Herbert Brewster, that novels should not be illustrated with imaginative drawings, though the rule has been broken in the case of several eminently good books, notably "Richard Carvel," "To Have and To Hold," "The Reign of Law" and "Monsieur Beaucaire," but doubtless many readers have been disappointed in the reproductions of their heroes and heroines. In the case of animal stories, however, the pictures are not only desirable, but they add much to the text. Who does not prize the drawings of Ernest Seton-Thompson, which accompany his stories? In juvenile books the illustrations often surpass the text in interest. Take the Father and Mother Goose rhymes, the "Animal's Trip to the Sea," "The Hollow Tree" and many others. Charles Battell Loomis takes the question philosophically and humorously. "The man who expects to float a book of humor without that cork buoy known as pictures," says Mr. Loomis, "is wonderfully self-confident, and he deserves to succeed, but as for me I will never try to get out a book without having cast an anchor to windward in the shape of pictures. Whatever success my book of verse, 'Just Rhymes,' had is largely due to the characteristic and wonderfully clever and humorous drawings of Miss Fanny Young Cory. Why, I've had people talk for ten minutes about her drawings in tones of the greatest enthusiasm, men like Oliver Herford and Henry Mayer and Vance Thompson, until I felt like saying, 'Did you happen to notice the rhymes?' but I was afraid they hadn't, and so I didn't. The reviewers said awfully kind things about the book, but after they had finished with me they turned to Miss Cory's work and couldn't say enough about it, although I felt they hadn't said enough about me.

"Then when I brought out my book of prose sketches, 'The Four-masted Catboat,' I tried to get Miss Cory to do the pictures, being willing to hear her praised to the skies for the undoubted good it would do my book, but she was too busy to illustrate it. But I was again fortunate. Mrs. Florence Scoville Shinn drew the pictures, and the busy public was caught by the amusing little sketches and bought the book to look at them, and I dare say that here and there someone read my book, but pictures are like charity, for without them I could have done nothing. I consider myself fortunate, indeed, in having gotten Miss Cory to illustrate my children's book, 'Yankee Enchantments,' which is being brought out this fall, for although I dare say the critics will not see the stories for the pictures, the pictures, I am sure, will be so well worth seeing that I am going to buy several copies myself in order to exploit Miss Cory's work.

"Oh, yes, it is pictures that talk. Printed matter is always subsidiary. I wish I were an artist. He can pick a whole nosegay of fame while a poor author is struggling to cull a single blossom."

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

THE COMING BATTLE. By M. W. Walbert. W. B. Conkey, Chicago.

of his work, Edouard Detaille declaring it to be "a veritable national monument." A new translation will accompany the pictures, and Edmund Gosse has written an introduction for the book, and the Princess of Wales has accepted the dedication.

The Century Company is about to publish a new series of the world's best books, to be called "The Century Classics," selected, edited, and introduced by distinguished men of letters. In response to a popular demand for well-made standard books at a low price, "The Century Classics" will be sold at \$1 per volume, net. The first six, to be issued in October, are as follows: "Bacon's Essays," with an introduction by Prof. George E. Woodberry; Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," with an introduction by Bishop Henry C. Potter; Defoe's "Plague in London," with an introduction by Sir Walter Besant; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," with an introduction by Henry James; selections from the Poems of Robert Herrick, with a biographical and critical study by T. B. Aldrich; and Kinglake's "Eothen," introduced by the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, M.P.

"The Girl at the Halfway House," E. Hough's successful new romance, is appearing also in a Canadian edition.

"The Brass Bottle," the new romance by F. Anstey, which is said to be in the brilliant "Vivian" vein, is to be published probably in September by D. Appleton & Co.

It is generally agreed, says Herbert Brewster, that novels should not be illustrated with imaginative drawings, though the rule has been broken in the case of several eminently good books, notably "Richard Carvel," "To Have and To Hold," "The Reign of Law" and "Monsieur Beaucaire," but doubtless many readers have been disappointed in the reproductions of their heroes and heroines. In the case of animal stories, however, the pictures are not only desirable, but they add much to the text. Who does not prize the drawings of Ernest Seton-Thompson, which accompany his stories? In juvenile books the illustrations often surpass the text in interest. Take the Father and Mother Goose rhymes, the "Animal's Trip to the Sea," "The Hollow Tree" and many others. Charles Battell Loomis takes the question philosophically and humorously. "The man who expects to float a book of humor without that cork buoy known as pictures," says Mr. Loomis, "is wonderfully self-confident, and he deserves to succeed, but as for me I will never try to get out a book without having cast an anchor to windward in the shape of pictures. Whatever success my book of verse, 'Just Rhymes,' had is largely due to the characteristic and wonderfully clever and humorous drawings of Miss Fanny Young Cory. Why, I've had people talk for ten minutes about her drawings in tones of the greatest enthusiasm, men like Oliver Herford and Henry Mayer and Vance Thompson, until I felt like saying, 'Did you happen to notice the rhymes?' but I was afraid they hadn't, and so I didn't. The reviewers said awfully kind things about the book, but after they had finished with me they turned to Miss Cory's work and couldn't say enough about it, although I felt they hadn't said enough about me.

"Then when I brought out my book of prose sketches, 'The Four-masted Catboat,' I tried to get Miss Cory to do the pictures, being willing to hear her praised to the skies for the undoubted good it would do my book, but she was too busy to illustrate it. But I was again fortunate. Mrs. Florence Scoville Shinn drew the pictures, and the busy public was caught by the amusing little sketches and bought the book to look at them, and I dare say that here and there someone read my book, but pictures are like charity, for without them I could have done nothing. I consider myself fortunate, indeed, in having gotten Miss Cory to illustrate my children's book, 'Yankee Enchantments,' which is being brought out this fall, for although I dare say the critics will not see the stories for the pictures, the pictures, I am sure, will be so well worth seeing that I am going to buy several copies myself in order to exploit Miss Cory's work.

"Oh, yes, it is pictures that talk. Printed matter is always subsidiary. I wish I were an artist. He can pick a whole nosegay of fame while a poor author is struggling to cull a single blossom."

THE WALLED CITY OF KANO. IN THE HEART OF AFRICA AND KNOWN AS THE CENTER OF THE WORLD.

[London Express:] The Rev. I. A. E. Richardson, a member of the expedition that Bishop Tugwell led into the heart of Africa, is now in England, and has been interviewed by a Reuter's representative.

The journey seems to have been full of incident, and Mr. Richardson's description of the town of Kano, "600 miles in the heart of Africa and known to all Hausas as the center of the world," is most interesting.

"As in all other Hausa towns, there was nothing to be seen from without," he says, "save the bare exterior of a great wall forty feet high, its sinuous summit standing out red and clear against the deep blue sky. The length of the wall, with its round-shaped turrets, seemed almost interminable, stretching out a mile or two on each side of the city gates. Round this is a moat eight feet deep.

"We rode up the steep pathway which led over the moat to the city gate and entered a strong tower, which protected the massive wooden door, well covered with strips of iron. Two huge beams of wood rested against the wall. These are nightly propped against the door to prevent entrance into the city, for Kano's gates have neither lock nor key.

"From within the city we were able to observe that the walls were enormously thick at their base, but thinned off to the breadth of a foot near the top.

"Not a house was visible. Nothing was to be seen but field upon field of cultivated land, upon which the people rely for food in the event of a protracted siege. With much ceremony we were escorted to our house, which lay two miles away. We passed the celebrated rock, the Dala Rock, supposed to contain gold, of which some fable exists that the day the white man extracts the gold, that day the kingdom of Kano shall perish.

"The houses are splendidly made, although mud is the only material used there for building purposes, and timber

is exceedingly scarce. But do not picture a mass of mud houses, huddled together, filthy and unsanitary. Far from it, the houses line broad thoroughfares.

"No important house lacks shade trees flourishing in the courtyard, and thus the town has the appearance of a big, beautiful garden, the red mud standing out in striking contrast against the green foliage.

"The market is enormous. There are many markets, as may well be imagined, in a city of some hundred thousand inhabitants, but the great market is one of the wonders of the world. Almost anything can be bought there—sugar, one shilling per pound; cotton, cloth, leather, needles, crockery, tinware, dyes, lime, charcoal, meat, slaves, camels, horses, food of every variety, including tomatoes, wheat (which is grown near Kano), tamed gazelles and hyenas, wild cats, birds, anything and everything.

"The money of the country is still the cowry shells, of which the King sent us 400,000 as a present, but the Maria Theresa dollar is taken, and the great men gladly buy up any quantity of gold and silver coins, for the Hausa is an adept at working in silver and gold, and is as proud as he is skillful. Moreover, he smelts his own ore, and works up his native iron in wondrous shapes.

"The city has thirteen gates (which are always closed at sunset), and is some twelve or fourteen miles in circumference. On the whole, it lies four square, but some of the walls are a little irregular."

Describing the interview with the King, Mr. Richardson said: "We received elaborate instructions as to what we were to do in the presence of the King. We must remove our shoes and stockings, must not stand in his presence, and must hold our heads on the floor for six hours. A terrific din, caused by the firing of guns, the beating of innumerable drums, and the blast of penetrating three-noted trumpets, revealed our proximity to the palace.

"We then had to wait for three hours in a mud hut until the King should deign to see us, but at last a messenger came to take us into the royal presence. The streets round the palace were thronged with people, and the din was incessant.

"Then a low murmur arose, a pathway was suddenly cut, and a magnificent warrior pranced up and drew rein at our feet. This was the Waziri, the second man in the kingdom.

"The palace, a splendid specimen of mud architecture, was a mass of people, and the courtyards were crammed. While we stood in the Judgment Hall, which was thronged with well-dressed men squatting on the floor, suddenly all the instruments of music burst forth, our umbrellas were snatched from our hands, and we were hurried into the King's splendid audience chamber.

"At the far end, on a rich red dais, was seated the King, wearing a black rawn, which covered everything but his eyes. He is said to be about 30 years of age, and to be quite white, but he is more probably copper-colored. Round the King were seated his courtiers, in compact rows, attired in magnificent costumes of green, red and other hues.

"We were seated on the mud floor, and behind us stood an official, probably the court jester, whose sole business seemed to be to punctuate our conversation with shouts of 'Zaki, Zaki,' meaning 'Lion.' It is a curious fact that most of the kings in the Central Soudan have court jesters."

GIRL ART STUDENTS IN PARIS. FACTS ABOUT THEIR EXPERIENCES AND EXPENSE ACCOUNTS.

"The average girl art student in Paris lives about as quiet a life as the American college girl," says Maude Andrews in the September Woman's Home Companion, writing from her own experience of "The American Girl Artist in Paris." "The tuition at the schools ranges in price from \$7 to \$14 a month, but the price of an artist's materials cannot be estimated, for these are the items that make the study of art appallingly expensive. If an artist needs certain paints, she cannot stop to consider if others wouldn't do as well, or if she couldn't get on with less, as she considers the purchase of remnants at a bargain counter. The paints must be had at any cost, and that is why girl artists often look as hungry and seedy as the Marchioness when first discovered by Dick Swirell. It is safe to say that no girl ought to come to Paris to study art unless she has an assured allowance of \$50 a month, and this amount will just about enable her to meet the expenses of daily living, tuition and materials. A great deal has been said about the folly of American girls coming to Paris on limited means, but the impracticability of such a venture lies not so much in this drawback as in the pose and lack of practical sense in many of the art students themselves. The one great pose in art is the scorn of pot-boiling. Most young artists, for instance, consider it to be a degradation of their art to turn their talents toward illustration, whereas it is one of the most remunerative things an artist can do. It may be said very truly that no poor girl should come to Paris to study art unless she is willing to turn her ability in the direction of pot-boiling now and then, in order to supplement her allowance. There are so many needs for money in Paris. It is a veritable Circe of cities that changes its lovers not into swine, but into the most enchanting but-terflies, if there is only a little extra money to be had for dress. A girl who is very poor and who cannot make a little pin-money often gets rather hopeless and depressed, for there is nothing so forlorn in Paris as shabby attire."

BOTH CLASSES ARE BENEFITED.

[Chicago News:] There is a pretty custom in vogue in Denmark which might with advantage be copied here. During the summer holidays an arrangement is made by which little Danes from town and country change places. The parents of town children send their little folks off to the country and receive in exchange country children. The result is that town children are strengthened and gladdened with country-air sights, while the little rustics enjoy the pleasures of town life and the festivals which are for their benefit. This exchange system results in 10,000 children from Copenhagen getting a country holiday, and another 10,000 are brightened up by a visit to the Danish capital.

signers. in evidence on

So. California Wine Co., 220. W. Fourth St. Tel. M. 332.

Mexican dollar to less than 50 cents, and the property of its peoples is now measured by these half-dollar coins, suffering great depreciation. Japan a few years ago made the change to the

years past the owning of modern steel steamships has been very profitable, and our commerce has been a harvest for these foreign-owned ships. Our inland and coastwise trade, re-

The Hiding (New World:] At town a star actress of nitude appeared as

Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

A Philippine Rain.

YESTERDAY Nature bore herself proudly; now she appears overwhelmed and tearful. The plumed bamboos which held themselves so haughtily are now spread and bent under the incessant beat of the rain, and cataracts run through their battered leaves. The fields have turned to lakes, the streams are rivers, the rivers are floods; and these roofs of bamboo and nipa are irrigating pipes guiding numberless jets inside the houses.

In the mean time the rain has grown heavier. At intervals cold gusts of wind are flung from the north and the horizon darkens with clouds more black than ever. The barometer, moreover, has fallen a degree. In these suspicious days of the colla, every white man looks at this sentinel of the atmosphere more often than a vain girl looks into the mirror. . . . The barometer to me in my loneliness is a welcome companion. When it falls, I prepare myself for the worst, and when it rises I anticipate the end of the storm.

The rain falls heavier and heavier; the world, seen from my window, is a muddy flood and my house an ark. The barometer is still falling. The dial hand already points to the remark "with winds from the northeast and northwest the baguio approaches." Soon I can hear the wind coming. With a sudden gust, to which the house heels like a ship, it is upon us. A great guava tree falls with a crash outside, and the nipa shutters go flying to leeward. The wind converts the rain drop into projectiles which pierce the house at all points with the violence of hailstones.

Night falls early; dark, drenching, and furious. "The waters are out," and the storm carries with it a terrible note. And the glass is still falling. Will it never end? Rumors of destruction come in from the forest at intervals of a minute, together with the crashings of torn branches and the blowings, it seems, of a hundred horns. Gusts of wind and water combined come howling over the flood and hurl themselves against the house. At each onset the building cracks and staggers more than ever like a storm-tossed craft.

But at last the monster seems to be seeking its prey in another direction, and turns slowly eastward, hungry for more ruins. Southward, then, unless the law of storms is wrong, it will cause the greatest ravages. The vortex, to which all the radii of this gigantic wheel of the baguio converge, will pass through the south of the archipelago. —[H. Phelps Whitmarsh in the Atlantic.

The "Wirtshausverbot."

TO PUNISH a man for non-payment of a certain tax by forbidding him to enter a restaurant, is a rather singular act of government, yet in the canton of Berne such a law is in effect. Every man in Switzerland must serve in the Swiss army if he be physically capable and if he be not physically capable he must pay what is called the military exemption tax. In the canton of Berne a rigidly enforced law is in effect which prohibits a person who has not paid this tax from entering any of the various beer gardens and saloons until the tax is paid. This law is called the "wirtshausverbot." The government says that if a man has money to spend for coffee, beer or liquors he must also have money enough with which to pay his debt to the State. At intervals one may read in the local official paper the list of names of those who must stay away from the gardens. The law cannot prohibit a person from obtaining liquor through the intervention or help of a friend, but the privilege of dropping into a favorite resort and hobnobbing with friends—a custom which is dear to every Swiss—must be foregone. The law is effective for several reasons. The military exemption tax is small—it is generally paid—and the ordinary peasant does not like to see his name publicly printed. —[Berne Letter in Chicago Record.

Ingenious Work of a Convict.

ONE of the most ingenious attempts at escape ever known has just been nipped in the bud by Warden Dowe of the Utah State penitentiary. The convict who tried the plan is Clarence L. Maxwell, bank robber, horse thief, author and inventor, who is serving an eighteen-year sentence for the robbery of the Springfield bank in 1898.

Maxwell took a piece of pipe an inch in diameter and eight inches long from the foot railing of his iron bed, bent the end to form a handle, filled this with lead. Then he rimmed out the barrel of the improvised pistol until it was smooth and drilled a touch-hole in the top. This is as far as he got when the weapon was discovered. He had planned a spring which would serve as a hammer and strike the head of a match, thus exploding the weapon. How he accomplished all this is a mystery.

His powder was the heads of parlor matches ground fine and his bullets pieces of lead and iron. The guards tested some of the powder in a rifle and found it effective. It is supposed he intended to escape when he was being taken into court next month to testify in a case. —[Salt Lake Correspondence Denver Republican.

Thibet Will Be Pleased to See Foreigners.

AT A MOMENT when all China is in the throes of an insurrectionary movement, which is directed principally against the foreigners, and which has for its avowed object the exclusion of the white races from Chinese territory, there comes from the Roman Catholic Bishop Biet, vicar apostolic of Thibet, the news that the grand lama has issued an edict proclaiming religious liberty in the "Forbidden Land," and that he has repealed the strict laws prescribing death to any white man who entered his dominions without permission, or who attempted to engage in missionary work. That this totally unexpected piece of intelligence should arrive at this precise juncture will appear less astonishing when it is explained that Thibet, although nominally a vassal of China, always has main-

tained a species of more or less open resistance to the wishes of the Peking government, so much so that it was sufficient for the Chinese authorities to desire a thing in order to insure the grand lama doing precisely the contrary. Hence it is in keeping with the past history of the "Forbidden Land" that as soon as ever the Thibetans learned that the Chinese had resolved to drive the foreigners out of China they themselves should throw their doors wide open to the strangers. —[Chicago Tribune.

False Teeth for Sheep.

A NEW SOUTH WALES correspondent says that a pastoralist of Hargreaves, near Mudgee, has tried dentistry for sheep with great success. He has a valuable American ram which found great difficulty in masticating its food, owing to the loss of teeth. Artificial teeth were inserted and the animal has since vigorously attacked its fodder. This is believed to be the first experiment of the kind in the colony. —[Liverpool Journal of Commerce.

An Elevator Takes Care of Itself.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE has an elevator that not only runs, but stops itself. All you have to do upon entering is to touch a button indicating at which floor you want the elevator to stop, and lo and behold, with all the docility of any well-trained servant that elevator will halt at the right floor and politely open its door for you to alight. The only drawback is in the event of an accident. Without any elevator boy to censure an elevator accident is shorn of its most consolatory features. Perhaps the automatic elevator is beyond accidents. A trip in it is about as uncanny an experience as there is going. President Low says he's going to give his self-stopping elevator a degree and let it wear a cap and gown if it wants to. Many a human being, upon whom the college has bestowed all the honors in its power, shows far less sense and discretion than that elevator. —[New York Sun.

Fire Balls from the Clouds.

THE storms that have raged over England recently displayed some extraordinary streaks of lightning.

A fire ball went into Diddop reservoir, near Halifax, and was seen by the caretaker's daughter. The ball of fire illuminated the countryside. There was a loud, hissing sound. A gigantic fountain was thrown into the air and half the surface of the reservoir was ruffled for fully five minutes. An appalling thunderclap followed. The smell of sulphur was so strong that the caretaker and his family could scarcely breathe.

The fire ball which wrecked the village of Stoke Doyle, near Oundle, is described as having presented a vivid spectacle. It is not possible to ascertain its true character, for there are various sorts of electrical phenomena which come under the term "fire ball."

According to the best authorities, a fire ball is a mysterious phenomenon of spherical form which falls from a thunder cloud and frequently rebounds after striking the earth. It usually bursts with a bright flash and a loud explosion and occasionally discharges flashes of lightning. By some scientists the fire ball is termed "globe lightning," but the keenest enthusiast has never stopped sufficiently long to examine it closely on arrival.

Sometimes an ordinary bolt of lightning is described as a fire ball. The real fire ball is a very rare phenomenon; so much so that it was supposed at one time by scientific men to exist only in the popular imagination. The French electrician, Plante, when experimenting with his rheostat—a kind of condenser—several times observed balls of fire travel along the wires of the machine and then burst with a loud detonation.

This phenomenon, which has never been satisfactorily explained, presents all the characteristics of the true fire ball, which travels slowly enough for its movements to be plainly visible and then explodes. —[London Mail.

London's Underground Electric Line.

IN TEN years London underground will be a vast network of electric railways, on which the citizen may spend a lifetime of traveling.

This metamorphosis of the metropolis is what the hustling business man has long awaited. For years the city man has been jolted and jerked by omnibuses from his home at Shepherd's Bush to his office in the city, and every day he has wasted at least an hour by this antediluvian mode of locomotion.

As the years roll by he has seen himself losing a portion of his life to no purpose. One day a month or twelve days a year he has been compelled to squander in his daily pilgrimage to the office. Multiply that city man by thousands and some conception is obtained of the colossal waste of time that has been going on from day to day and year to year.

The coming of the a-penny tube has worked a vast economic revolution, and has saved the dwellers in the northwest of the great city from daily seeing a portion of their lives slipping away from them in sheer waste. London, all agape, crowds the a-penny tube. Thursday's traffic returns completely eclipse the previous days, as the following list shows:

Monday 83,000 passengers
Tuesday 91,600 passengers
Wednesday 85,600 passengers
Thursday 93,000 passengers

Yesterday the crowds swayed and surged to get on the trains. It was a cosmopolitan throng. Nearly every civilized nation under the sun was represented among the humanity that was struggling to experience London's latest sensation.

Nearly £3,500,000 was spent in its construction, the expenditures working out at the huge average of £550,000 per mile. The luxurious vestibule cars, of which the company has 190, cost £1000 each, and the twenty-eight tor-

pedo-shaped engines were built in America for the same purpose. The working expenses of the line are calculated at £150,000 per annum, and it is estimated that if a dividend is to be earned 40,000,000 passengers must travel on the railway in the year. That represents a daily average of 110,000—an average which has not yet been reached but which will be easily reached within the next season.

For the first time the company expected to make a slight loss, but the line has caught on like a bright opera, and the figures of the daily traffic are pushing moving up toward the necessary total. —[London Mail.

To Investigate Divining Rods.

A COMMISSION has been organized in Paris to investigate the potency of the divining rod, which, according to the popular idea, has often led to the discovery of water and minerals. The superstition, for no science has regarded it, is to be thoroughly investigated, as well as the kindred appliances, such as exploring pendulums and dioscopic compasses, which are constructed on the same principle. Although science generally scorns the idea, there are many persons who are willing to bear witness that water and minerals have been found by the aid of the rod. Now and then paragraphs in the country newspapers announce that water has been discovered in this place or by the aid of the twig or rod held between the fingers. The ancient superstition lingers and finds its sustenance because of the number of successes reported, while no mention is made of the failure. —[Chicago Tribune.

High Price for Mouse's Nest.

TWO weeks ago a man carried to the Missouri Bank, Kansas City, a handful of waste, partly bits of cloth, bits of thread and other things, and went to make up a nest for a housekeeping mouse. It was a mouse nest. He told the cashier, with a shrug of his voice, that somewhere in the mass there was a currency, he having stowed it away in a bureau for safety. The bank sent it on to the treasury department for him, and two days ago received the currency. The treasury people wrote to say they had enough scraps to make out that amount of money, the remainder was torn in such a manner that it was the skill of anybody to make anything of it. The man of the erstwhile nest did not know whether to be glad or mad because he had lost \$30, but he had money the government sent him. The remainder of the nest, which was returned to him, he threw away. —[Land Plain Dealer.

A Grim Race With Death.

JOHN YETZKE was fatally injured at Natick, Mass., last evening, and knew he was going to die. Lying lifted in an ambulance he told the men that he tried to keep alive if they would whip up the mules so he could reach home in time to kiss his young wife. He lived here, a distance of three miles from the scene of the accident. The mules were urged to their best speed, and the rocking of the ambulance down the mountain road, the dying miner kept crying to his comrades to hurry on the Lehigh Valley Railroad on the suburbs of this place. A long freight train blocked the tracks. Yetzke learned of the delay he fell back senseless.

Shortly afterward the track was clear, and when home of the miner was reached his wife rushed and placing her arms about the blood-stained neck of her husband, kissed him a number of times. The miner opened and, with a faint smile of recognition, he gave a few gasps and was dead. —[Mt. Carmel, Pa., Special Philadelphia Record.

Even the Baby Must Have One.

"YES, sir," said a member of a large firm which manufactures automobiles, "in ten years from now there will be serviceable automobiles to be had for not over \$500. It will be that they will be lower than that. I feel certain that the air truck is going to drive the horse out of the traffic and that in a decade our streets will present a very different appearance from their present ones. They will be cleaner and safer. The cost of traffic will be reduced and transportation will be greatly facilitated. In time will soon come when almost any family that can afford two or three bicycles will own an automobile."

"We have an order now for, what do you suppose? an automobile baby carriage. Yes, sir, it is being made in our works. It will not be very different in construction from other vehicles run by electricity. It is for a young girl who is going to send his nurse maid down to Elmhurst to have her take the examination. He owns an automobile and sold him about twelve months ago and he is very much delighted with it that they gave us the order for a baby carriage. He has coached the girl upon his own and he says she understands it perfectly. The carriage will be simple and light, but strong. The baby sits in front in a shaded basket. The girl sits behind, holding the lever. It will cost about \$600. Think of it! The cost of the automobile are certainly multiplying. The shops for city delivery of goods; the express companies; the men to carry packages; the retail stores have automobiles to bring customers from the railway station to the new regular automobile bus lines are projected."

"The cabs have doubled in number in two months. Some 'livery stables' have no horses at all. The vehicles have increased wonderfully, too." —[Chicago Tribune.

THE HOUSE BEAU

By Kate Greenleaf L.

Hints for General Use.

J. V. L.: You ask for information as to how to furnish your house in proper style. I will give you some general hints as to coloring and style of furniture. What you mean, and will try to help you think out your schemes for yourself, but hints from me as to how to go about it. Things which have to be considered in furnishing a house. Let us take, first, a bedroom. You have been struck by some dainty wall paper you particularly appropriate for a small room in your house. This paper, if you will, offer suggestions of a complete scheme of decoration. It may be airy and spring-like in suggestion, or it may be dignified and stately. You have but to bear in mind the color when you first looked at it, and in your furniture buy only the sort which also harmonizes with the paper. The paper may be a delicate pink, laid against a disc of pale, soft green, or an intermingling of satiny arabesques in pure white ground. This paper may not be in the description as it is in reality, but beautiful, though not expensive, and as I am a real paper I will tell you first what I think of it. My thought was, "What a beautiful color! I would carry out the ivory-white arabesques in ivory furniture, and the woodwork of the room, my imagination the gleam of brass in

against these beautiful ivory doors (the taking away all darkness from the white of the room.) "I would curtain the windows with mingling of diaphanous greens and white materials if necessary, the amount of money not really affecting the coloring or quality. The thin, green stuff should be of the same green which figured in the paper. The possible shadowed pink, of the hydrangea blossoms, carried out in touches about the room. A silk couch or chair, toilette accessories, etc. Near the window might be a very plain one, even a second-hand affair, but it should have white linen cover, most daintily embroidered of hydrangea blossoms. The cushions on my should also, in their shades, convey the lovely flower. And when hydrangeas were in from the nursery in a pale-green Chinese vase the last touch of beauty to a room which, expense, had been made beautiful enough for a princess.

I have so frankly explained my thoughts to you and others may understand the practical I so often reiterate, that the more outlay, little to do with the beautiful result. It is thought, the exquisite care in the matching shades of color, the daintiness of the work it produces a desirable result. All of this or an scheme can be spoiled by hanging your fields, either too scant or bunchily. By let at one corner, or by tying them back too have begun with this room, I will carry though I am sure that you, too, would feel appropriate floor covering would be a white some light-green rug. The paper carried up molding should have a ceiling and scene of tint. As I remarked in the beginning, there things to be considered in making schemes

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

Made for General Use.

J. V. L. You ask for information which will enable you to furnish your house in pretty taste, without quick advice from me as to each room. That is, you say you would like some general lines to go on in regard to coloring and style of furniture. I think I know what you mean, and will try to help you. You wish to think out your schemes for yourself, but would like some hints from me as to how to go about it. There are many things which have to be considered in formulating your first scheme. Let us take, first, a bedroom. Suppose that you have been struck by some dainty wall paper which seems to you particularly appropriate for a sunny upper chamber in your home. This paper, if you will let it do so, will offer suggestions of a complete scheme for your room. It may be airy and spring-like in suggestion, or soft and summery. You have but to bear in mind the feeling it gave you when you first looked at it, and in purchasing your furniture buy only the sort which also gives this feeling. The paper may be a delicate pink hydrangea blossom, laid against a disc of pale, soft green. The background an intermingling of satiny arabesques in ivory against a new white ground. This paper may not seem so attractive in the description as it is in reality, but I assure you it is beautiful, though not expensive, and as I am telling you of a real paper I will tell you first what I felt when I looked at it. My thought was, "What a beautiful bedroom I could make with this paper! I would carry out the suggestion of the ivory-white arabesques in ivory-white, enameled furniture, and the woodwork of the room." I even saw in my imagination the gleam of brass knobs and hinges

about really help you on general grounds. You may, for instance, have a rug or curtain for which you wish to find an appropriate paper or wall coloring. In this case you can work up to the whole on the lines I have given you. The conditions, of course, vary as endlessly as the combinations that go to make a figure in a kaleidoscope, but if properly brought together all may make for beauty. Please do not hesitate to ask for further advice, if I have not covered the ground for you.

About Black Paint.

E. A. W. says: "I wrote to you some time ago for suggestions about a house, and now am going to move into the house, and have commenced fixing it up. I found the whitey-green paper you suggested for the dining-room and library, but the red with black woodwork for the hall and parlor I found too expensive, so I have used a terra cotta, and they told me to paint the woodwork green. The carpenter is putting a bay window in the parlor, and I want a seat. Must I have it upholstered, or can it be left painted if I use plenty of pillows? I shall not have legs to it, but it will be close to the floor. Would you have it green, like the woodwork, or can I have it black? I had my heart set on that black woodwork. I want a shelf for some hand-painted china and a Venetian pitcher. Would you have that black or green? Would it be pretty to have this in a corner with a maiden-hair fern on a bird's-eye maple stool under it? What color pillows would be pretty with the walls? I wonder if I can use my red ones? The paper is not a dark terra cotta, but quite a light shade."

There is no occasion whatever for you to give up your black woodwork. It will be infinitely prettier with your terra-cotta walls than the green; in fact, it will look quite as well with the terra-cotta paper as with the deep red. I think I would not use red cushions. You will find that cold green, dull blue or orange, or all of these colors intermingled, will go well. On the black seat they will look well without upholstery. I think I would have my black

nice space for a piece of furniture. What shall I get for the space?"

A carved teakwood cabinet for bric-a-brac would look handsome and artistic here. Or some pretty piece of colonial furniture in mahogany. As your walls are tan and your floor covered with matting you can introduce rich coloring by means of Turkish rugs on the floor and Kiskillim hangings in your doorway. Instead of a grille over the curtains, use a panel of Japanese bamboo work, stained a dark brown. It will be much less commonplace than the grille. From the bamboo lattice you can throw out a shelf across the top of curtain, extending either into your hall or parlor, and on this set one or two Indian jars or baskets, a plaque, or an engraved picture, or all of these, and you will break the monotony of the ordinary doorway most beautifully. I would use Gobelin blue as a prevailing color in my parlor—breaking it up with a bit of orange here and there. Curtains of Arabian net, having a 2-inch border, hung crossways, so that the borders come against the pane, would be very handsome in your parlor. A less expensive, but pretty effect, would be white lace hung in the same way. Point d'esprit is too delicate in texture to use with tan-colored walls. Curtain hinged windows in the same way. I like the idea of using the Battenburg lace at the door and windows in hall very much.

Two Los Angeles Parlors.

Mrs. G. S. T. writes: "I have two beautiful parlors, each with an arch between them. I have a mahogany piano and some very fine paintings and etchings. The woodwork is redwood. I have decided upon nothing yet but some Swiss lace curtain, which come at \$9 and \$10 a pair. I have seen two carpets I like. Can you tell me how to arrange the rooms to correspond with them? One is a plain, green Axminster, with a border of green and pink roses; the other is a cream ground with pink roses, at \$1.35 a yard. It has been suggested to me that I tint the walls green, in case I buy the green carpet, and paint the woodwork white, tinged with green. Would a bead portiere at the small door look well? If I choose green, how would I upholster the seat?"

I would by all means use the green carpet in both rooms. Tint your walls a paler green than the carpet, and yet not a pale tint. If you use white paint have it verging on an ivory white; do not have a tinge of green in it. If your carpet has pink roses in the border, why not use a soft shade of old-rose pink for your window seat. It is a much more serviceable color than one would think. Personally, I am very fond of a bead portiere; I love the shimmer and the color in a doorway. If you have a pretty one of colors that suit your room I would use it. If you are going to put \$300 or \$400 in these rooms, you can well afford a pair of Kiskillim hangings for your archway, and you could not possibly invest your money to better advantage, as far as the really handsome and artistic effect of your room goes. You may not know that when the dealer asks you \$30 for what appears to be a single curtain it is really two hangings, for there is generally a seam in the middle which can be ripped, and when you hang these pieces on either side of your arch, be sure that you face your borders. Fling them over your pole, so that one fringed end hangs well down inside the room, overlapping thus the long curtain; catch them near the pole with a few black safety pins, and then push them back in regular folds.

The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" will answer, so far as possible, all proper and clearly-stated queries addressed to her in care of The Times, from whatever source or locality, whether the writer be a resident of California or not; and where she may not have been clearly understood on any particular point, will answer privately, making necessary explanation. Answers to inquiries have, frequently, to be deferred for a week or more.

ROMANCE OF THE BARGE OFFICE.

[John Gilmer Speed in Ainslee's:] There seem to be manifold opportunities among the immigrants coming to America on shipboard for falling in love, particularly on the slower steamers, when people are thrown together for a period of from twelve to eighteen days. In this case, a worthy young Russian was cheated out of a very pretty bride by a likely Italian fellow-traveler of the maiden. Strangely enough, she knew not one word of Italian nor he a word of Russian; yet the bride's countryman was jilted, and the pantomime lovers were married, and set forth gayly and confidently to learn each other and the great New World they had entered at one and the same time. Another case was equally ludicrous. A Swedish maiden of somewhat fickle mind fell in love with a fellow-voyager, without apprising him of the fact that she was betrothed to another man whom she was to meet at the Barge Office and marry. It was her intention to hurry ashore with her new lover and outwit the former by a prior ceremony; but the red tape of the office prevented that, and the first lover came to welcome his bride. She then as promptly fell in love with Number One; but when Number Two pleaded and threatened, she could not decide which one she loved the better, so she was detained while the two men haunted the Barge Office, glaring at each other. When the detention time had elapsed, the bride, still not knowing her mind, was sent unceremoniously back on the same steamer that brought her over, both jilted lovers abandoning the field in despair. But on arriving on her native soil once more, the maiden dared not face her people; so back she came, having just money enough to pay her passage and sent for Lover Number One, declaring that she loved him the better. He replied that he was very much obliged; but as he had already married a handsomer girl in the interval, he was compelled to decline to come for her. The maiden then sent word to Number Two to like effect, but he declared that he had had enough of the fickle feminine, and thus in defeat the maiden was transported back again to face the leers and jeers of her native hamlet.

[Baltimore American:] For fifty years a man in California has had his hats made on the same block. In this age of resources it goes hard if a determined pursuer of fame cannot sooner or later get his name in the papers as well as the adulterated war hero.



AN ATTRACTIVE BUFFET.

about these beautiful ivory doors (the touch of brass taking away all deadness from the white and brightening the room.) "I would curtain the windows with an intermingling of diaphanous greens and whites." In cheapest material, if necessary, the amount of money I had to spend in really affecting the coloring or quality of my schemes. In this, green stuff should be of the tender, spring-like green which figured in the paper. The peculiar, soft, violet-dusted pink, of the hydrangea blossom should next be used out in touches about the room. A silken cushion on a couch or chair, toilette accessories, etc. My work table over the window might be a very plain and inexpensive one, even a second-hand affair, but it should have a snow-white linen cover, most daintily embroidered with a border of hydrangea blossoms. The candles on my dressing table should also, in their shades, convey the suggestion of this lovely flower. And when hydrangeas were in season a plant from the nursery in a pale-green Chinese jar should add its hot touch of beauty to a room which, "regardless of expense," had been made beautiful enough for a sleeping place.

I have so frankly explained my thoughts to you, that you and others may understand the practical truth of what I often utter, that the mere outlay of money has little to do with the beautiful result. It is the delicate thought, the exquisite care in the matching of colors and shades of color, the distinctness of the work in detail, which produces a desirable result. All of this or any other pretty scheme can be spoiled by hanging your thin curtains in bits, either too scant or bunchily. By letting them sag at one corner, or by tying them back too tightly. As I have begun with this room, I will carry it out for you, though I am sure that you, too, would feel that the most complete floor covering would be a white matting, with some light-green rugs. The paper carried up to the picture molding should have a ceiling and frieze of the plain, green tint. As I remarked in the beginning, there are so many things to be considered in making schemes that it is dif-

ficult to really help you on general grounds. You may, for instance, have a rug or curtain for which you wish to find an appropriate paper or wall coloring. In this case you can work up to the whole on the lines I have given you.

A Pretty Pasadena House.

Mrs. L. F. C. You wish me to give you help on the hall and four lower rooms of your new house. They open up together and must harmonize in coloring. Your hall is tinted olive. The library and dining-room are on one side of the hall and the parlors on the other. Your dining-room is tinted old rose, with a frieze of roses, and you wish to know how to curtain three large windows in the rounding east end. I would carry out the suggestion of the rose-bordered frieze, and use a cretonne or chints with pink roses. I think I would not ruffle them in a dining-room, but use their dotted-white muslin sash curtains under them. Line your flowered stuff with old-rose saten. In the sliding doorway, opening into the library, I would hang curtains of cold-green velour, or one Bagdad or Kiskillim and the other green velour. As your library is tan, you can have green hangings in here. You could get a very stylish effect by hanging straight curtains from top to sill of green burlap, using sash curtains of tan-colored pongee silk. You might also find it very effective to use hangings in the doorway of green burlap, instead of velour, etc. I see on looking again at your letter that your Axminster rug in the library has an olive border. Match your greens, of course, though a shade colder in the curtains may harmonize. In front of the bookshelves I would hang curtains of oriental coloring in stripes running across. You may be able to find this with green in it. Your casement windows of leaded glass above your leather couch would look well with curtains to match bookcase. You may find this in thin silk or a mixture of silk and wool. If you cannot find anything satisfactory, use plain green India silk.

Now for your parlor. You say, "The walls are tan, on one side of the mantel is a large window, on the other side a

Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

OCTOBER FASHION IDEAS.

THE SCHOOL GIRL DEMANDS ATTENTION IN THE WAY OF NEW COSTUMES.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3, 1900.—It is a case of the old love forgotten for the sake of the newest charmer, who comes in the guise of most interesting autumn fabrics and fashions. Bewitchingly pretty shirt waists of lawn, bolts of the finest organdie and bargains galore in white pique petticoats, go a begging at counters where lately their admirers swarmed in lines three deep. Everybody is struggling to be waited on in aisles where woolen goods and new felt shapes and October ideas in gloves prevail, and the mothers of daughters predominate in the rush of early shoppers.

The demands of the schoolgirl must be first looked to, and kindergarten 6 and sweet 16 are such modish creatures these days; so thoroughly au courant with the fashion that the mothers are obliged to look alive, or like as not the short-skirted autocrats will turn the purchases back

on the parental hands. Most of the discreet mammas invite their small daughters out on these shopping excursions and permit the precocious feminine eye and taste to develop all its native born talent for color and form.

Sweet Sixteen Indorses Plaids.

This autumn the schoolgirls, to use their own expression, are "rather gone on" plaids, and they like the richly-tinted Scotch cloths in no more than three colors at most. The girls whose skirts reach their shoe tops have adopted skirts of plaid wool with waists of a solid color, and in juvenile circles there is a demand for boleros and Eton waists.

What the smart junior-class students are wearing is pretty clearly demonstrated in the group of slim young ladies carrying shining faces to the opening exercises. The one to the left wears a skirt of Croft's cloth, smoke gray in tone, striped in lines of brown, but a brown of so warm a tone that it is nearly red, and is supposed to resemble the dry bracken or fern of a Scotch moor. The waist is gray, with cuffs and collar and belt of brown, edged with bands of gray, stitched in brown. The front of the waist is a

vest of gray, corded silk, repeatedly stitched in brown and the hat is a felt of dry bracken color, adorned with a big gilt buckle, a crown band of brown velvet and artificial long plumes made of short, curly, gray feathers fixed to spines, like those of ostrich plumes.

This girl wears gray gaiters over her black leather walking shoes, a fashion that seems coming now to schoolgirls, but none the less does it promise to come a widespread habit among their elders during autumn and next winter.

The companion to this pretty student is a young French broadcloth of rich Persian blue, a color that had a great popularity and promises to be none the less worn in the new season. Here the severely plain dress is relieved by tailored bands of gray-blue cloth, stitched in silk of the shade that matches the skirt. The waist of this little suit is an extremely short-waisted affair slipped upon a skirt of grayish-blue silk, prettily accented to accord with the treatment of the skirt. Along with this goes a hat of stitched blue cloth, crowned with velvet dahlias, ranging in color from the palest to the deepest purplish blue. Artfully made velvet chrysanthemums and rusty red, deep violet and

September 16, 1900.]

rose are, in Paris, sprouting in the hats on every new hat, and the few weeks ahead of their clients is all.

A Pretty and Useful Model.

A pretty and typical figure is the one and a half, who, with her black short skirt and braided hair, plainly an education is just now her one chief admirable trait in green, blue, or a forcible cartoon on the victims and for winter gowns. Green with a bit we hear echoed from the French, very latest idea for a very much dark green-crowned on gray-green hair work is the combination in this skirt matches the gray-green skirt coat accords in tone with the head upon her shoulders a collar of green with a frill of clear crimson silk and in knots and wheels of the same is all.

The French Length Skirt.

Smaller girls, as is fitting, have and strictly juvenile ideas in their skirted clothes, but plaid waists and then almost as far reaching an inclination to cut little girls' skirts as juveniles, that is, just below the knee to protect the shapely legs with only

Very shaggy and cotton-wool cloth for the supremacy later on. The new about mid-season-cloths of hand-woven in heavier quality than we have. This particular cloth is set off by bands of stitched smooth-faced goods of silk, of which women have not yet green and bronze-brown claretine. Black silk panamonte is applied in modish ideas the autumn has yet seen and home gowns, and, perhaps for the contrary, we evidently will continue for no fullness about the hips and spread of goods about the feet.

Prominence of the Folds Effect.

Over and over again in the models receiving from the other side as we reported. This has led not a few false conclusions and assertions about wearing. Indeed, the future holds for us, but the gowns are smothering various shoulder draperies that cover the placed folds and flow over the shoulders and necessary cap upon the sleeves. Folds are capable of an infinite number of valuable arrangements in front. Plaid drapery is the resuscitation of a certain sleeve, which, by the way, like the new, will long and triumphantly continue about the tapering form of womanhood.

Among these drapery gowns the most conspicuous in evidence. The one at the show is a calla-lily shape, or a turnback cuff, and from this point outside a lawn undergarment of white, sometimes overlapping folds of cream. Another popular arrangement, with gowns of dark cloth, are sleeves made of white silk muslin, closely according to the lining for them in one thin skin of arm snugly, and this covering extends to the wrist. Upon this fragile and lovely dress sleeves of cloth that is not clouded save with a few tiny jeweled folds, or then of the arm the fastidious being of fantasy.

AGRICULTURE FOR

A NEW SCHOOL WHICH GOES A-HEAD SOLVING A PROBLEM

By a Special Contributor.

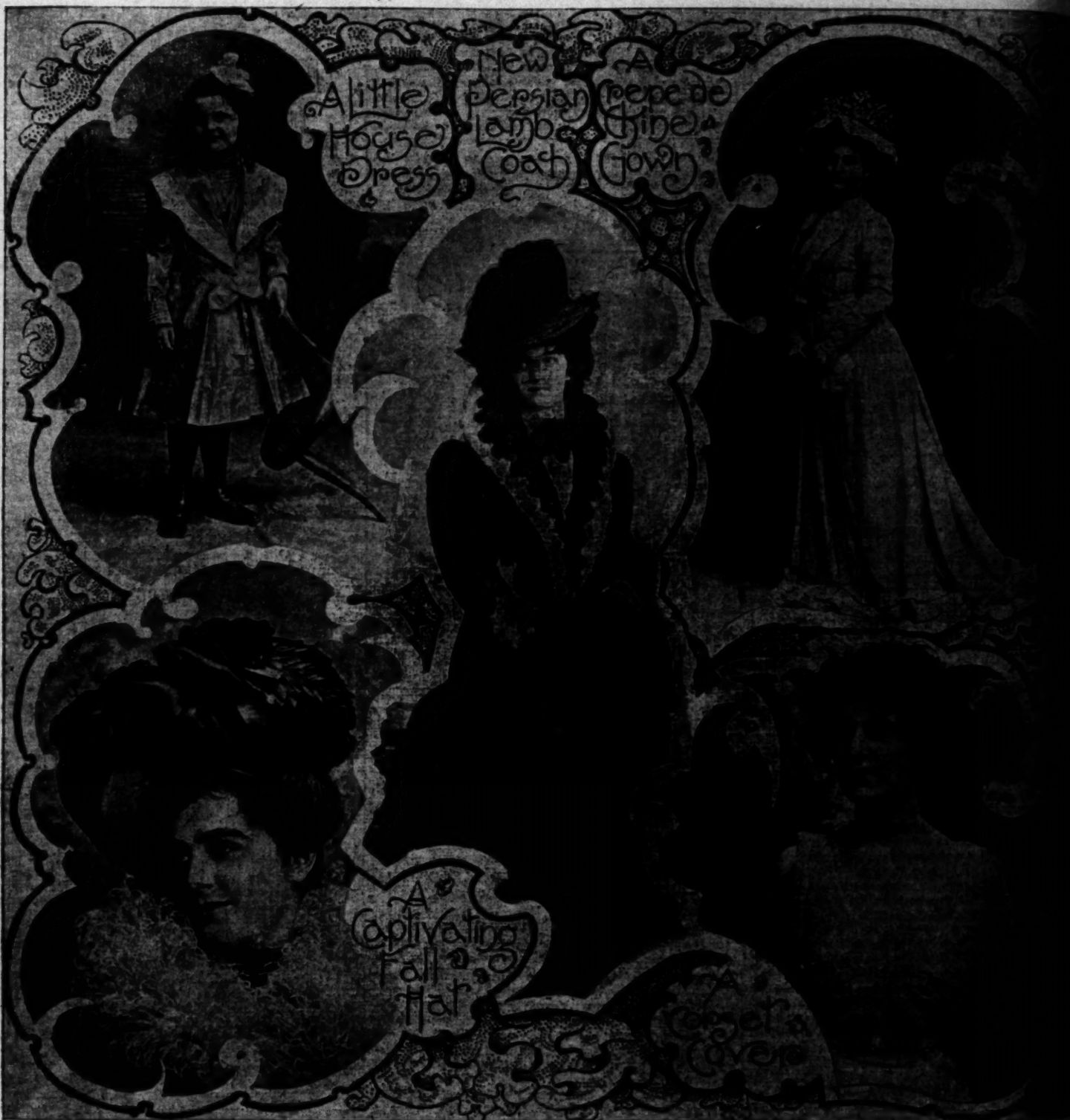
She who sits on the stile pondering life with reproachful thoughts of that should not have been treated in an apple heart of grass. The lady and the apple cheeks of shame, and woman has since once more in a garden.

This harking back to first principles by among English ladies of rank and leisure, the growth of garden books is one result of the gardeners.

It was Lady Warwick who first gave fancy a practical turn for the self-sufficiency established at Swanley a school where, having a diploma, could readily obtain a position, landscape gardeners, etc., or in poultry raising, or flower or market gardenists or opportunity they desire. The schoolmaster of small means no longer the slavery of life as a governess, but, the wick, may support herself by the garden. Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder's Farm.

Within recent years a number of women have gone in for "personally." The daughters of Abram S. Hewitt and, the daughter of a farmer, and better than the fabulous price per pound in New York and Watson Gilder has a farm of one acre which she laughingly declares everything her beautiful table except paprika and. The farm surplus which is sent to London enable her family to continue to enjoy some of the best of the world.

Mrs. Gilder's place gives itself also a



A LITTLE HOUSE DRESS.

A bewitching little house dress, of heavy, strawberry-red grass cloth, trimmed with white braid and white linen. It is a most satisfactory school frock and can be worn until December.

A CAPTIVATING FALL HAT.

This genuinely-captivating autumn hat, called "the Lady Randolph," is of black velvet, the wide brim faced with folds of white chiffon and dressed elaborately with peacock-colored quills and satin ribbon.

NEW PERSIAN LAMB COATS.

These are two superb examples of the new Persian lamb coats recently imported. As will be noted they extend not more than two inches below the hips, have high, flaring collars and revers, fit snugly, and show a very slight fullness over the arm hole. Muffs are of medium size and elaborately decorated.

A CREPE DE CHINE GOWN.

This is a lavender crepe de chine gown for autumn visit-

ing. The rather full skirt is edged with two narrow bands of black and white ribbon.

A CORSET COVER.

Here is the newest and most approved scheme for covering a too-slender figure. In winter this wadded cover is not too warm, and lends just the modesty required for fitting a dress perfectly. They are highly favored with dressmakers, and can be readily made of

ughters.

ilk, repeatedly stitched in brown, of dry bracken color, adorned with own band of brown velvet and two made of short, curly, gray like like those of ostrich plumes. y gaiters over her black enamel a fashion that seems confined just here the less does it promise to be among their elders during this

a pretty student is a young lady in ch. Persian blue, a color that has and promises to be none the less. Here the severely plain skirt is of gray-blue cloth, stitched with matches the skirt. The upper half is extremely short-waisted below grayish-blue silk, prettily stitched of the skirt. Atop of it all blue cloth, crowned with masses of a color from the palest ash-gray to us. Artfully made velvet dahlia, red, deep violet and gray-green



is edged with two narrow felt trimmed with cream lace and

ST COVER.
and approved scheme for filling winter this wadded-silk coat leads just the roundness perfectly. They are finding good can be readily made at home

ness are, in Paris, sprouting in liberal wreaths and bouquets on every new hat, and the schoolgirls are merely a few weeks ahead of their elders in wearing them, that is all.

A Pretty and Useful Model.

A pretty and typical figure is that of the miss in plaids and a below, who, with her books and her busy air, her short skirt and braided hair, plainly indicates that getting an education is just now her one object in life. Her suit is an admirable text in green, from which to preach a forcible sermon on the virtues and importance of this color for winter gowns. Green with a bright note of red in it is, we hear echoed from the dressmaking establishments, the very latest idea for a very modern winter suit. Clear dark green crossed on gray-green bands upon a gray ground-work is the combination in this girl's suit. Her flannel skirt matches the gray-green stripes of her skirt, her coat accords in tone with the broad dark-green bands, and upon her shoulders a collar of green silk turns back, edged with a fill of clear crimson silk and prettily embroidered in knots and wheels of the same bright color.

The French Length Skirt.

Smaller girls, as is befitting, lean to more independent and strictly juvenile ideas in dress than their longer-skirted sisters, but plaid wools and full skirts have with them almost as far reaching an influence. There is a sensible tendency to cut little girls' skirts to the French length for juveniles, that is, just below the knee, and in cold weather to protect the shapely legs with extra heavy hose.

Very shaggy and satin-finished cloths promise to struggle for the supremacy later on. The needles are flying just now about mid-season suits of handsome English etamine woven in heavier quality than we have ever seen before. This particular cloth is set off to perfection by narrow bands of stitched smooth-faced goods and stitched folds of silk, of which women have not yet tired. Dark blue and green and bronze-brown etamines, on which handsome black silk passementerie is applied in panels is the most modish idea the autumn has yet brought forth for calling and home gowns, and, prophetic forecastings of styles to the contrary, we evidently will continue to wear skirts cut in no fulness about the hips and belt, but an extravagant spread of goods about the feet.

Reinforcements of the Fichu Effect.

Over and over again in the models that dressmakers are receiving from the other side do we see the fichu effect repeated. This has led not a few prescient souls into false conclusions and assertions about the revival of shawl wearing. Indeed, the future holds no such trial in store for us, but the gowns are exceedingly pretty with their modest shoulder draperies that cross the back with deftly-planned folds and flow over the shoulders, to cast a discreet and necessary cap upon the sleeves, while the ends of the fichu are capable of an infinite number of charming and valuable arrangements in front. Plainly this shawl-like drape is the resuscitation of a contemporary of the under down, which, by the way, like the Star Spangled Banner, will long and triumphantly continue to wave its luxurious folds about the tapering forearms of well-dressed women.

Among these etamine gowns referred to this feature is most conspicuously in evidence. The cloth sleeve opens out at the elbow in a calla-lily shape, or fastens firmly with a button cuff, and from this point down to the wrist extends a lawn undersleeve of white Swiss, crimped with cream overlapping frills of cream Valenciennes lace. Another popular arrangement, with handsome reception given of dark cloth, are sleeves made wholly of cream-silk muslin, closely accordion pleated to fit the arm. The lining for these is one thin skin of chiffon, fitting the arm snugly, and this covering extends from shoulder to wrist. Upon this fragile and lovely dressing goes the large cream sleeve of cloth that is not closed on the inside seam, and with a few tiny jeweled links, so that at every motion of the arm the feathery lining shows to great advantage.

MARY DEAN.

AGRICULTURE FOR WOMEN.

A NEW SCHOOL WHICH GOES A LONG WAY TOWARD SOLVING A PROBLEM.

By a Special Contributor.

She who sits on the stile puzzling out the problem of life with reproachful thoughts of that first woman who should not have been trusted in an apple orchard may take heart of grace. The lady and the apple have cast off the shackles of shame, and woman has elected to try her luck once more in a garden.

This backing back to first principles began some time ago among English ladies of rank and leisure, and the mushroom-like growth of garden books is one result of the enthusiasm of the gardeners.

It was Lady Warwick who first gave the horticultural way a practical turn for the self-supporting woman. She established at Swanley a school where women, after receiving a diploma, could readily obtain positions as florists, gardeners, landscape gardeners, etc., or go into bee-keeping, poultry raising, or flower or market gardening, as individual taste or opportunity may dictate. The refined young Englishwoman of small means no longer faces the inevitable slavery of life as a governess, but, thanks to Lady Warwick, may support herself by the pastime of the rich.

Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder's Farm.

Within recent years a number of prominent American women have gone in for "personally conducted" farms. The daughters of Abram S. Hewitt are successful and enthusiastic farmers, and butter from the Hewitt farm brings a fabulous price per pound in New York City. Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder has a farm of 350 acres near Lenox, on which she laughingly declares everything which appears on her beautiful table except paprika and olive oil is raised. The farm surplus which is sent to Lenox would probably enable her family to continue to enjoy these luxuries in one of reverse.

Mrs. Gilder's place gives itself airs and graces in the

shape of machinery run by natural water power, which churns, saws wood and does other useful but unpoetical things. She maintains that her farm supports her family luxuriously, besides furnishing unlimited entertainment. The Gilders stay at Lenox till the last leaf falls, and when they reluctantly leave for New York their mutton, poultry and dairy products are sent to town, and now English history is repeating itself.

The New School.

These rich lady and gentlemen farmers believe that a practical, scientific knowledge of agriculture would revolutionize American rural life, would turn the tide of emigration from the great congested cities, and prove a tremendous educational and social force. With this purpose in view they have contributed to the "School of Practical Agriculture and Horticulture," to be opened this month at Briarcliff Manor, Westchester county, N. Y. Abram S. Hewitt and William E. Dodge head the list of people prominent in all good works, who make up the board of trustees and furnish the financial backing for the enterprise.

The board also includes Walter H. Law, proprietor of Briarcliff Manor, one of the largest farming ventures in this country, and incidentally a most interesting and delightful study in sociology. On this perfectly-equipped farm, or rather agricultural village, for it is measured by miles on all four sides, the pupils of the new school will have an opportunity to study practical, profitable farming and floriculture. The deliciously tidy piggeries, sweet and clean with fresh whitewash, make the foul and crowded tenements of the city seem hideous nightmares, while the beautiful stone dairy, with its windows of leaded glass and interior of exquisite white enamel, would need but the machinery removed to make a palatial mansion. Every workman has a neat little room for himself and the use of a bath, and sits down leisurely to meals that would make the mouth of the average New York business man water if he had time to hear about them. Here every living creature has at least an adequate share of the earth and the fullness thereof.

What the School Will Do.

The new school will be under the direction of George Powell, the well-known agricultural authority, formerly connected with Cornell University. Mr. Powell said the school is the outcome of appeal for instruction from the weary toilers of great cities eager to try new fields and pastures green if only they might obtain sufficient knowledge to avoid disaster.

While the school will be thrown open to all comers, irrespective of age, sex or previous condition of servitude, Mr. Powell thinks it should especially attract the attention of women, offering as it does inestimable advantages in studying the practical, profitable methods of the manor farm. Mr. Powell has received hearty encouragement and support from trustees of the botanical gardens, to which pupils will make study journeys. They will also go to New York to study market conditions and methods of packing.

In spite of last season's extraordinary drought, by methods which would astonish old-time conservative farmers, Mr. Powell took \$400 worth of strawberries from less than an acre of ground. It is to the inculcation of such methods applied to small holdings that the new school will mainly turn its energies. Mr. Powell says the day of intensive culture has come, and merely scratching up a large tract of land is no longer a paying thing.

Pupils will have text-book work to obtain a sufficient knowledge of chemistry, but the course will be mainly practical work. Like Swanley, the school diploma will qualify pupils to take positions as landscape gardeners, florists, etc. Mr. Powell maintains that a woman can earn more money as a gardener than as teacher with a quarter of the preparation and a mere fraction of the fatigue.

Or pupils may go in for bee-keeping, poultry or dairying by purchasing or renting a bit of land.

Or several women, by buying adjoining land, may raise fruit, vegetables, poultry, flowers, etc., on a commercial scale, and by co-operation utilize labor, machinery, etc., to the greatest possible advantage. This outdoor life would release women from the slavery of clerkships and poorly-paid positions in the city, and beside securing to them better health, would enable them, while earning a living, to enjoy homes of their own.

Every branch of floriculture and agriculture will be taught, and women who so desire may not only learn to bud and graft, plant and raise small fruits, but having brought the fruit to perfection, instruction will be given in the best methods of converting it into secondary products, such as jellies, jams, canned fruit, etc.

Mr. Powell and Mr. Law are both warm advocates of and believers in the profit of small holdings, scientifically managed. Mr. Law has demonstrated that the demand for the best is large and increasing, and the supply is inadequate.

Would-be agriculturists who groan in chains in the city will be allowed to take special courses suited to their state of bondage, for there is complete freedom from red tape about this new enterprise.

It begins to look as though the angel with the flaming sword has been recalled from the gate of paradise.

MARIE AGNES BEST.

THE FAMILY WEIGHING MACHINE.

IT HAS BECOME ALMOST A UNIVERSAL AND ESSENTIAL PIECE OF FURNITURE.

By a Special Contributor.

In every household today there are babies or banting women or dyspeptic members, and the modern, scientific physician draws his sage conclusions as much from his patients' pounds as from their temperature. In consequence the most wonderful machines have been developed to meet this need of determining human weight to the smallest fraction of an ounce.

Among the wedding presents of a summer bride was a remarkable-looking object that puzzled considerably those who were asked in to view the gifts, until the bride her-

self explained that it was a new and improved family weighing machine. The frame of the affair was made of highly-polished mahogany, and the top of the platform, supported by four graceful legs, was cushioned and covered with royal red leather. To one side of the cushion were notched and numbered bars of silver, and with this went a leather-bound book and a series of little numbered weights, made also of silver.

The whole thing was a puzzle till some intelligent person recognized the apparatus as an elegant family weighing machine, so exquisite in its adjustment that every fraction of a pound could be estimated, and in the book were printed, first, explanations as to the use of the appliance, and then carefully-ruled blank pages were arranged for the registry of the avoirdupois.

Assuredly, the arrangement was luxurious, or to ascertain one's weight it was only necessary to sit on the fine leather cushion, adjust the balance, and slip into place the silver ounce and pound discs. In a few moments the dial would register one hundred and thirty-three pounds five and three-sixteenths of an ounce. It would then be necessary to register this, the date and the style of clothing in the book of weights, and in from three to five days another experience on the royal red cushion would show to a nicety whether a sixteenth of an ounce had been lost or gained.

The fore word in the book tells how to experiment to ascertain normal weight, how the weight of a healthy person fluctuates within the limits of the normal, and when loss of flesh is a danger signal, at what rate abnormal flesh should be lost and at what rate infants and growing children should gain it.

As a rule the weighing machine is kept in the bathroom, and mothers are instructed to put their children on the scales every morning, keep a close record of the fluctuations and once in three weeks turn the tables of weights over to the family doctor, who will draw precious inferences therefrom. This is all in line with a new theory that it is flesh that tells whether one is well or ill more truthfully even than color or appetite or ill feelings, and the makers of scales have appreciated the bearing of this new gospel on their trade.

Some of the machines they make are in the form of graceful chairs, upholstered in blue or white leather to match the bathroom decorations, and some are artistic studies in walnut and tapestry for the ornamentation of the hallway, the machinery being concealed as far as possible or made so highly ornamental that the ugly iron scales of yore have been transformed into a valuable and effective piece of household furniture.

FANNY ENDRES.

THE LEGEND OF A STATUETTE.

IT BROUGHT HIGH OFFICE AND DEATH TO A FRENCH PRESIDENT, SO THE STORY GOES.

[Paris Correspondence of Pall Mall Gazette:] A curious anecdote has just been made public relating to a mysterious and maleficent statuette which would seem to have exercised a strange and baleful influence on the destiny of the late President Carnot. At the time when M. Sadi Carnot was Minister of Finance, and before there was any question of his election to the Presidency, his intimate friend, Dr. Gustave Le Bon, the well-known sociologist and traveler, offered to make him a present of a statuette he had brought back from one of his many journeys to India. When making the offer Dr. Le Bon was careful to acquaint M. Carnot with the circumstances in which the statuette had come into his possession and with the legend which attached to it. It had been given him by a rajah, who was most thankful to get rid of it for good and all by presenting it to a foreigner about to leave the country. The rajah explained that, according to a legend in which he firmly believed, the owner of the statuette, however humble his origin, was certain to become the principal personage in his country, but was equally certain to die a violent death. M. Carnot made light of this typically eastern story and had no hesitation in accepting the present. When most unexpectedly he was elected President, Dr. Le Bon received a brief and playful note from Mme. Carnot, saying that it was the statuette that had worked a miracle. Seven years later President Carnot was struck down by Caserio, and the mysterious and terrible legend had thus come true in every particular.

HOW TURKS SIT AT TABLE.

[Tit Bits:] Of late years some Turkish households have become considerably modernized in their arrangements, even aping the ways of Paris. But conservative Turks frown on such new-fangled ways.

In a conservative Turkish household, rich or poor, no tables are used and chairs are unknown. Instead, there is a huge wooden frame in the middle of the room about eighteen inches high. When the family—the men only—assembles to dine cushions are brought, placed upon the frame, and on these the members seat themselves tailor fashion, forming a circle around a large tray.

The tray is a very large wooden, plated or silver affair, according to the financial condition of the family, and thereon is deposited a capacious bowl. About it are ranged saucers of sliced cheese, anchovies, caviare and sweetmeats. Interspersed with these are goblets of sherbet, pieces of hot unleavened bread and boxwood spoons.

Knives, forks and plates do not figure in the service, but each has a napkin spread upon his knees, and every one, armed with a spoon, helps himself.

The bowl is presently borne away and another dish takes its place. This time it is a conglomeration of substantial stewed together, such as mutton, game or poultry. The mess has been divided by the cook into portions, which are dipped up with the aid of a spoon or with the fingers.

For the host of fish out of the mess a wing or leg of a fowl and present it to a guest is considered a great compliment, and for a Turk of high degree to roll a morsel between his fingers and put into the mouth of a visitor is looked upon as good manners.

So. California Wine Co.,
220. W. Fourth St. Tel. M. 332.

place as a maritime nation! For several years past the owning of modern steel steamships has been very profitable, and our commerce has been a harvest for these foreign-owned ships. Our inland and coastwise trade, rough. [New World:] At town a star actress of nitude appeared as

signers.
in evidence on

The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

THINGS ALL AROUND US.

NATURE SERIES—XLIV. HOW SOME INSECTS HELP THE RANCHERS OF CALIFORNIA.

By a Staff Writer.

A SHORT time ago I came across something in a California paper that made me think it would do no harm to talk to you a little more on one subject on which I have already told you something—the help which bees and some other insects give our flowers and fruits. For a number of you boys and girls will probably live on ranches, when you grow up, and everything that you can learn about what is for the good of plants will be of use to you then. And the newspaper article that I spoke of shows how very far wrong a man may go in studying his own crops, if he happens not to know one or two important facts.

You will remember that I told you that there grow in flowers two most important parts—little cases that contain pollen dust and knobsticks with seed cases below them. I told you that these were specially important because on them depended the ripening of the seed of the plant. I told you that the pollen dust must be placed on the knobstick and send down its pollen tubes to the cases below, where the tiny seeds are already forming in the blossom of the plant, in order that these seeds may ripen. And I said that you would generally find both these parts in most flowers that you were likely to know, but that on some plants they grew in different flowers—the pollen cases, without the knobsticks, in part of the blossoms, the knobsticks without the pollen cases in part; or in some kinds of plants, one bush or tree would be found to bear only blossoms that have pollen cases, another bush or tree only such as have knobsticks and seed cases in them.

Now the man who wrote this newspaper article of which I spoke above owned a very large field of lima beans—several hundred acres of them. He had heard that honeybees were of use in carrying pollen dust from flower to flower, and so he bought a great many bees and placed their hives in the middle of his field. Then he noticed that the bees were in the habit of tapping a quantity of liquid juice that was in the cup of the flowers, and he began to wonder whether this was good for the plants; liquid of any sort is, you know, very precious in Southern California, wherever plants are concerned. So he began to examine the plants very closely to see for himself what it was that the bees did that was supposed to be of use to the ripening of the seeds—which are, in this case, of course, the lima beans that he wished to raise.

He had learned somewhere one of the facts that I mentioned above—that on some plants the pollen cases and the seed cases are not together in the same blossom, but in separate ones; and where such plants were to be ripened he could understand that the bees might be of use in carrying the pollen from the blossoms in which it grew to those in which the knobsticks and seed cases grew. But when he began examining the blossoms of the lima beans and found that every one of them seemed to have both pollen cases and seed cases he could not see of what use the bees could be to them. There did not seem to be any need of bees to bring together the two parts, since these were already together in every flower in the whole lot. He examined over three hundred blossoms and buds with the help of a microscope and could plainly make out pollen and seed cases in all of them. So, adding this fact to his discovery that the bees were carrying off a liquid from the flowers, he began to suspect that they must be injuring rather than helping the plants; and he hurried the hives out of that bean patch.

But he happened to be very much in the wrong in his conclusions, nevertheless. For, as I have told you before, even in those plants which have both pollen and seed cases in every blossom it is for the good of the seeds and the plants that are to spring from them that the seeds shall be helped to ripen by the pollen from a different blossom. The seeds are likely to be larger and to grow stronger plants than when they are ripened by pollen from the blossom in which they begin their growth. Some plants, indeed, will not ripen seed at all unless the pollen is carried from one blossom to another, even although every blossom has both pollen and seed cases. In these plants the pollen in each flower is all shed before the knobstick above the seed cases is ready to receive pollen. In some of our fruits, on the other hand, although the pollen is ready for use before the knobstick and the seed cases are ready, it lasts a long time, and if insects do not carry it from one flower to another it will finally fall on the knobstick in its own flower, when this is ripe and ready for pollen. Yet even in this case, and in every other case where pollen can be carried by insects from flower to flower, you can be very sure that the seeds you will get from the plants will be better if the insects are allowed to get to the flowers. As for beans, their blossoms are especially prepared for the visits of the bees. The pollen ripens early, and the cases in which it grows are so placed in the bean blossom that the bee is well dusted with it when he reaches in for the honey that the blossom makes in its cup to tempt him to enter it.

And this was the "liquid" which the owner of the lima-bean field found his bees carrying off. That is, they were getting double value out of his bean field—gathering honey for his hives, as well as assisting in the ripening of the vegetables.

So you see that even a man armed with a microscope

may make some big mistakes if he starts out under a wrong idea of things.

ONE WAY TO VISIT VERSAILLES.

MR. LOOMIS EATS "BIFSTEACK" FROM A COW MILKED BY MME. DE MAINTENON.

From a Special Correspondent.

PARIS, Aug. 30, 1900.—It is a pity that roller skating is forbidden in the palace at Versailles, for excessive speed on foot is practically impossible through the long wings and halls, on account of the waxed floor and the Cook's tourists, who often act as almost impenetrable barriers.

Louis XIV. had his faults, and one of them was the building of such an infernally big building and then filling it full of pictures. To the jaded and footsore searcher after the beautiful there comes a time when pictures pall and leg dragging is a torture.

I was for going to Versailles just as much as Massinger was, and the way out there from the Gare St. Lazare ran through such a pretty and inviting country, dotted here and there with dainty villas and little bits of color and restful-looking hills—restful, if used to lie on; not, if used for climbing—that we felt ourselves getting into just the right mood for the wonders to come.

Now, if we had arrived at the time of the opening of the palace to sightseers, and had gotten a few feet in advance of the first vanguard of the Cooks, we would have been able to do the leagues and leagues of historical paintings—some of them very bad, by the way—with credit to ourselves and delight to our aesthetic natures.

But Massinger was mad for the country side of it. "I want to see the place where the ladies of the court used to forget the artificiality of their life by milking real cows and searching for real hens' eggs. I want to see the fountains and the trim and much-pruned gardens; I want to get as near to nature as the artifice of the pruning shears will let me," he said.

Massinger is always eloquent when he is homesick, and I saw that the only thing to do was to follow him and let each little pool remind him of Lake Champlain.

"The way was long and weary, but manfully we strode," And the hand of the landscape gardener could not keep out the sweet smell of the woods, nor the tuneful song of the blackbirds, and under the witchery of the rustic beauties of Versailles we forgot that there were galleries, and wandered through booky dells and fed the fish with scraps of paper that we happened to have in our pockets. If we had had cake or meat they should have had it, but they snatched at the papers eagerly, even as Americans do when returning from European exile, and we watched them fighting for their intellectual lunch, and reflected that some of the biggest of them may have been alive in Mme. de Maintenon's time, and that Marie Antoinette may have fished for them, or else milked some of the venerable cows that we saw lazily chewing their French cud as they rested on the meadows in the warm July sun.

And we saw the "volitures" that had been used on state occasions, and noted with wonder that they were not rubber-tired, and we saw furniture that was so dirty and cheap-looking that we had a low opinion of Louis XIV.'s taste and tidiness. Why, come of it looked like that in the sewing-room of a dependent dressmaker. The furniture in the "House in the Woods" in The Hague was just as old, but it was as clean as a New England milk pan and as fresh-looking as this morning's milk. They do these things better in Holland.

I will never forget my experience with one of these same clean chairs in the "House in the Woods." Feeling tired, for we had gone afoot from our hotel in The Hague, I sat down on a chair that William the Silent had bought at a bargain sale in Harlem—and he got the best of the bargain, whatever he may have paid for it. The old Dutch woman who was piloting us around did not notice me for a minute, but when she did, she couldn't think of a word in Dutch or English to say. She simply lifted her hands, as if she were pulling a Maltese cat off a green cushion, and I, understanding the pantomime, rose hastily. Then she explained in gasping tones that no one had ever sat on that chair since William the Silent had refrained from conversing on it.

Well, to get back to Versailles, after we had seen the Grand Trianon and the Petit Trianon, we were ready for an ideal lunch under the trees that have stood for so many years secure from American axes.

We found a place, an ideal place, so rustic that our tablecloth and plates were already covered with leaves and blossoms that had floated down from the historic branches above.

Baedecker says that meals are expensive at Versailles, but we saw that our "dinner" would cost but 1.5, with wine, and we thought that cheap. To be sure, that was before we had eaten.

They brought us a coup that was somewhat attenuated. It had rained the day before, and I don't think they could have been careful about their tarpaulins. Then we ordered a "bifteck." The French do love to spell beefsteak. They remind me of the way Shakespeare toyed with his name. Now it will be "bifteck" or "bifteck"—if the French is not at all a man of letters; or maybe that is the phonetic way of spelling it. But others are more prodigal of letters, and they expand it until it becomes "beefsteaksteak." But to show their contempt for perfidious Albion, they never spell it the English way. We found that our host had exhausted his energies on the spelling of the viand, for it turned out to be, not what an American would call a steak, but a piece of roast beef, very thin, cooked yesterday and fried again today. Shades of Savarin, what a dish! As Massinger attacked it, he said, and there was a sus-

picion of pathos in his tone, "Think of it, Mme. de Maintenon probably milked this poor beast and today we eat him." It is sometimes easy to see that Massinger was not brought up in the city.

But we didn't finish the steak. We felt sure that it was not for us to destroy a link that bound Versailles to the historic past and so we turned our attention to the blee, and there we found what we wanted. If only the Cooks, all over America, would come to France and take a few lessons in the very fine art of cooking vegetables, millions more of dyspeptic men would rise up and be blessed and the sound thereof would extend even from the coast of Maine to the waters of the Pacific.

Some cheeses and a glass completed our repast, and we paid the bill, we decided that Baedecker had been of it; that meals were expensive in Versailles—considering that we were in France, where food is cheap.

We now visited the world-renowned fountains, but we were not playing. I was not surprised, for if they were for the water you drink at table, they are not going to run fountains all day long for nothing. Baedecker says that it costs \$5000 to run the whole group of fountains for a few hours. I don't see why they don't "vin ordinaire" and then it would be cheaper, much cheaper—besides being very pretty to see red wine spouting from the mouths of dolphins and frogs.

But all this walking and the steak of the cow that Louis XIV. had led to pasture when he was a barefooted boy tired us, and we were in no mood to adequately do the long, long palace.

I am free to confess that I would have given it up gone to Baedecker for a catalogue of its treasures, but it is something stimulating in Massinger's devotion to duty. He had come to Versailles to do the palace. The woods and the waterless fountains were not enough, and so we checked our umbrellas and started out at a pace to see the thousands of pictures that line the walls. They are very much alike; made up of men and horses, cannon and sky for the most part, and, to tell the truth, about them, their historic interest is greater than their interest as paintings. To be sure, there are Verneys and the Roches and Ary Shaffers, and here and there a Le Brun, for the most part they can be passed at a hand gallery one's conscience, or one's art education will be made worse for it. Only a hand gallop on these interesting waxed floors is fatiguing in the extreme and before we finished the last room in the last hall of the last wing the palace I had lost five good pounds of flesh, and I had asked me what I thought if Dagnan-Bouveret's "Supper" itself, I would have told you there was no more in it. So utterly dead to beauty in any form our cultured brain became.

We saw little groups of French school boys out for a day; it was Saturday afternoon, and they were taking notes of the different pictures. Some knelt down on the desks of the floor, others used the backs of their hands, and they chattered and laughed and passed along with superabundant vitality of youth, but we were dead.

We finally got our umbrellas out of paws, and I thought that at last I had done my duty for years to me, and that we would sit on the "imperial" of a bus and go to the station. But no. Actually, that Massinger is useless in his devotion to duty. He said that these were historic house where Bismarck and Jules Favre entered into some negotiations regarding the close of the Franco-Prussian war, and nothing must do but that we should be like pilgrims on the last lap of a seven-year journey to Mecca, we wandered down to "No. 1 King street" (Paris of French names) and there stood a very ordinary bistro. I am sure that whatever Favre wanted to say was the beer signs that attracted Bismarck, and if he then was as good as it is now, that "peace conference" would have lasted until well into the night.

I don't know how we got to the station. I remember that we had to stop in at a shoemaker's to have our half-soled, and there I dozed off, and when I woke up we were on our way to Paris.

CHARLES BATELL LOOMIS.

PRIMITIVE MODES OF COURTING.

THE WAY YOUNG HOTTENTOTS, ZAMBESI AND THE DYAK TRY TO WIN A WIFE.

By a Special Contributor.

Among the land Dyaks no youth dare venture to pay a dress to a maiden unless he can throw at her a netful of skulls, it being necessary for him to prove his prowess by killing a few men, women or children. And these tribes, the lover offers the maiden of his choice a betel nut. If she accepts, he is happy, but if she rejects and says, "Be good enough to blow up the fire," it means that he is dismissed. Sometimes the courting is done on through a medium of a sort of Jew's harp, one leads it to the other, asking questions and returning answers.

When a young Hottentot goes courting, to render himself more attractive, he paints his nose, cheeks and forehead with soot. Among some tribes of Madagascar, the natives decorate their long locks with leaves, flowers and berries "only in order to please the women." The natives of the British blacken some of their teeth and knock out others knowing that otherwise they run the risk of being rejected by the ones of their choice on account of ugliness. A woman in that beautiful land would "scream to see" the address of one possessing white teeth, like a dog or pig. A girl who has arrived at a marriageable age has her teeth filed.

The beaus of Zambesi file the middle teeth in the jaw into the form of a swallow's tail. In one part of Tasmania, a rebellion nearly broke out when a native

September 16, 1900.]

once issued forbidding the use of a young man feared the loss of his country-women. Among the Galla courting, keeps for days close to the of his heart, being painted from head to toe with his battle club.

The Malanesian women do the likes a man she tells his sister, a string. The sister says to her brother good news for you. A woman loves to go on with the affair, through the is made and the following dialogue:

The man says: "You like me?" "Yes, I like you proper, with my unwilling to give himself away to you like me?"

"I like you altogether. Your sister are to be married. The man says like." There is a mock fight when and everything is settled.

In Maceriland, the girl generally is love-taken which the girl throws a little bit of wax made into a ball is signified by pulling the knot tight matrimonial noise alone.

CAP THE

A GERMAN VERSION OF THE GAME OF PRISONER.

By a Special Contributor.

A new game, not unlike our old-fashioned sufficiently to afford fresh color with German boys. In Germany, "cap" but the best name here for it. Two lines are drawn or staked off five paces apart. At a distance of one and forty paces from the other line which a cap is hung. One boy is a pira, while the others, the more the and line up, facing one another. These nearest the stake are the thieves, farthest are police. At a signal the makes a dash for the cap on the advances at full speed to capture his advance twenty-five paces to the return with it behind his own line. paces to make before reaching the to stop and turn, they are about policeman succeeds in placing his hand the thief before the latter has crossed him back a prisoner and it counts as he falls, he drops out of the game. After all have tried, the side number of points wins the game.

LITTLE TOM.

I know he's a hardy fellow—An' makes a heap of noise—No matter whether he's at Or playin' with the boys—An' yet, if little Tom was 'Twould be mighty nice—Becuz he thinks a pile of An' that's a heap, you know.

'Twould be so out of luck—Without him 'round the I know I'd miss the smile—About his regular face—I'd miss the question he'd That sometimes sounds so Besides, I love the little chap—An' that's a heap, you know.

He 'minds me of his mother—Her picture, so folks say—He's growin' more to look like I see it every day. What if he's kind of 'bout me I laugh, an' let it go; He's such a comin' little chap—An' that's a heap, you know.

He'll climb up in my lap, an' I stroke his curly hair—I git to wonderin' what I'd If little Tom was dead—An' when his little dimpled face—Craw out like 'bout me— I allers let him keep 'em the It means a heap, you know.

The neighbors they complain—An' often I hev tried—To bring myself to punish him—Instid of just to chide. But when I'd see his other face— I couldn't strike a blow— His face is pict'ed there in his An' that's a heap, you know.

He ain't no bother—not a bit—That is, I mean to me—Becuz in every act an' word—His mother's face I see— Folks say he's just a little Well—that may all be so, But I— I love the little chap— An' that's enough, you know.

R. A.

SCARCELY SUFFICIENT.

[Denver Post:] "No self-respecting anything but a bright red coat in the fashion authority. That might do at year, but he would experience more covering in mosquito time.

Girls.

"Think of it, Mima. de Mima. Your heart and today we shall see that Masinger was here."

We felt sure that it was a link that bound Versailles to the past. If millions of people came to France and take a part of cooking vegetables, and would rise up and call them the would extend even from the of the Pacific.

captured our report, and when we turned our attention to Versailles in Versailles—that is, in France, where food is cheap. Unconcerned fountain, but they are surprised, for if they change look at table, they are certainly all day long for nothing. Back to run the whole group of I don't see why they don't would be cheaper, much cheaper to see red wine spouting from a frog.

the stink of the cow that had been a barefoot boy had turned to adequately do the thing.

I would have given it up as a thing of its treasure, but then Masinger's devotion to duty to do the palace. The other pictures were scattered on the floor and started out at a half of pictures that line the walls made up of men and horses and not past, and, to tell the truth, almost to greater than their own. There are Verneys and Deluxes and there a Le Brun, but the posed at a hand gallery and not attention will be seen. The going on these interesting pictures the entrance and before we last half of the last wing of and ponds of fish, and if you go to the Regency-Salvatore's "Last I told you there was no such beauty in any form can a beauty school boys out for a better, and they were talking some built down and made the backs of their fellows, and passed along with the youth, but we were dead. The out of pews, and then I saw my duty for years to come, the "imperial" of a "yes and no" policy, that Masinger is charming. He said that there was a and John Farrow entered into the class of the Franco-Panama but that we should see it up of a seven-year journey to "We: King street" (I'm not a student a very ordinary but Farrow wanted to do, it said Masinger, and if the boy, that "peace conference" and the night.

to the station. I remember Masinger's to have our share of, and when I woke up to

MISS DATTIEL LOOMIS

OF COURTING

STORY, KANISHI BEAUTY TO WIN A WIFE.

Contributor.

with some venture to pay attention to her feet a money for him to prove his woman or children. Among the maiden of his choice was happy, but if she refused blow up the fire, it means the the courting is carried of few's hair, one handing and returning answer.

the courting to render himself a new, chaste and fresh of Madagascar, the boy leaves, flowers and feathers "men." The natives of New South and knock out others on the risk of being refused a amount of ugliness. A would "seem to accept the side track, like a dog or a of a marriageable age has

signers.

in evidence on

used in building the use of ochre and grease, for the young men found the loss of favor in the eyes of their countrymen. Among the Gucayos, the suitor, when courting, keeps for days close to the cabin of the mistress of the house, being painted from head to foot, and armed with his bottle club.

The Malinacan women do the courting. When a girl likes a man she tells his sister, and gives her a ring of silver. The sister says to her brother, "Brother, I have good news for you. A woman loves you." If willing to go on with the affair, through the sister, an appointment is made and the following dialogue takes place:

The man says: "You like me proper?"
The girl says: "Yes, I like you proper, with my heart inside."
Desiring to give himself away rashly, he asks: "Now, you like me?"
The girl says: "I like you altogether. Your skin good."

The girl, anxious to clinch the matter, asks when they are to be married. The man says, "Tomorrow, if you like." There is a mock fight when they tell their relatives, and everything is settled.

In Hawaii, the girl generally begins the courting. The boy then which the girl throws at the feet of her lover is a little bit of wax made into a sort of half-knot. "Yes" is signified by pulling the knot tight, "No" by leaving the knot loose.

CAP THIEF.

A GERMAN VERSION OF THE POPULAR OLD GAME OF PRISONER'S BASE.

By a Special Contributor.

A new game, not unlike our old-time prisoner's base, but played exclusively to afford fresh amusement, is now popular with German boys. In Germany they call it "Mutsen" but the best name here for it would be "Cap Thief."

Two lines are drawn or staked off upon the ground sixty feet apart. At a distance of twenty-five paces from one end forty paces from the other a stake is driven upon which a cap is hung. One boy is selected to act as umpire, while the others, the more the merrier, choose sides and line up, facing one another from the outer marks.

Then comes the stake are the thieves or robbers, and those without are police. At a signal from the umpire, one thief makes a dash for the cap on the stake and one policeman advances at full speed to capture him. The former has to advance twenty-five paces to the stake, seize the cap and return with it behind his own line. The latter has forty paces to make before reaching the stake, but as he has not in cap and turn, they are about evenly matched. If the policeman succeeds in placing his hand on the shoulder of the thief before the latter has crossed his own line, he takes the thief a prisoner and it counts one for the police. If he fails, he drops out of the game and the thieves score one. After all have tried, the side having the greatest number of points wins the game.

LITTLE TOM.

I know he's harum-scarum like,
An' makes a heap o' noise,
No matter whether he's at home,
Or playin' with the boys;
An' yet, if little Tom wa'n't here,
I would be almighty slow,<
Since he thinks a pile o' me,
An' that's a heap, you know.

'T would be so sort o' lonesome like
Without him 'round the place;
I know I'd miss the smiles that play
About his roguish face;
I'd miss the questions he kin ask,
That sometimes puzzle so,
Besides, I love the little chap,
An' that's a heap, you know.

He 'minds me of his mother, too,
Her picture, so folks say;
He's growin' more to look like her—
I see it ev'ry day.
What if he's kind o' boisterous like?
I laugh, an' let it go;
He's such a cunnin' little chap,
An' that's a heap, you know.

He'll climb up in my lap, an' when
I stroke his curly head,
I git to wonderin' what I'd do
If little Tom were dead.
An' when his little dimpled han's
Creep soft-like 'round me—oo,
I criers let him keep 'em there—
It means a heap, you know.

The neighbors they complain o' him,
An' often I hev tried
To bring myself to punish him,
Instid o' jest to chide.
But when I'd see his sober face,
I couldn't strike a blow.
His face is pict'ed there in his,
An' that's a heap, you know.

He ain't no bother—not a bit—
That is, I mean to me,
Since in ev'ry act an' word
His mother's face I see.
Folks say he's just a little scamp,
Well—that may all be so,
But I—I love the little chap,
An' that's enough, you know.

R. A. BRININSTOOL.

SCARCELY SUFFICIENT.

[New York Post:] "No self-respecting golfer would wear anything but a bright red coat in the country," says a London authority. That might do at some seasons of the year, but he would experience more comfort with additional padding in inclement time.

A WONDERFUL GIRL.

SHE CAME FROM INDIA TO SAN FRANCISCO TO EARN \$4000.

By a Special Contributor.

ROSIE ARBIDITY is a Sikh girl, whose home is India. She came to America three years ago on a mission. Now the Sikhs are not an adventurous people, and prefer to stay where their caste rules, which forbids them to eat what has been so much as touched by an outcast, can be strictly obeyed. But Rosie wanted to be rich, so she could help her people who are dying from famine and from cholera, which follows times of want. She was only 16 when she landed in San Francisco.

Rosie was born at Delhi, her father being a native and a soldier. Her mother died of starvation, though she managed to keep her child well enough while she lived, probably giving it all the scant allowance of food made for the family, and eating nothing herself. So Rosie has a right to be a heroine. It runs in her blood.

One night her father came to the camp with an officer, and Rosie was called to speak to him.

"My service is finished here," he said to her. "I shall leave you with my people and go to China to earn money for you." She was all he had left, and Rosie clung to him and sobbed, and refused to be comforted, until the officer, who had a little girl of his own, said, "Let her come, too. She shall go with my wife. Would you like to be a little nursemaid, Rosie?"

Rosie had no idea what a nursemaid might be, but she knew it meant that she could go with her father. There was a special pain for the child in leaving her home, for in the camp were six little cousins. Their mother had died only a week before, and when she was dying Rosie had held her hand and promised to be a sister to the half-dozen



ROSIE ARBIDITY, THE SIKH GIRL.

mittees of boys and girls left behind. They all sat and wept furiously at the news of Rosie's going, but had not like enough to make any vigorous protests.

"I shall earn a fortune and then we can have our garden and our house again," she told them. They were not very hopeful and three of them died within the month.

But Rosie went to Shanghai, where her father worked near her as a policeman, and she learned a great many things from the officer's wife.

"It was only when my father was killed one night," Rosie said, "that I was sad, for he and I were saving all our money and could soon go back to our home and my cousins, who were to live with us."

After his death she resolved to come to America, the Eldorado of every Asiatic.

"It is not possible," "you'll die in a strange land which is not like this," "they will not let you land," and a dozen other objections were made. "If she has the grit, let her go," one of the officers said, and so they arranged everything for her, and the Immigration Bureau at the port of San Francisco allowed the tall Sikh maiden, with her eager eyes and gentle voice, to land from the Coptic. She showed them her trunk filled with silk handkerchiefs and her

money tied up in a blue cloth bag, which she wore around her neck.

She took her bundle of handkerchiefs and stood on the street near a big shop. People crowded around her, though San Francisco is used to strangers from all over the world.

Pretty soon all the handkerchiefs were gone. It was then that the soldiers began marching up Market street from the ferry out to the Presidio, waiting till they could go to the Philippines.

"I love soldiers," Rosie says; "my father, he was a soldier, but taller and handsomer. But these, too, are soldiers."

Rosie's American experiences began now in earnest. She followed the volunteers and found the Presidio. At the beginning the men had a long wait before they received any pay. It grew very warm out on the sand hills, and the food was rather more plain than the volunteers had been accustomed to.

One day an Italian with a load of fruit pushed his cart to the camp of the Tennessees. Rosie was there sitting on the ground when the Italian came along and offered the fruit for sale. The men wanted it and offered him every bargain they could think of, but he would none of them.

"You got mona? Mona buy fruit. No mona, no fruit," and he was pushing his cart along, though there was no doubt that but for the disgrace the Tennessees were in, he would be pushing away an empty cart, "mona" or not.

Rosie took a dollar from her bag and offered it to Tom Day. He hesitated, and then Rosie told him he could pay back the money when he got his pay.

"All right, fellow! We'll make Rosie banker, or whatever you call the fellow who lends money. Every dollar she lends she gets two for."

They all agreed.

"If any fellow doesn't pay up, he'll have me to talk to," Tom warned them, and then they bought out the Italian who had waited to see if there was not hope for him in the discussion.

"Too much he charge," Rosie said. "I sell you fruit, too."

Next morning she came pushing her own cart of fruit. She opened an account with half the men, and then she went to the other camps, for there were too many soldiers to camp at the Presidio.

Rosie cannot read a word, and can only write enough to sign her name, and learned that when she set up a bank-book. She had running accounts with hundreds and hundreds of men, all dressed alike, nearly all strangers, but that girl kept everyone of them in her head, and no soldier asked his standing with her that she could not give it immediately.

"You can't fool Rosie!" is a saying the men will carry to the Philippines and home again, for it came to be one of the camp expressions.

Rosie had made a vow with herself that she would take \$4000 home, which means a big fortune to one of her frugal people.

When the soldiers, all but a few regulars, had gone, she had \$3187.69. Then she tried peddling from door to door, but in the city it did not pay.

"I will go out to the country," she said, and she walked from town to town over the northern portion of California, selling her stock of notions and trinkets, and this last June, when the warm weather began and the fruit was ripe, she lacked but \$300 of her appointed sum. She came back and went to work in the cannery and stayed there till the soldiers began coming again on the way to China. Now she has her fruit cart once more, and in the afternoon goes out to the Presidio.

She has calculated her savings and says that by the time the Coptic goes home again she will go too, for she will not travel back except by the ship which brought her to so much good luck. It will surely make her people forget that she has broken their laws, has lived and eaten among strangers, has worn their costume, but has also earned wealth from them.

HELEN GRAY.

ORIGIN OF THE BANJO.

THE INSTRUMENT FIRST MADE BY VIRGINIA NEGROES NEARLY 100 YEARS AGO.

[Washington Star:] "Negro minstrelsy, as given by the white imitators of the happy Ethiopian," said an old resident whose boyhood was spent in Virginia, "is said to have been introduced by 'Daddy' Rice of 'Jump Jim Crow' fame. Perhaps he was the first delineator of the North, but below Richmond it is believed that the field of Appomattox was the birthplace of the banjo nearly a century ago, as well as the scene of Lee's surrender sixty years after. The story we have is that Joel Sweeney, the son of a blacksmith, tired of beating on the anvil, after making a gourd banjo, made one of a cheesebox and sheepskin and the branch of an apple tree, and became a fine performer. From him his brothers, Sam and Bob, and some of the female members of the family learned to pick the strings, and they afterward gave entertainments in Richmond and other Virginia towns, meeting with much success.

"There was also a claim that the instrument was first made by an old slave near Fredericksburg, in the '30s, but Henry Warren, now 100 years old, says when he was a boy an old colored man living in Montgomery county was accustomed to play on a gourd banjo, and often on one of his own make of sheepskin and a sifter frame.

"Rice was in Washington at the American Hotel, Louisiana avenue, near Sixth street, in the '30s, and may have there 'caught on,' but I believe Jim Sanford, who, it is said, took the Fredericksburg slave as his pattern in singing and playing, was before Rice. He traveled with Baldwin's circus, which showed here in 1833 and 1834, and was one of the greatest banjoleists known then or after, and his popularity was attested by the public quickly catching his songs. 'Sitting on a Rail,' 'Zip Coon' and 'Sich a-Getting Upstairs,' and the like. After Sanford others entered the field, and in a little time good imitators of the plantation fiddlers and banjoleists, assisted by the bones and tambourine, were before the public, usually appearing with circus and theatrical companies."

So. California Wine Co.,

220. W. Fourth St. Tel. M. 332.

value of silver reduced the value of a Mexican dollar to less than 50 cents, and the property of its peoples is now measured by these half-dollar coins, suffering great depreciation. Japan a few years ago made the change to the gold.

place as a maritime nation! For several years past the owning of modern steel steamships has been very profitable, and our commerce has been a harvest for these foreign-owned ships. Our inland and coastwise trade, rough.

The Hissings [New World:] At town a star actress of attitude appeared as

By a Special Contributor.

The time of the stop at Sacramento was almost equal

out against young blood.

By a Staff Writer.

Verily a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

strength and purity,' while clause 4

[Washington Post:] In his retirement from pugilism the Hon. Bob Fitzsimmons sets an excellent example for several superannuated politicians who are trying to hold out against young blood.

...cases out of ten there is a wife or else a sister or a son believing and hoping through years of poverty and gloom—all to no end. And there are frequently children—children who get only half the start they should because of their father's preoccupation with his duties. Truly a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

THE TIMES.
Staff Writer.

man's shirt waist was only the
it comes—the man's corset. A
a store in that city exhibi
adorned with the legend:
"Don't sell it—this year!" the
very unpleasant foreboding
it is an admitted fact that the
-sized men, this summer, has
England, Germany, as well
United States, have succumbed
Italy has shown signs of
sable garments of the Court
hats. But it seems the
shirt-waist man threatens
and among the islands of the
west.
states that the men lined up
the harem of the coming man
manifest little disgust or dis
carnality and interest
on the matter, draw attention
to the matter of corsets, their use
women. This is in a play of
an address on Athenian the
the writer of the newspaper an
ing of corsets by men in late
that history may easily re
demand for figure-corsets
but especially among Eu
not refused to be indisputable
almost always corseted—and
in the mind of the American
along the streets of Boston
in the thought that if he
get away if the enemy takes
it is on the means of cultivat
that the German governme
not permitted, the use of cor
is. In the charge of a cor
be more dangerous to two
American, up to the present
ative of any other reason for
any army. For corsets have
any device it cannot be, and
not, judged by any canon of
into the corseted office, with
of children and his stiffness
the worst that ever existed
the man and woman. If we
of that sort among us
we let us make peace with
in the midst of the pro
dical outdoor exercise for
child threaten us. Nothing
a man than to have the
possible for many of the
after all. Moreover, if man
other's sake, he would be
will find that the cost was
ment of the two.
appreciate the newspaper.
page, six-column paper, sells
year; and people are glad to
are indicated in the front
pay for news of the outside
which in the search for the
plain how a man who left
besides see pounds of news
along the route to Davos,
a small portion of his paper,
made over \$5000
paid boys and servants.
can may bring gold from the
of other things or washing
equipment a minor may have
the gold mine if he only
the news himself.

CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

Fountain Soda Water.

IT IS not only in the saloon, where alcoholic beverages are dispensed, that disease and death lurk in the glass. Those who frequent the handsome and elaborate soda fountains, which are a leading feature of every prominent city, will have to "look a little out."

In this department of The Times, of Sunday last, there was published a communication from a Los Angeles physician, in which he called attention to the dangers attending the consumption of ice and iced beverages, which are so commercially popular in the United States. He showed that the effect of extreme cold on the stomach was exceedingly harmful, and is, undoubtedly, the direct cause of much ill-health, and sometimes even of death.

It appears, however, that it is not merely the low temperature at which "soft drinks" are consumed that renders them unwholesome. There is also much danger of disease from the uncleanly condition of the interior of some of these soda fountains, which, while beautiful and clean on the outside, in some cases too much resemble the "white chamber" which we read about in scripture.

A Chicago paper which has been making an investigation of this subject claims that many of the syrup cans and other appurtenances of the soda fountains, which are not open to the public gaze, are never cleaned, and that the tin with which they are lined becomes slimy and corroded, and even poisonous. It is said that the next Illinois Legislature will be asked to add a clause to the present pure food law, authorizing the State Food Commission to condemn all soda fountains not possessing perfect sanitary syrup receptacles. Following is from the Chicago News:

"A dozen fountains examined by a reporter for the Daily News last week were found to be in unsanitary condition and the result of the examination of the syrup containers and other internal mechanism usually concealed from ordinary view, it is safe to assume that the palatable concoctions of ice cream soda and seductive fruit juices would have been left untouched. A bad egg would have left its poison in about the same state of mind."

"Clinging to the tin containers, many of which are washed but once a year, was a slimy coating of accumulated bits of the consistency of mullage and several times more offensive to the eye and sense of smell."

"I have been looking for the State Pharmaceutical Association to take this matter up, as has been done in New York, and effect legislation against fountains which contain syrup receptacles that become corrodive and filthy," said a Chicago druggist, who retains his fountain for apportioning, but whose syrups and juices are served from glass bottles set in the work-bench under the counter.

"An investigation of the majority of fountains in Chicago and elsewhere would reveal conditions that would astonish the public," the druggist continued. "The State Food Commission would do well to take up the subject. It seems to me the health department has the power to inspect every fountain in the city. Eventually I look for a State law compelling manufacturers of fountains to substitute glass equipment instead of the block tin so generally in use at present."

"An investigation of soda water fountains was made in New York ten or twelve years ago, as shown by the records of the American Pharmaceutical Association. It created a prejudice against soda water for a time, but ultimately resulted in good, as the Legislature of that State passed a law prohibiting the storage of syrups utilized for fountain beverages in anything but glass containers. The containers, previously, were mostly of block tin and syrups so stored, and especially acid syrups, such as lemon, orange and wild cherry phosphates, all popular beverages, became contaminated if left standing for any length of time, the acid in the syrup acting on the tin, resulting in chemical changes and poisoning organic tin salt, which chemists claim is as injurious to the human anatomy as any metallic salt.

"Doctors and chemists, when questioned, agreed that metallic contamination, while serious, does not provide the greatest danger. They declared that an investigation, if made by the health authorities, should go farther than anything of the sort yet undertaken, so that the public might understand the necessity of thorough sanitary conditions in every part of the handsomely-made fountains that are furnishing the beverage to many millions of people all over the country. They argue for an improvement, not only in the construction of fountain apparatus, but in the purity of products used in the manufacture of all fruit syrups, essences and ice cream."

"It is declared, too, that in syrup containers that are covered or hidden from the view of the customer, the danger is not only from contamination, but more often from the unclean state of such receptacles or cans. This is held to be caused in great measure by the negligence of the operator."

"There is some law on the subject, from section 19 of the Pure Food Act, which covers the manufacture and sale of poisonous candy and confections in general:

"Any person or persons manufacturing for sale or selling or offering to sell any candies or confections adulterated by the admixture of terra alba, harytes, talc or other earthy or material substances, or any poisonous colors, flavors or essences or other deleterious ingredients detrimental to health, shall, upon proper conviction thereof, be punished by a fine of not less than \$10 nor more than \$100, or imprisonment in the County Jail not less than ten nor more than thirty days, or both, such fine and imprisonment in the discretion of the court."

"Clause 1 of the section defining adulteration says: 'If any substance or substances has or have been mixed with it so as to depreciate, lower or injuriously affect its quality, strength and purity,' while clause 4 says: 'If it contains

any added substance or ingredient which is poisonous or injurious to health.' In these clauses the State Food Commission, aided by the health department, hopes to conduct a crusade against the impure conditions found in the hidden compartments of some of the fountains."

"The regulations of the health department of Chicago and other cities and towns in Illinois are also intended to include the sanitation of the soda fountains, but nothing has been done in Chicago to enforce these rules."

"J. H. Monrad, assistant Food Commissioner, said: 'Syrups stored in unclean containers are rapidly befouled and without doubt many of them are rife with bacteria. This is further augmented by the fact of such syrup containers being in the same chamber with the ice that cools the carbonated water as it flows through coolers, and even though the syrup cans are not in this same ice chamber, but separated therefrom by a partition of tin or otherwise, it is nevertheless a fact that syrups in nearly all of the fountains on the market today are cooled or chilled by cold air from this ice compartment."

"Much ice contains more or less refuse matter and when thus stored in a receptacle that is not cleaned, in many cases at least, more than once a year or twice, the moldy container throws off cold air that is anything but pure. The syrups are not air-tight by any means and the effect of this poisonous or befouled air upon the syrup may be imagined. In my opinion the ice chamber of a soda fountain should be entirely separated from syrups, which should be stored in glass bottles in plain view of customers."

With alcoholic beverages ruled out, with soft drinks declared unwholesome, and with tea and coffee strongly condemned by hygienists, the thirsty man who wants to do the right thing by his stomach will, apparently, have to confine himself to distilled water and buttermilk."

Lemon Juice.

DR. LASER, of the Hygienic Institute of Koenigsberg, draws attention to the power which lemon juice has in destroying the diphtheria bacillus. He testifies that he tried it as a gargle in fifteen cases of acute diphtheria and eighty cases of throat disease, and that only one of these proved fatal. The lemon juice must be diluted when used as a gargle, but the patient may masticate slices of lemon when able, and the pulp should be rejected."

Maxims for Long Life.

HERE are some maxims for long life given by J. A. Fowler, in an address delivered to an eastern organization known as the Hundred-Year-Club:

"(1.) Congenial work and plenty of it. (2.) Early hours to rest. (3.) Plain food eaten slowly. (4.) Self-control (mental condition). (5.) Stop worrying (mental condition). (6.) Mental and physical work combined. (7.) Deep breathing, oxygen, cell-life created. (8.) Deep thinking."

Distilled Water.

SINCE the discovery of micro-organisms or bacteria as a cause of many diseases we have a new foe. To rid ourselves of it may have advocated distilled water, and it has come into considerable use. The fear of these minute foes is greater than the fear of hard water, and this is justifiable. Distilled water, it has been claimed, is an ideal water, being soft and free from bacteria. Recently a German writer, Prof. Koppe, has condemned distilled water as poisonous, for the reason that by its greater solvent power it attacks the protoplasm of the cells and weakens or destroys them. This is practically the substance of his argument. Dr. Holbrook, writing in the Phrenological Magazine, says:

"It is true that distilled water has great solvent power. But distilled water when drunk does not immediately come in contact with the protoplasmic cells unless it be in the mouth and throat. In the stomach there is generally food, gastric juice, etc., and when these are dissolved by it the objection can no longer be maintained. If large quantities were taken on an empty stomach it might do harm, if not acutely, but hardly otherwise. If these deductions are sound, the use of aerated distilled water could not be injurious, but to well-fed and over-fed people beneficial. This question should be decided by experiment, and there are enough people in the country who have used distilled water for years to decide it."

"So far as I have observed its effects, it has not been harmful, but beneficial. On our men-of-war it is almost universally used, and to advantage. Several of my correspondents write me they use it altogether and never have been harmed, but benefited. Distilled water is not, then, a 'poison,' but a benefit and good."

Alcohol and the Brain.

SO LONG as human beings are born with complicated nervous systems, probably so long will many of them crave stimulants, and so long as the social customs, which have existed for centuries, approve of the use of alcohol as a beverage, so long will it probably be used by some to excess, and with this excess will come the misery, the disease, the poverty and disgrace which are the well-known result of drunkenness. Quite naturally, many persons, seeing the great evils which may result, oppose the use of alcohol and try to demonstrate to others physiologic and other reasons why its use should be discontinued; while those who are accustomed to use alcohol are equally anxious to find an excuse for its use. The Philadelphia Medical Journal says:

"In a lecture delivered April 27, 1900, at St. James Hall, London, Victor Horsley, the well-known eminent neurologist and surgeon, discussed the effects of alcohol on the human brain, dealing only with the effects of small doses, the so-called moderate drinking. He believes that the best test for the effect of such small doses of alcohol is the result of the action of the drug on the higher psychic functions of the brain, the ideation or the vital thinking apparatus, and the easiest way to measure this is by taking the reaction time of the nervous system. He also discussed the effects of the prolonged use of alcohol on the protoplasm of nerve cells, and brought forward evidence to show that its use produces degenerative changes. In concluding, Mr.

Horsley stated that from a scientific standpoint he believes that the statements which have been made that small doses of alcohol, such as people take at meals, have practically no deleterious effect, cannot be maintained. The cumulative evidence on the subject shows that total abstinence should be our course if we are to follow the plain teaching of truth and common sense."

"In view of the interest which is always taken in this subject, and particularly because of the discussion which Prof. Atwater's paper has recently aroused, this opinion from so high an authority will be received with pleasure by those who discountenance the use of alcohol as a beverage and it must certainly be considered with respect by all. Mr. Horsley did not touch on all phases of the subject by any means, and there remains room for much study of the pathologic and physiologic effects of alcohol, for example such as that of Nicloux on the influence of alcohol on the pregnant woman, which was recently noticed in these columns. Aside from the purely scientific medical aspects of the subject, as a profession we should always remember that many moderate drinkers often become immoderate drinkers, something which can happen to very few teetotalers, and it should never be forgotten that alcohol, even when prescribed by the physician, has occasionally worked great harm."

Food and Digestion.

A LONG application of a moderate degree of heat makes all tough meats tender. All foods are more digestible as well as appetizing in consequence of a retention of their natural juices. Whether meats are tough or tender depends upon two things: The character of the walls of the muscle tubes and the character of the connective tissues which bind these tubes together. In young, well-nourished animals the tube walls are thin and delicate, and the connective tissue is small in amount. As the animals grow older, or are made to work—and this is particularly true in the case of poorly-nourished animals—the walls of the muscle tube become thick and hard. This is the reason why the flesh of young, well-fed animals is tender and easily masticated, while the flesh of old, hard-worked, poorly-fed animals is often so tough that prolonged boiling or roasting seems to have but little effect on it. A writer in the People's Health Journal says:

"The question of the digestibility of food in the broad sense is a very complex one, and there is much room for investigation in this field of research in learning the quantities of nutrients which are digested from different kinds of meats, in studying the effects of cooking, in determining the influence of different substances and conditions upon digestion and in the study of numerous other questions. Until these investigations and experiment shall have been made it will not be possible to affirm much more about the digestibility of meats than the simple, but important statement that nearly all the protein and about 95 per cent. of the fats are digested by the average person."

"Uncivilized man differs from the civilized man in no more striking way than in the preparation of food. The former takes his nourishment as it is offered by nature, the latter prepares his food before eating, and in the ways which are the more perfect, the more advanced his culture. Meat is rarely eaten raw by civilized people. For the most part it is either roasted, stewed, fried or boiled. Among the chief objects of cooking are the loosening and softening of the tissues which facilitates digestion by exposing them more fully to the action of the digestive juices. Another important object is to kill parasites, and thus render harmless, organisms that might otherwise expose the eater to great risk. Minor, but by no means unimportant objects are the coagulation of albumen and blood so as to render the meat more acceptable to the sight, and the development and improvement of the natural flavor, which is often accomplished in part by the addition of condiments."

"Flavoring materials and an agreeable appearance do not directly increase the thoroughness of digestion, but serve to stimulate the digestive organs to greater activity. As regards the actual amount digested, this stimulation is probably not of so great moment as is commonly supposed. Meat, that has been extracted with water so as to be entirely tasteless has been found in actual experiment to be as quickly and completely digested as an equal weight of meat roasted in the usual way. In general it is probably true that cooking diminishes the ease of digestion of most meats. Cooking certainly cannot add to the amount of nutritive material in meat; and it may, as we shall see, remove considerable quantities of the nutrients."

"If it is desired to heat meat enough to kill parasites or bacteria in the inner portions of the cut, the piece must be exposed to the action of heat for a long time. Ordinary methods of cooking are seldom sufficient. In a piece of meat weighing ten pounds the temperature of the interior after boiling four hours, was only 190 Fahr. The inner temperature of meat when roasting has been observed to vary from 160 to 200 deg. Fahr., according to the size of the piece. In experiments upon the canning of meat it was found that when large cans, and even small ones, were kept for some time in a salt water bath, at a temperature considerably above the boiling point of water, the interior temperature of the meat rose only to 208 deg. in some cases and 165 deg. in others. Large cans of meat are more apt to have bad spots than smaller ones, because the heat in them is not sufficient to destroy the bacteria, or other organisms that cause meat to decompose."

A Tough Animal.

THE Healthy Home thinks that man is the toughest animal that lives. It says:

"There has been some debate as to what is the toughest animal. Cats are said to have nine lives. They certainly go through most astonishing adventures and turn up comparatively unharmed. Alligators die hard, and so do turtles; but it is probable that man is the toughest animal of all. Half the nicotine in a single cigar will kill a snake, but many a man smokes twenty or thirty cigars a day. Many a man in the course of a year will consume alcohol enough to carry off an alligator with fatty degeneration of the liver or Bright's disease of the kidneys. A man in training will travel farther in a day than a horse, even without a bicycle. He can endure the withdrawal of food better than an animal. He can stuff himself with total disregard of his needs and endure the consequences better than any other living thing. He is, as Shakespeare says, 'the paragon of animals.'"

signers.
in evidence on

So. California Wine Co.,
220. W. Fourth St. Tel. M. 332.

value of silver reduced the value of a Mexican dollar to less than 50 cents, and the property of its peoples is now measured by these half-dollar coins, suffering great depreciation. Japan a few years ago made the

place as a maritime nation! For several years past the owning of modern steel steamships has been very profitable, and our commerce has been a harvest for these foreign-owned ships.

Rough.
The Hiding
[New World:] At a town a star actress of

The Development of the Great Southwest.

IN THE FIELDS OF INDUSTRY, CAPITAL AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

Southern California at Paris.

NO LESS than seventeen medals and two honorable mentions (with several exhibits not yet heard from,) have been awarded to Southern California exhibitors at the Paris Exposition.

This is certainly a striking and most creditable showing for a section of country which, as recently as ten years ago, contained a population of only 200,000.

The following list of medals received by Southern California exhibitors has been furnished The Times by the Chamber of Commerce, in advance of the official publication. A few words of description are appended in regard to each exhibit:

GOLD MEDALS.

Elwood Cooper, Santa Barbara, olive oil.

Mr. Cooper is the pioneer olive grower of California and has been awarded more medals for his oil than all the other growers in the State.

Ackerman & Tuffley, San Diego, olive oil.

This firm is comparatively new in the trade, but has been very successful in placing on the market a first-class pure oil, which is highly spoken of by those who have used it.

Pacific Creamery, Buena Park, condensed milk.

This creamery, which is owned by Messrs. Bixby & Co., employs seventy people. The product is shipped as far East as Denver. There is a business office in Los Angeles. Orders are often filled for carload lots. The company pays as much for milk as the regular creameries, and sometimes more.

Sierra Madre Vintage Company, Lamanda, wine.

In addition to the product of its own vineyards, the company buys the grapes from adjacent vineyards. The business done is mainly jobbing. The company has an office in Los Angeles.

Arlington Heights Fruit Company, Riverside, oranges, and Riverside Orange Company, oranges and lemons.

This exhibit was purchased by the California Exposition Commission, and exhibited under the name of the firms of whom the fruit was purchased, not in the names of the growers.

Pasadena Art Loan Exposition Company, historical display.

This is a historical display of the old missions and relics of mission days in Southern California. The display was arranged under the supervision of Miss Ana Pitcher.

SILVER MEDALS.

George Steckel and Frank Schumacher, photographs.

These Los Angeles photographers seldom or never fail to win prizes when they make a display of what this city can do in the line of photography.

Alamitos Sugar Company, sugar.

This company took prizes at Atlanta and Omaha for its sugar.

Secondo Guasti, Los Angeles, wine.

Mr. Guasti has been engaged in making wine in Los Angeles for eighteen years. He raises some of his own grapes, but purchases largely of vineyards in this neighborhood. Three-fourths of his product is sold in the East in bulk.

Bishop & Co., Los Angeles, crystallized fruits.

This firm received four gold medals at the Columbian Exposition in 1893, when it came in direct competition with the French manufacturers. It also received three gold medals at the Midwinter Exposition, three at Atlanta and three at Omaha, as well as several medals at California State fairs. The firm employs 400 hands during the regular season. They have nine salesmen on the road. The trade is increasing every year. The exhibit of the firm at Paris consisted of a special case of fruits in glass, crystallized fruits and fruit pulp. This was the only exhibit made from the United States in its class.

Los Angeles Art Leather Company, city, carved leather.

This is a new industry. The firm employs sixty hands and is enlarging its quarters to meet the demands of the trade. The only exhibit of the kind from California.

Ice and Cold Storage Company, Los Angeles, "Puritas" distilled waters.

This was a display of carbonated waters, including Puritas ginger ale, root beer, etc. This is one of the largest ice and cold storage plants on the Pacific Coast. The manufacture of carbonated beverages is a new departure here. The latest novelty introduced is a drink manufactured from Southern California pomelos.

BRONZE MEDALS.

George Williams & Co., sauce.

The sauce known as Williams's sauce was first made many years ago in England by the father of the present proprietor. Two years ago George Williams & Co. decided to put it on the market and a large local trade has already been built up.

California Fish Company, San Pedro, canned fish.

This exhibit includes samples of sardines in many styles and other fish packed by the company. The firm was awarded medals at Atlanta and at Omaha. The cannery at East San Pedro employs 100 hands and keeps a steam launch constantly busy on the fishing grounds. The company has an office in Los Angeles.

Crystal Salt Works, Los Angeles, salt.

Samples of salt from these works were sent to show

what can be done here in this line. The works are not at present in operation.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Southern California Wine Company, wine.

H. J. Woollacott, wine.

These two firms generally carry off the gold medals. It is supposed that only the wineries were awarded medals at Paris.

It was through the efforts of the Chamber of Commerce that these exhibits, with the exception of the oranges and lemons, were forwarded. Several exhibits are yet to be heard from.

Sauerkraut for China.

LOS ANGELES is beginning to take advantage of the "open door" in China. One of the first shipments to be made there direct from this city is a somewhat curious one. A short time ago Hill & Son, of the pickle works of this city, sent a carload of sauerkraut to China, and now they have orders from Port Arthur for eight carloads more of this product. We may soon expect to see extensive cabbage ranches around Los Angeles.

Prepared Figs.

WM. BRISTOL owner of the "Way Up Rancho" West Highlands, has prepared and will put upon the market this season a new preparation of the fig. Mr. Bristol has spent many years in experimenting with the drying, pressing and canning of figs. His first notable success was in the production of Bristol's Bonbon Figs, a preparation closely resembling candied figs, but more nearly like the natural fruit. These have been upon the market for three years and are a well-known article. The new product is called "Bristol's Banquet Figs," and is put up in two-pound cans. The figs are preserved intact in a thick syrup. They are tender, but retain their form in the syrup, and the delicate fig flavor is preserved. Mr. Bristol uses only the White Smyrna fig for this product. The other varieties have been tried, including the Capri fig grown at Fresno; but with none other has he been enabled to produce the fine quality and uniformity of product he gets with this variety.

Water Development.

THE Santa Fé is now putting down a water well near its old water pumping plant in the Fullerton oil field, which is being watched with great interest. If the well is successful there will immediately be a number put down by owners of mesa land stretching away from the oil field to Yorba. This land was for years devoted exclusively to sheep and is very rich. It is available now for crops only in wet seasons. During the last three years it has swallowed many thousands of dollars invested in seed and labor by ranchers who took chances on rain and lost. If the Santa Fé well being sunk is a success, the same water strata can be found on all these thousands of acres of land. With pumping plants delivering streams for irrigation, the territory will quickly become one of the most valuable and productive of fruit, walnuts and other crops that there is in the country.

Water at Duarte.

MONROVIA is now very proud of her completed water system, which is supplied at a rate so cheap that the citizens do not feel the expense a burden. While Monrovia has been developing her water system, Duarte has not been idle. The Mutual Company has sunk a well and put in a pumping plant that is proving a bonanza to the orange growers this dry season. The well is down 125 feet, and a Dow pump is raising thirty-five inches of water, and elevating it about fifty feet above the surface of the ground, and delivering it into the company's irrigating pipe. A double compound Worthington pump is now being installed at the surface, to be used in forcing the water into the irrigating pump, while the pump in the well will continue development. By sinking deeper into the water-bearing gravel, it is anticipated that 100 inches will easily be obtained. This plant has cost in the neighborhood of \$20,000.

A short distance east and north of the company's well is one put down by A. C. Thomson, in the center of his orange ranch. After two attempts higher up, he was successful in striking water at a depth of forty-five feet. At the bottom of the shaft a 12-inch pipe was sunk another fifty feet, and a splendid well obtained. One hundred inches has frequently been pumped. A double compound Worthington pump is used. The plant cost about \$5000.

On the second ranch to the east of Mr. Thomson's, a well has recently been completed on Walter S. Newhall's property, producing twenty-five inches, and an equal capacity. West, J. A. Maddock has a new well with an equal capacity. One mile further west, E. D. Northup is pumping nearly fifty inches from his well. Notwithstanding the dry season, the coming crop of the Queen Colony is in a fine condition.

Strike in a Placer Mine.

ACCORDING to the Mining Review, a telegram was received from the Masurka Mining and Water Company, in Inyo county, Cal., by the secretary of the company in Los Angeles, which stated that bedrock had been struck in the mine at a depth of thirty-eight feet, and that the gravel prospected well in fine gold. The Review says:

"On June 6, 1899, the company commenced work on a drainage tunnel in Masurka Cañon. The local gravel, of which the first 200 feet consisted, was found to be too loose to stand without timbering, but from that point to the present face of the tunnel (a distance of 1700 feet) strata of cemented gravel, containing a certain amount of clay, were encountered, which made it possible to construct a tunnel 6 feet 4 inches high by 4 feet wide, in a perfectly safe manner. At 1400 feet, the east rim of the

cañon was struck and after an attempt to blast it for a distance of thirty feet, it was found impossible to carry the tunnel to the west, and at 1500 feet a shaft was sunk to locate the direction of the channel. At a depth of fourteen feet in the mine, the east rim was again encountered, dipping to the west at an angle of 45 degrees. Following the course of the rim for a distance of 100 feet, the mine was abandoned and the tunnel was extended to a depth of 200 feet in a northwesterly direction. The mine was started at 1700 feet early in August, and the aforementioned results, namely, that the bedrock was struck at a depth of thirty-eight feet, with a shaft which prospected well in fine gold. The tunnel was slightly to the east and the channel proper will be reached in a few days. The drainage tunnel will now be in to strike the channel and in three months it is expected that the works will be operating to their full capacity."

Another Ostrich Farm.

THE ostrich-raising industry is being extended to Southern California. The Riverside Enterprise reports: "F. M. Brown, whose home is near the Point of this side of High Grove, has received from the ostrich farm two pairs of these queer birds. They were taken from the depot yesterday to the Brown place, a place for their care and keeping had been prepared. The birds are fine specimens of their kind and are seven months old. Mr. Brown has made all arrangements to go into the business of raising the ostrich for the purpose of the opinion that there is no better place in the world to be found in Southern California than this side. The climate is said to be just right for the ostrich and as climate has all to do in the success of the ostrich taking he expects to do well."

"An ostrich farm right near the city's center has been established and tourist, and from now on Mr. Brown expects to have many more callers than usual at his home."

Artesian Wells in Arizona.

THE striking of artesian water near Benson, Ariz., is likely to work a transformation in that region. Benson Press says:

"The gratifying progress of the artesian well sunk at Benson is watched with the keenest interest in Arizona. Since cutting through the big bed of clay which counteracted the drill has penetrated a porous sand and foot of which has steadily increased the flow of water has demonstrated that beneath the San Pedro Valley flows an artesian stream which has an unlimited supply of the life-giving fluid to irrigate thousands of acres of land; and tributary to Benson are two hundred acres of the finest land in the world, which will be up and cultivated by development of artesian wells. Climate of this region is unsurpassed, and its equableness will appeal strongly to the homeseekers. Soil is very fertile and will produce abundantly all the vegetables, fruits and forage. Upon the luxuriant fields of the valley will be fattened the cattle and the ranges in the hills surrounding. Instead of beef from Kansas and the Salt River region, we will be exporting stall-fed cattle and refrigerator beef to all parts. And in the great mining country, Mule, Dragon, Whetstone, Huachuca and Patagonia, all developing with wonderful rapidity, there will be markets for all the produce which can be turned out of the fertile acres of the valley. Bisbee now has eight thousand people, and will soon have ten thousand. That one camp alone consumes the produce of many sections of land. It is now brought in from the River Valley and from the east. Turquoise, Pima, Shaw, Washington and other growing camps in the mountain ranges named already give employment to thousands of men, and many of them will attain a growth of population rivaling that of Bisbee. All this means a great market for the productions which will be turned out of the artesian irrigated fields and farms of the San Pedro Valley."

"W. Abell, at the Stone house, about six miles from Benson, has a place which demonstrates what can be done in the San Pedro Valley with artesian water. Last year he moved in from Maricopa county and took up a section of land. He sunk a two-inch artesian well to a depth of about four hundred feet, getting a flow of water to sixty gallons per minute, which he declares is equal to irrigating eighty acres of land. The well cost him \$350, which cost included boring, casing, etc. In a few months since he got his flow of water, but he has cultivated an extensive melon patch, from which he will this season market about two thousand melons, each one, which, he says, earn him an average of 25 cents each per day. Everything he raises Mr. Abell at Bisbee for good prices. Within the flow of water that one well Mr. Abell will within a few years own a quarter section of land a very handsome and valuable property. And along the San Pedro River there are hundreds of quarter sections where Mr. Abell's well is duplicated."

Pressed Brick.

THE Riverside Pressed Brick Company's new plant started last week, and is now in fine working condition—a modern and expensive one—is located on the company's east of the Thirteenth-street house. It is the intention to make 20,000 bricks a day. There are shelving accommodations and drying racks for 100,000 brick. Every fourth day, the bricks that are drying will be placed in the kiln and the process continued until half a million bricks are being burned. A large boiler has been placed to supply oil used in burning the bricks. The operation of the machinery has a capacity of 3000 bricks per hour. The plant is operated by a twenty-horse steam motor.

SOUTHWEST BY

By Bill the Boy

I WRITE this on Sunday, the 9th, of the Admission of this State into the Union. I am sitting on the steamship Oregon, brought the good news and a picture of her, steaming into the harbor with the official record of the good news. The subject of the first drop curtain at the Exposition opened to the public in October, 1899, three steamers built by Howland & Sons, via Panama, before the discovery of the Panama Canal, the other two built by the California and Panama being the other two. The Panama was afterward captain of the Go by fire off Manzanillo in July, 1899. Of that vessel, a Hebrew was detected, and Patterson had the ends knocked off the vessel, into which the man was taken, and he was held for an hour each day, rival at San Francisco, the Hebrew brought against the Pacific Mail Company and got this led up to Patterson's discharge of employ.

I can sit here and imagine how the California metropolis are decorated, and how the Native Sons are making this occasion a rejoicing. But my thoughts are busy with gallant souls that have passed on, while I remain to survive—

"Like some sad, beaten host of
Withdrawn afar in time's remorse"

The founders of this State sprang from each man represented a different State, nationality; and his name was Cosmo, world. These were home-seekers, bent on adding wings to the house erected by the gods. And if the prayers of the good could be heard, the brave, the Homeric story of their nation will live in the memories of all until heroism shall grow tame and vain to the hearts of mankind. The man wiser than they knew."

They bore the ax and the rifle into a new land and the wolf and bear disputed their advantage as the blinding torrent of Yosemite into the great Sierra's solitudes and leveling as with a single blow. Towns sprang up and some of these expanded into cities, unable to survive the decadence of the old, dropped into apathy and finally perished altogether. Of all these there was none. Shasta, first called "Redding's Springs," Shasta county for nearly forty years. In 1865, when the national imbecility, James W. the pathfinder, Fremont, the town of Shasta, twenty-five hundred votes; and while the women and children in the mountain count the population of that town could not have of 5000 souls. Today it has less than 5000 in its former greatness having Redding or elsewhere. Redding was known in early days. In Shasta's palm day Shad kept a saloon in which was a picture of a man, for which he paid \$5000 out of the old house in San Francisco. A man named Loggery brick building there, at a cost of \$50,000 was sold for taxes in 1896 and brought the purchaser wrenched off the iron doors and sold them in Colusa for \$2000, a year four-story Empire Hotel, which cost \$100,000, has stood tenantless for the last six years last drop to a full cup came when the oldest country newspaper in the State, the Chronicle, followed the line of march and Redding.

Other decadences of once-prosperous towns date all over the northern end of the State. But one house now as against sixty. Grove, in 1870, had thirty-seven houses, many stories high and not a soul living in one of them as late as 1895, had five hotels, a jockey club and a dozen saloons. Today it has but one, and less than twenty families living in a town of 2000. On the other hand, quartz mining has been the mountain towns up and property has been wrecked. In this category may be included Inyo, Angel's Camp, Grass Valley, Nevada. Other foothill towns there are of permanence to orchard and vineyard culture. We include Auburn, Colfax (first called Iowa Hill, Columbia, Jamestown, Mokelumne, Snake Bar, Oroville and a dozen other places). As the State continues to fill up, I look for all the foothill towns. Many of them have elements of foreign-born population—Italians, F

SOUTHWEST BY SOUTH.

By Bill the Bo'sun.

WRITE this on Sunday, the 9th, the fiftieth anniversary of the Admission of this State into the Union. The old steamship Oregon brought the good news to San Francisco and a picture of her, steaming into the Golden Gate with the official record of the good news on board, was the subject of the first drop curtain at Maguire's Opera-house, opened to the public in October, 1856. She was one of three steamers built by Howland & Aspinall to carry the mails via Panama, before the discovery of gold, the California and Panama being the other two. She was commanded by Capt. R. H. Pearson, the Panama by Capt. David G. Bailey and the California by Capt. Cassius P. Patterson, U.S.N., afterward at the head of the Coast Survey Bureau. The California was broken up at San Francisco about seven years ago, after nearly twenty years' service as a sailing vessel. The Oregon, at last accounts, was likewise under canvas and engaged in the Puget Sound lumber trade. She sank the old packet Germania in a collision off the Oregon coast about fifteen years ago. The Panama is still afloat, with her original machinery in her, and was the nucleus of the Nicaraguan navy. Patterson was afterward captain of the Golden Gate, destroyed by fire off Manzanillo in July, 1862. On the second voyage of that vessel, a Hebrew was detected in stealing some mail; and Patterson had the ends knocked out of an empty pack barrel, into which the man was placed and made to walk the decks for an hour each day. On the ship's arrival at San Francisco, the Hebrew brought suit for \$50,000 against the Pacific Mail Company and got a verdict of \$3000. This led up to Patterson's discharge from the company's employ.

I can sit here and imagine how the streets of the California metropolis are decorated, and how the Pioneers and the Native Sons are making this occasion a scene of great rejoicing. But my thoughts are busy with memories of the olden days that have passed on, while a handful of veterans survive—

"Like some sad, beaten host of old
Withdrawn afar in time's remotest blue."

The founders of this State sprang from no one nativity. Each man represented a different State, if not a different nationality; and his name was Cosmopolite—citizen of the world. These were home-seekers, bent on the mission of finding wings to the house erected by the fathers of 1776. And if the prayers of the good could be added to the deeds of the brave, the Homeric story of their hardships and privations will live in the memories of future generations until lions shall grow tame and valor cease to appeal to the hearts of mankind. The men of '49 "built what they knew."

They had the ax and the rifle into a startled wilderness and the wild and bear disputed their advance in vain. Reckless of the blinding torrent of Yosemite, they marched into the great Sierra's solitudes and leveled the forest giants as with a single blow. Towns sprang up at their command and some of these expanded into cities, while others, unable to survive the decadence of the exhausted placers, faded into apathy and finally perished from the map altogether. Of all these there was none so sadly fated as Redding, first called "Redding's Springs," the county seat of Shasta county for nearly forty years. At the election of 1857, when the national imbecile, James Buchanan, defeated the pathfinder, Fremont, the town of Shasta polled over twenty-five hundred votes; and while there were but few women and children in the mountain counties at that period, the population of that town could not have been far short of one million. Today it has less than 400, all the busy scene in its former greatness having moved away to Redding or elsewhere. Redding was known as "Waugh's City" in early days. In Shasta's palmy days a man named Red kept a saloon in which was a picture of Bacchus and he, for which he paid \$5000 out of the old Arcade gaming-house in San Francisco. A man named Logue built a three-story building there, at a cost of \$70,000 in 1855. It was sold for taxes in 1865 and brought just \$400. The drunken wench of the iron doors and window shutters, and sold them in Colusa for \$2000, a year later. The big two-story Empire Hotel, which cost nearly \$65,000 in 1860, has stood tenantless for the last six years; and the last drop to a full cup came when the Shasta Courier, the oldest country newspaper in the State except the Calaveras Chronicle, followed the line of march and moved off to Redding.

Other decadencies of once-prosperous towns are in evidence all over the northern end of the State. Nelson Point has but one house now as against sixty in 1854. Pine Grove, in 1870, had thirty-seven houses, most of them two stories high and not a soul living in one of them. La Porte, in 1865, had five hotels, a jockey club, two banks and a dozen saloons. Today it has but one hotel and there are less than twenty families living in a town which, between Saturday night and Monday morning, bought \$15,000 to \$20,000 worth of gold dust for fifteen years consecutively. On the other hand, quartz mining has kept some of the mountain towns up and property has been well improved. In this category may be included Jackson, Sutter Creek, Angel's Camp, Grass Valley, Nevada City and others. Other foothill towns there are which owe their existence to orchard and vineyard culture. In this list are Auburn, Colfax (first called Illinois Town), Mary Hill, Columbia, Jamestown, Mokelumne Hill, Rattlesnake Bar, Oroville and a dozen other places that once had banks, hotels, their banks and their daily newspapers. In the State continues to fill up, I look for a renaissance of all the foothill towns. Many of them have large elements of foreign-born population—Italians, Portuguese and

Frenchmen—who are expert vignerons and who will make the vine and the fig tree grow upon the acid soil whose sparkling treasures were once poured out into the rocks and the "Long Tom." These fellows fight at the least provocation and are always too handy with their long knives. But there is one consolation—they will work; and the increase of taxable property in Tuolumne, Stanislaus and Calaveras counties, in the past ten years, is the best proof of this. They are realizing the prophecy contained in Bayard Taylor's poem:

"Thy future children shall restore the grace
Gone with thy fallen pines;
The wild, barbaric beauty of thy face
Shall round to classic lines."

But for the towns of the high Sierras, where I lived in my twenties, there is no hope. The gold is long since gone and the timber is pretty well exhausted through a wasteful system of lumbering work. The heavy snows, sometimes twenty feet deep, are crushing in the deserted homes of the Argonauts; and the day is not far off when the names of Rabbit Creek, Sawpit Flat, Secret Diggings, Hesperidam, Gibsonville and Port Wine will be but memories to this generation and traditions to the next. I can see no resurrection for that portion of the State unless some new quartz discoveries are made. The sugar-pine timber is all cut away, that is, all that is valuable; and it will be at least a century before it can be replaced by another growth. There is no coal nor copper to be found there, and the "mother lode" passes many miles to the westward of them. The lands will only serve as midsummer pastures for a few nomadic herds of sheep, and everybody knows that their owners are the very worst tax dodgers in Christendom. A few hundred people will go up there every summer to camp out amid the tapering minarets of the pines and tamaracks, to escape the scorching heat of Chico, Red Bluff, Oroville and Forestown, but I fear the days of the high Sierra towns are virtually numbered. The foothill towns will continue to improve, however, especially those along the line of the Central Pacific, because they can deliver their fruit in the eastern distributing cities one day freer than those grown in the orchards about San José and Stockton. The foothill countries are all right, up to date.

And the men are nearly all gone who made those high Sierra towns, those swarming hives of industry in the fifties. Some were shot in bar-room brawls, some stabbed to death in gambling rows, some drowned in the far-off Fraser or the Snake, while only a few remain to join in the grand festivities at San Francisco today. Once they were strong and stalwart, singing or whistling at their work as the pine-crowned hills resounded with the strokes of their axes. Now they are mostly weary and toil-worn veterans, tired of life's continuous battle, and, with the courage that brought them out here in the first place, are calmly awaiting the coming of rest and the end of all things earthly. I look back at those golden days, and have none but the sweetest memories of the brave and manly men who have passed onward and upward to a pioneer's reward. No other country ever saw such a population, so enterprising, industrious, generous and brave. Even as I write now, my quiet little room seems filled with whispers from the lips that once glowed with ruddy life, but are now mute and cold. And the very walls seem covered with faces of the loved and the brave who have crossed the River of Silence, as, with shadowy fingers, they beckon me onward to the ford.

Truly, this is a great State. Its showers of gold are no longer forthcoming as they were a half-century ago, but California is not poor. Thanks to God and herself, she is still rich and the self-chosen arbiter of her own destiny. She exports as great values in fruit and grain today as she did of gold in the years that have flown. The millionaires of many other States got their first lift out of the mire of poverty in this State. A few of them yet remain to recall the memories of their earlier struggles on the great battlefield which we call life, a battle in which only the fittest can hope to survive, while the weaker ones go to the wall. The only two steamship lines across the Pacific were the property of two California pioneers, Huntington and Spreckels, until the former died a few weeks ago. The greatest educational institution of the Pacific States was the creation of Leland Stanford, another California pioneer, while our largest caravansary is the handiwork of William Sharon, likewise one of the Argonauts. Would you see another pioneer whose 80 years have not yet quenched the energy of his undertakings? There stands sturdy old Alvina Hayward. All these things go to show the stubborn fiber of which our worthy old pioneers were made. To those who have passed on, be glory immortal. Their sons shall study their heroic virtues and keep alive the leaven which added a new star to our glorious banner. And to the chosen few that remain, I echo the homely benison of Rip Van Winkle, "May you live long and prosper."

I am glad to see the stand taken by our police officials in reference to the side doors and private boxes of the saloons. I hope to see the day when saloon-keepers will be content to sell liquor to men only, and not seek to get rich by debauching young girls and boys with their private boxes and side doors. This thing of women going to saloons to drink is all a part of the he-woman business through which men have been crowded out of employment by girls whose relatives are amply able to support them at home. The woman who thinks for herself is very apt to act for herself, and the woman who does that often gets into trouble. I can tell you something about a girl and some side doors. She was brought up in a small village in Colusa county and went to San Francisco, in 1897, to visit a married woman who had been her schoolmate. Arriving there, she found her a totally changed woman. The husband was a politician, and stayed out at night. He picked his company, she chose hers. The country girl was taken into the variety halls, and, after the performance, to the cellar halls for lunch and beer. At the end of ninety days she was a totally ruined woman, and drank whisky as if it were milk. The married woman, deserted by her husband,

also became a social outcast; and last May saw the pair of them on board of a steamship headed for Cape Nome, there to end a blasted existence. Do you wonder that I wish to see the private boxes torn out and the side doors of saloons closed? And yet that is only one case in a thousand in that great city.

There's an aged couple in that old Sacramento Valley home, whose feet have grown weary in the endless treadmill of life, who, for a year, wondered why Linda did not come home. They continued to send her money for that purpose, but she never came. At the end of a year her brother was sent in quest of her; and all he could say on his return to the parental roof was, "Don't ask me!" Then they knew that the one they loved so well and had nurtured to carefully was gone beyond reclamation, and had met a fate worse than death. The autumn days of their worthy and industrious lives are full of nothing but dead leaves and withered hopes. Each day goes by like a shadow on their hearts. Sometimes they pick up a paper and read an advertisement headed "Boy Lost," but there is none for a "Girl Lost" in the kennels and dens that infest that great city. No, the good are content to worship their God and the righteous to worship their gold; and there is no helping hand outstretched to save the young and gay-hearted from the perils that beset them on every side. I have no prejudice against saloons, but I do think their keepers ought to be content with getting their money from the patronage of men, without seeking to debauch young girls with the aid and connivance of older women, who should know better than to take them anywhere near such places. So I congratulate our Police Commissioners on having taken a step in the right direction, and commend Mayor Eaton for his good judgment manifested in their selection.

The planing-mill operatives of San Francisco have been on a strike for eight hours' work per day, for the last three weeks; and are no nearer to a solution of the problem than when they first began the strike. The owners of the planing mills say they cannot compete with the planing mills of Oregon and Puget Sound if they accede to the demand of the strikers. Those mills begin their work at 6 a.m. and end it at 6 p.m., with one hour, at noon, intermission for dinner. As all those mills are lighted by electricity during the winter months, they can turn out the same amount of moldings and rustic the year round. Hence, just how the San Francisco mills can compete with them on eight hours' work in each day is not altogether clear. The sibboleth of the eight-hour advocates is "eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep and eight hours for recreation," which probably means eight hours in a public house. I have seen several big labor strikes, including the coal-miners' strike at Newcastle, N. S. W., in 1888; and I have yet to see one in which the strikers themselves were not the greatest sufferers in the long run.

BILL THE BO'SUN.

TICKLED OUT OF TROUBLE.

[Chicago Times-Herald:] Raymond Crane, the three-year-old son of Charles P. Crane, No. 100 Flournoy street, had his foot fast in a water pipe for nearly four hours yesterday afternoon, and had it not been that a man suggested tickling the member with a straw it might have been there yet. The child was playing in front of his home, where a new asphalt pavement is being laid, and immediately thrust his bare foot into an open, perpendicular pipe which connects with a big main. He had no sooner done this than he tried to take his foot out again, but found he could not. In his anxiety to remove it he thrust his foot farther and farther in until the pipe incased his leg from a few inches above the knee down. Then he gave up and began to scream.

Workmen ran to the spot and the lad's mother also came. All efforts to release the boy failed, and as a last resort it was found necessary to dig down about the pipe and unscrew it. During this process Mrs. Crane held her son, and every time the pipe made a revolution the boy turned with it.

When the perpendicular pipe was finally freed from the main it was carried with the boy into the Crane home. Then came the question of its removal. The frightened mother suggested calling a physician, but cooler heads thought it looked more like a job for a blacksmith. One thing was tried after another, but none of them aided in any way to free the boy's leg. Finally some one who had been attracted by the excitement made a suggestion which at first seemed ridiculous, but it won out.

"Put a straw in at the other end of the pipe and tickle his foot with it," the onlooker suggested to those working hard to free the leg.

The mother cast scornful glances at the seemingly uncalled-for impertinence of the man with the thought, "Everything else had failed, and it was decided to try the straw before resorting to the chisel."

As soon as the straw touched the lad's foot his sobs ceased, and he began to wriggle and laugh hysterically. In one of his jumps he succeeded in loosening the hold the pipe held on his heel and toe, and then all were elated to see him draw his leg from the tube. The workmen conveyed the pipe to where it belonged, and Mrs. Crane bandaged her son's leg and gave him a warning concerning little boys who put their feet where they don't belong.

FASHIONABLE MRS. LI HUNG CHANG.

[Philadelphia Times:] The diamonds of Li Hung Chang's wife are accounted to be the finest in the empire. She is a great leader of fashions, too, and is said to have achieved this reputation by inventing fifty different ways in which her glossy black hair could be dressed, although it is probable that to the average American they would all look alike.

Her feet are disfigured, as are those of all Chinese women of rank, and only by being carried three hours in the fresh air every day is she able to make a pretense at the exercise of European women. Oil of orange and acacia blooms are said to be the component parts of the bath which she takes twice daily, and out of the fifty coiffures her favorite is a style called "The Faithful Dragoness," a beast supposed to be the guardian of all good women. The hair is twisted into the shape of what might to the ardent eastern imagination appear to be a dragon, and in what is intended to be its mouth a white lotus flower is placed.

WAWBEWAWA—

THE WHITE GOOSE.

"Whither, midst falling dew,

While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?"

Far to the north—the illimitable boundaries of the white world, beyond the pale even of the Red Horseman, there lies a mossy land. A land where the sun, shining but weakly at best, serves only to dispel the snowy mantle for a few short months. There the earth slopes forever to the pole, there the polar seas forever drink from the snows of the land, and the streams are forever placid, never roaring, always slow and deep. There the mighty salmon, leaping, splashes the very snows with the spray of his fall, while with dainty feet the beautiful sandpiper seeks his food on the shores of the eternal polar seas. Back on the undra the gaunt reindeer, velvet-shod, stalk noiseless over a carpet such as man never dreamed, a carpet at once beautiful and useful. All the hues of the rainbow mingle in this mossy tapestry; this carpet laid by the hand of infinity while man yet slumbered in the bowels of oblivion.

All the tiny flowers of the Northland are mingled in this weaving, while ever and anon fresh colors flow from the loom of nature, the ever-resourceful weaver of the universe. Now and again the moss tremble and raises itself in tiny lumps as some mouse (white as his surroundings,) grown overbold, sallies forth to view the short midsummer sun. But, scarce does he appear when the great white owl, like the departed soul of some Northland chief, swoops down with noiseless wing and carries him off a delicious breakfast for the six or seven young owls in their nest on the summit of yonder grassy knoll.

Midst such surroundings as this, one day of early May there appeared, a good thousand feet up in the cloudless blue of the Arctic sky, two lines of wavering dots; two lines which united to form a V-shaped cortege. To the eye upon the earth below they appeared to move slowly, yet such was the rapidity of their passage that from them the wind gave off a whistling sound, much like the song of an arrow as it springs from the good north bow. Steadily they came, ever from south to north, as if the pole star had led them from the depths of the Southland.

And as they drew near to the edge of the great sea their ranks became broken, and they sought altitudes in mad, headlong races, one with another, while a solitary man of the North, his face turned listlessly over the unending plains, hailed their rapid approach with cries of "Wa wa, wa wai!"—"the wild goose, the wild goose!" And so they were. Wearied with the continued exertions of their long flight they settled gradually down on the surface of the little bay, huge flocks of living snow upon the deep blue of those peerless Arctic waters.

In olden days and in another land their race had been called Anseres—called by the masters of the most wonderful tongue of which the human race has knowledge—the language of Father Tiber. Farther to the south, where sunny corn fields lay beneath shimmering palms, olive-skinned men called them gansas, while here, here in the North, the squat tribesmen hailed them as wa wa—the harbingers of an assured summer. Between lay the busy marts of life where the hearts of men were ground to dust beneath the cannon's wheel—there they were Geese, sometimes only "Honkers."

Slowly the days wore on, and pair by pair the squadron melted away into the little hollows and marshes of the surrounding plain. By the middle of June each pair had a hollow scraped in the sand in which lay six or seven large elliptical, yellowish-green eggs. In one of these (I will not tell you which) was Wawbewawa. The blue foxes tried to steal him while he was yet an egg, but his mother met them with angry hisses and sharp blows, while his father stood guard over him during her few absences.

When he awoke from the infinity of an egg heaven to the realities of life, he found himself in a nest lined with down—down from his mother's breast. But now that he was hatched, her trials redoubled. She had to protect her brood from both animals and birds, for, by this time, the great Northern Falcon had come to the assistance of the White Owl in the destruction of life. However, he and his brothers and sisters all lived to reach the water in safety, and so to begin the real life of his ancestors, the life of a sailor.

One after one the weeks rolled into months until the cold winds and the quivering first lances of the Aurora warned the elder members of the band that the grain fields of California were awaiting them, heavy with ungleaned food. So, after many delays, many short flights to test the young birds' powers, one morning in early October they rose and, following their leader, formed in the usual V-shaped flock, headed this time for the south. The Sandpipers, too, were leaving, the ptarmigan and hares had begun to assume their white winter dresses while the mice were putting the last touches to their snug nests, hidden under the long moss of the steppes.

And now the band passed over strange scenes. Great rivers lay beneath them—rivers as deserts as Styx—great plains and lofty granite peaks, where strange, yellow streaks shone in the cracks of the rock. Later they passed above populous settlements—outposts of civilization in this far northern world—and there men worked, labored with their hands to wrest these same golden streaks from the rock, and, having gotten them, fought and did murder for the possession of more of them.

Wawbewawa wondered at this, and longed to go down to see what manner of beings these were, but his leader forbade him in the strange bird tongue of which most men do not understand. A sudden singing of the air close to his head also added its warning, and he sought higher altitudes with promptness and dispatch. Then the flock lowered and sailed for miles over the booming surf, following the varying undulations of the coast line, rising now

some Siwash camp as it lay hidden on the piney shore. Now and then when the day was hot they dropped just outside the surf on the glassy waters of the Pacific, there to rest until the moon, slow rising over Shasta's head, should once more illumine their trackless trail through the wildernesses of space.

Here and there a deer upon the brink of some woodland stream raised his great round eyes as their ghostly forms passed on rushing pinions between him and the moon.

But, oh, how tired were his wings and how dizzy his little brain before he saw below him the broad expanse of colling waters he knew to be the Columbia! He did not call it "Columbia" in his queer bird tongue, but we who do not speak the forest talk have invented this word to conceal its beauty. Here new dangers awaited him, for the great white-headed eagles who guard Miss Columbia rushed on the belated band, and then, indeed, the honkers had to show their speed.

But at last the cities and the rivers were by, and the broad fields of the San Joaquin Valley lay below the white wanderers.

Dropping by slow, graceful curves they finally settled in the midst of a field, far from any bush or possible hiding place for man or dog. Old Wa wa had explained it all to the younger geese, but still he could not see why those things called men should use a dog for hunting, unless it was that their cunning was less than that of the birds. This was so impressed upon young Wawbewawa that when Farmer Jones and I put up a "blind" made of scarlet cloth next day he could not resist investigating it. When he found out that it was dangerous, he used tail, wings, feet and voice to help him get out of there, but our double barrels were too quick for him, and this story is what he told me the other night as he lay on the table "dressed for the feast."

HARRY H. DUNN.

THINGS CHILDREN SAY AND DO.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat:] (Teacher:) "Now, Tommy, give me a sentence, and then we'll change it to the imperative form."

(Tommy:) "The horse draws the wagon."

(Teacher:) "Now put it in the imperative."

(Tommy:) "Gee-up!"

[Philadelphia Press:] (Teacher—in the sentence:)

"Patrick beat John with his fists, what is Patrick?"

(Bright Boy:) "He's Irish."

[Chicago Times-Herald:] A little girl was 9 years old a few days ago and among the presents was a beautiful Bible from her auntie.

After the exciting events of the day were over, the lady who presented the book called to find out how it had been received.

"Yes," said Katherine, "it's a beautiful book."

"I am so glad you like it," her aunt replied.

"It must have cost a good deal, too,"

"It was rather expensive."

"And I have three other Bibles. They are all alike inside, aren't they? And this is just the same as the rest, except the binding, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, it seems to me you might have done better with all the money you had to pay for it if you had bought me a pup."

MEAN MEN.

[London Tid-Bits:] "The meanest man I ever knew," said the shore passenger, "was a fellow who got a football and painted it to look like a watermelon. Then during the summer months he kept it conspicuously displayed in his back yard and amused himself setting a savage bulldog on hungry people who happened to take a fancy to the bogus melon."

"He certainly had his mean points," said the tall passenger, "but I know a fellow who could give him a discount and then beat him at his own game. I was in a restaurant once where this fellow was getting his dinner. After he had finished he called the waiter who had served him and asked:

"How much do you get for a tip, as a rule?"

"The waiter's eyes sparkled; he rubbed his hands together and replied:

"Well, sir, we generally get at least 6 pence, but sometimes nice, genteel, prosperous-looking gents like you gives us a bob."

"Then what did this fellow do but put on his hat and say:

"Thanks. I merely wanted to know how much I was going to save by not giving you anything."



coaxes a New Skin
The testimonials from women
Los Angeles and all through
West prove these facts concerning
the curative properties of
Cream.

It removes freckles after all
arations have failed.

It draws the pimples from beneath
the skin and removes them.

It removes every particle of
and leaves the skin soft and clean.

It clears the skin of all muddiness
and discolorations.

It eradicates moth and live
patches.

It builds a firm flesh.

It imparts the complexion of youth.

It coaxes a new skin.

It costs 50c post paid.

Complete information and directions
use, together with a sample, will be mailed
any address for a 2c stamp. Anita C.

Advt. Bureau, Los Angeles, Cal.

When the old carpets wear out do not
ones, but use our

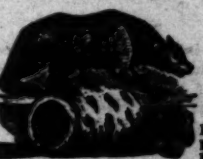
FINE HARDWOOD FLOOR

The cost is much less than carpets and they are much
HEALTHFUL, HEALTHY, CLEANLY and satisfactory.

Laid for \$1.00 per square yard and up.

Excelsior Polishing Co.

Phone green 1507.
Agents for Rinald Bros., Porcelain Enamel Paint.

D. BONOFF
Furrier.

247 E. Broadway, Opp. City
Furs made to order, remodeled
paired. Seal skin garments
reshaped a specialty.

A full line of skins of all kinds carried in stock. A perfect
every garment guaranteed. Tel. Black 8421.

D. BONOFF, Furrier, Formerly with Marshall Field & Co.

Wood Carpet.

A covering for floors in place of the
nary dusty and otherwise objectionable
woolen carpets. Polished Oak
Floors per square yard..... \$1.00

Jno. A. Smith,
Established 1891. 707 S. Broadway



ESTABLISHED 1891
RECOMMENDED BY
LISZT,
WAGNER
RUBINSTEIN
Williamson
Bros.
327 S. Spring

There's a Cry from Haced
Editorial.
The Midnight Sun. By R.
China's Street Shows and
Defends the Machine. By
Our Beauty Spots. By E.
The Juangfan Trolley. By
The Pearl in China. By M.
The Railroad. By H.
The Angler Caught. By F.
The Cost of an Election.
The Chinaman at Home.
Stories of the Firing Line.
A Story Not Understood.

WHY GRAY MOUSE
LAUGHED AT

By a Special Contributor

GREEN-EYES, the cat, was very
that the man thought that he
He was afraid that he would be
with the dog. He and the dog had
friends and he did not like the man
house with an animal with such a
harsh voice.

Green-eyes used to sit up all night
and, saying, "Let me think." The
out on the back fence and made fun of

"It's too bad," they moaned, "that
dark. Why, you cannot even see a
Gray Mouse and his friend White

night to the cellar of the man's house
themselves to catch and apple pie
Green-eyes heard the man say that
that good-for-nothing cat. He saw it
to do something to save his life, and
ing and thinking.

He crawled under a pile of carrots
one night and the carrots fell all over
except the tip of his tail. Then he was
hit and Gray Mouse.

Now, that night Patrick O'Peanut
Mouse and White Rabbit. He was a
cousin, Field Mouse, and whenever he
floor, when Gray Mouse and White

very welcome.

"Gray Mouse," asked Patrick O'Peanut
where I can get any good sweet potatoes

Gray Mouse winked at White Rabbit
know where there were sweet potatoes
and so sweet that sugar tasted like

them. Patrick O'Peanut signed and
"I'll take you to the next moonlight
said, "If you will show me where I
fine sweet potatoes."

So Patrick O'Peanut, Gray Mouse and
running and leaping and laughing to the
house. Patrick O'Peanut turned to the
Rabbit after he had taken a good look
and then he smiled, and smiled.

"I like sweet potatoes very much,"
drew White Rabbit and Gray Mouse
would not give a cent a bushel for all
world. If I had white fur and long
either these carrots over them than

Then Patrick O'Peanut pointed Gray
Rabbit in the ribs and laughed loudly.

There was in a large swinging box near the
Patrick O'Peanut jumped up and got
He took out some sweet potatoes and
on the floor. White Rabbit picked the
them out of the cellar, while Gray Mouse

was a long shelf above the swinging box
potatoes were, and on this shelf were
and spiced watermelon and all kinds of
one and was a big jar of apple butter

O'Peanut had thrown down all the carrots
wanted he crept along the shelf and gave
better a hard push. It fell, struck the
potato bin, broke all to pieces and apple
jar and all fell right on top of the pile

were the queerest sounds which came
carrots that you ever heard. Green-eyes
and kicked and arched up his back. He
of carrots as though there was an earthquake

Then, all covered over with apple butter
and bits of broken crock, he went up the
and screaming at every step.

White Rabbit and Patrick O'Peanut
sweet potatoes that they could carry and

him. Gray Mouse led the way. As they
they got a glimpse of the man who was
in his night clothes with a gun over his

the White Rabbit, the Gray Mouse and
was crouched under the beam from the
from the porch of the man's house.

"That must have been a chagrin," said
he looked his whiskers and smiled.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
There's a Cry from Macedonia. Cartoon.....	1	Good Short Stories. (Compiled)	15
Editorial.....	2	Educating the Philipinos. By Frank G. Carpenter.....	16-17
The Midnight Sun. By Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.....	3	Wind Storms and Their Causes. By G. R.....	17
China's Street Shows and Drama. By Harry Forbes.....	4-5	Current Literature. By Adachi Kinnosuke.....	18-19
Defends the Machine. By Richard Croker.....	5	Graphic Pen Pictures. Sketched Far Afield.	20
Our Beauty Spots. By Elizabeth T. Mills.....	6-7	The House Beautiful. By Kate Greenleaf Locke.....	21
The Jangfran Trolley. From Engineering Review.....	7	Woman and Home.....	22-23
The Pearl in China. By Mrs. Lu Wheat.....	8	Our Boys and Girls.....	24-25
The Railroad. By Herbert E. Hamblen.....	9	Topics of the Times. By a Staff Writer.....	26
The Angler Caught. By Francis Beatty.....	10	An Interlude. By Virna Woods.....	26
The Cost of an Election. By Walter L. Hawley.....	11	Care of the Body. By a Staff Writer.....	27
The Chinaman at Home. By John Foster Fraser.....	12	Development of the Southwest. By a Staff Writer.....	28
Stories of the Firing Line—Animal Stories. (Compiled).....	13	Sou'west by South. By Bill the Bo'sun	29
A Story Not Understood. By Isabel Bates Winslow.....	14		

WHY GRAY MOUSE LAUGHED AT THE TRAP.

By a Special Contributor.

GREEN-EYES, the cat, was very angry when he found that the man thought that he could not catch mice. He was afraid that he would be put out in the kennel with the dog. He and the dog had never been very good friends and he did not like the idea of being in the same house with an animal with such sharp teeth and such a harsh voice.

Green-eyes used to sit up all night with his paw on his head, saying, "Let me think." The neighbors' cats came out on the back fence and made fun of Green-eyes all night long.

"It's too bad," they meowed, "that you cannot see in the dark. Why, you cannot even see a big white rabbit."

Gray Mouse and his friend White Rabbit went every night to the cellar of the man's house, where they helped themselves to cake and apple pie and cheese and carrots. Green-eyes heard the man say that it was time to drown that good-for-nothing cat. He saw it was time for him to do something to save his life, and so he kept on thinking and thinking.

He crawled under a pile of carrots on the cellar floor one night and the carrots fell all over him and hid him all except the tip of his tail. Then he waited for White Rabbit and Gray Mouse.

Now, that night Patrick O'Possum went to visit Gray Mouse and White Rabbit. He was a friend of Gray Mouse's cousin, Field Mouse, and whenever he went under the barn door, where Gray Mouse and White Rabbit lived, he was very welcome.

"Gray Mouse," asked Patrick O'Possum, "do you know where I can get any good sweet potatoes?"

Gray Mouse winked at White Rabbit and said that he knew where there were sweet potatoes nearly a foot long and as sweet as sugar tasted like vinegar compared to them. Patrick O'Possum sighed and looked happy.

"I'll take you to the next moonlight party I have," he said, "if you will show me where I can find those very fine sweet potatoes."

So Patrick O'Possum, Gray Mouse and White Rabbit went sneaking and hopping and laughing to the cellar of the man's house. Patrick O'Possum turned to Gray Mouse and White Rabbit after he had taken a good look around the cellar, and then he smiled, and smiled.

"I like sweet potatoes very much," he whispered as he drew White Rabbit and Gray Mouse close to him, "but I would not give a cent a bushel for all the carrots in the world. If I had white fur and long ears I would rather chew those carrots over there than chew them."

Then Patrick O'Possum poked Gray Mouse and White Rabbit in the ribs and laughed inside. The sweet potatoes were in a large swinging box near the pile of carrots. Patrick O'Possum jumped up and got on top of the box. He took out some sweet potatoes and tossed them down on the floor. White Rabbit picked them up and carried them out of the cellar, while Gray Mouse stood by. There was a long shelf above the swinging box where the sweet potatoes were, and on this shelf were jars of jelly and jam and sliced watermelon and all kinds of good things. At the end was a big jar of apple butter. After Patrick O'Possum had thrown down all the sweet potatoes that he wanted he crept along the shelf and gave the jar of apple butter a hard push. It fell, struck the edge of the sweet potato bin, broke all to pieces and apple butter and broken jars and all fell right on top of the pile of carrots. There was the queerest sound which came out of that pile of carrots that you ever heard. Green-eyes meowed and cried and kicked and arched up his back. He shook up that pile of carrots as though there was an earthquake in the cellar. Then, all covered over with apple butter and little carrots and bits of broken crock, he went up the cellar stairs yelling and screaming at every step.

White Rabbit and Patrick O'Possum picked up all the sweet potatoes that they could carry and ran away to the barn. Gray Mouse led the way. As they hurried along they got a glimpse of the man who was coming down the stairs in his night clothes with a gun over his shoulder. Just as the White Rabbit, the Gray Mouse and Patrick O'Possum were under the barn door they heard bang-bang-bang from the porch of the man's house.

"That must have been a shotgun," said White Rabbit, as he looked his whiskers and smiled.

"Um, um," said Patrick O'Possum, "but these are good sweet potatoes. This is more fun than a coon hunt."

Green-eyes never went back to the man's house again. Many of his friends thought that the man had shot him and the next night out on the back-yard fence all the neighbors' cats met together and sang his funeral song. I think, though, that Green-eyes was not killed. One day, when I was out hunting in the woods I stopped to take a drink at a little spring and a funny little lizard stood on the edge and said: "Excuse me, Mr. Hunter, but did you ever see an apple-butter cat?"

JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON.

[Copyright, 1900, by McClure, Phillips & Co.]

PEOPLE WHO LIVE UNDERGROUND.

[Tit-Bits.] An instance of the preference of some people for living underground was brought to light a short time ago near Southport, in Lancashire. A large house standing a little way out of the town had always elicited the curiosity of those residing in the neighborhood because it was supposed to be tenanted, and yet the windows remained boarded up and the building fell into premature decay for want of repair. Some people, however, vouched for the fact that an old lady lived there, for she was seen to leave the house occasionally and go into the town to purchase the necessities for her existence, a statement which the tradesmen confirmed.

At length, nothing having been seen of this strange tenant for some time, the police took the matter in hand and entered the house by force, but discovered nothing until they reached the cellars, although their suspicions had previously been aroused by finding coal and other things generally kept underground in a large room upstairs. Further search proved the cellars to be most luxuriously furnished, and in one of the antique carved armchairs sat the old lady, dead. She must have lived by herself deep underground for nearly ten years, shunning the light of day except when it was absolutely necessary for her to go out.

Another peculiar case comes from Dorsetshire, and will be well within the recollection of many of the inhabitants of the county. A gentleman of means, wishing to build a house, selected a site he thought would suit his purpose, for it was on the summit of the downs overlooking the sea. His reason for choosing such a strange spot was because he wished to be where he could continually hear the roar of the waves against the cliffs below.

Some architects were instructed to erect the building, but they said that unless it was of extraordinary strength it would, in all probability, come down upon the occupant's head in consequence of the terrific power of the gales that visit that part of the coast during the winter. But the gentleman determined not to be outdone, so he actually furnished one of the old smugglers' caves, numbers of which are to be found in the chalk cliffs near Lyme Regis. In this strange and lonely dwelling place he lived for seven years, and only abandoned it to enter the bonds of matrimony.

A STORY ABOUT C. P. HUNTINGTON.

[Washington Correspondence New York Evening Post.] Mr. Huntington, though he never wore a band on his hat or a badge on his breast to indicate who he was, did a great deal of inspecting on his own transportation lines. He once boarded an Oakland ferryboat for San Francisco, and, being hungry, strode at once into the restaurant and ordered a beefsteak. Neither the waiters nor anybody else had an idea who he was, and his steak was sent to him, as it appeared to be to most of the customers, fried, done to a crisp, and very unappetizingly served. Mr. Huntington looked around enough to satisfy himself that that was about the style of the establishment, and then at his watch, which told him that the cook had taken so long to spoil this steak that the boat was almost at the San Francisco dock. The only remark he made as he left the restaurant was, "You must be making a pile of money here." Nobody paid any attention to him; but the proprietor began to realize who he was on receiving by the next morning's mail a few lines from Mr. Huntington to this general effect: "The disparity between the food you serve and the price you demand for it is so great that it is plain that your business must be extremely profitable. You can therefore probably afford to pay \$8-per day per boat as easily as your present rate, \$4. The rate is raised accordingly."

Miss Edith Hope Ogden, the young sculptress who won the competition for the bronze tablet to be presented to the steamship St. Paul, has finished that piece of work. The tablet represents a finely executed design in low relief of the battleship off the coast of Porto Rico, beneath which is the legend of the ship's history, the whole being within a border decoration, significant of victory, in nautical designs both artistic and expressive.

The Charm of Beauty

IS EVERYWHERE RECOGNIZED.

And a beautiful complexion is one of the greatest charms a woman can possess.

Loleta Beauty Cream

Beautifies and preserves the skin—removes all blemishes—cures pimples, blackheads and freckles.

BRINGS BEAUTY TO EVERY FACE

For sale at ELLINGTON'S DRUG STORE, corner Spring and Fourth Streets, or by mail, price 50 cents. Send for circular.



The Kind That Nourishes. MECK'S Aerated Bread.

This is a bread which combines the most nutrition with the least tax on the digestive organs—nothing equals it. Invalids who have not tasted bread for years make this their principal diet. There is a reason for it. Why? Because with our new process we can expand the gluten in the bread without fermentation. Most bread consumed comes from bakeries—the house wife has not the time to attend to it, nor can she get the same result by having the same flour.

It is a science to bake bread well. We have been in the business over thirty years and we know the exact temperature which it requires and all the other conditions. We quote the following from one of the leading physicians of this city. "I regard aerated bread highly nutritive, easily digested and far better than ordinary bread—due to its being free of fermentation." The increasing demand for aerated bread tells the story.

Meek Baking Company,

Retail store 326 W. Fourth St. Tel. M. 1011. Bakery, Sixth and San Pedro St. Tel. M. 323.

CURSE OF DRINK

Drunkenness Cured by White Ribbon Remedy.

Can be Given in Glass of Water, Tea or Coffee Without Patient's Knowledge.

White Ribbon Remedy will cure or destroy the diseased appetite for alcoholic stimulants, whether the patient is a confirmed inebriate, "a tippler," social drinker or drunkard. Impossible for anyone to have an appetite for alcoholic liquors after using White Ribbon Remedy. Los Angeles—Owl Drug Co., 324 South Spring Street. By mail \$1.00. Trial package free by writing MRS. T. C. MOORE, President W. C. T. U., Ventura, California.

SCHOOL BOOKS EXCHANGED.

School Books—New and Second-Hand—at a low price. Cash paid for second-hand books.

Late Novels rented, 10c first week; 2c per day thereafter.

JONES BOOK STORE,

226 W. First Street, Los Angeles.

So. California Wine Co.,

220. W. Fourth St. Tel. M. 332.

value of silver reduced the value of a Mexican dollar to less than 50 cents, and the property of its peoples is now measured by these half-dollar coins, suffering great depreciation. Japan a

place as a maritime nation! For several years past the owning of modern steel steamships has been very profitable, and our commerce has been a harvest for these foreign-owned ships. Our inland and coastwise

The Hiss [New World:] A town a star actress

Baked by Bishop.

There's but one—only one—genuine Ginger Cookie, that's Bishop's. Before you accept the package, look to see that it bears the name of "Bishop." "Bishop" stands for the best in Ginger Cookies as well as other things.

Ye Grandmothers

10 and 15 cents a package—and such a package full of goodness for the money! Good because the cookies are made with pure ginger and pure molasses in a clean way. Old fashioned grandmothers cookies with the good old-fashioned taste.

Bishop & Co. Makers

Ginger Cookies.



Whether you work with brain or brawn, you need a healthy, nutritious bread.

Capitol Flour,

A strictly pure food product, is made from wheat containing a large percentage of gluten—the nutritious part of the wheat. Bread made from Capitol Flour keeps light and moist longer than when other flour is used. Every sack guaranteed.



Puritas Pomelo and sparkling Ginger Ale are beverages for the dinner table in cool weather as well as warm—they have the snap and life of champagne—a delicate fruity flavor—and are extremely healthful, the Pomelo being the pure juice of the grape fruit and the finest imported Jamaica ginger being used in the Ginger Ale. Both beverages are made from Puritas Distilled Water. One dozen pint bottles delivered to your home for \$1.40. We buy the empty bottles back for 20 cents.

ICE AND COLD STORAGE CO.

Tel. Main 228.

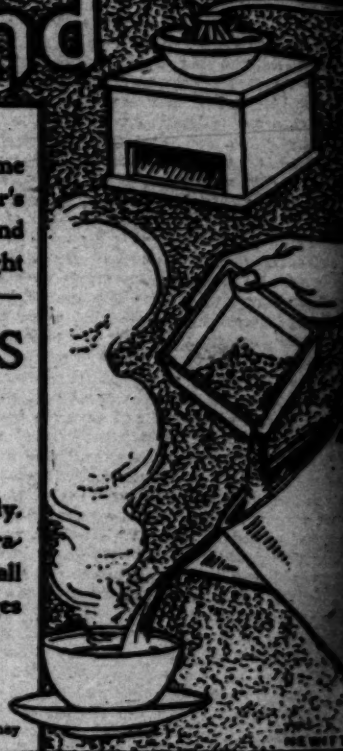
NEWMARK'S Hawaiian Blend

Step by step, from the time the coffee leaves the grower's hands, until—blended and roasted, ready for its air-tight package, homeward bound—

NEWMARK'S HAWAIIAN BLEND.

Is watched most diligently. Dust and dirt all out, fragrance and appetizingness all in. One pound packages only. Imported, roasted and packed by Newmark Bros.

Keep the coupons in the package, they have a value.



EDITORIAL SHEET

City News.

XIX YEAR

New Goods in

Ville de

Mail orders promptly filled.

An assemble of rare and beautiful laces with never its equal in Los Angeles.

If you want to obtain a coming new fall gowns you

Beautiful

All-Over Laces.

Some of the handsomest all laces approved by dame fashions are cluny, point de Venise, curial, renaissance and oriental laces. Persian novelties in pliqued gold cloth and taffeta. It is hard to conceive the gance of this exhibition of elaborate finery without ing it.

Dainty

New Ruchings.

All the newest fads show these airy trimmings, so essential in beautifying awell get Shirred liberty satin ruch with lace, hemstitched, and edges in black, ecru and w all widths, new black and w satin bands with gold trimmings for collars.

NEW FALL

Every type of garment that season is represented in this

Tailor Suits

Also new clip box front jackets, with stitched reverses, new three colors, and finished materials in newest fall shades.



The Se

Hugh Miller, stone-mason, who cess, replied, "I laid." Like the science in every no-pains, no effort. How well by my record bo I fit sends to me ALUMINUM A every case I fit; bor it entails, bu has taught me th comfort and se Ideal materials, tion guaranteed.

W. W. S

Elastic Hosiery and Supporters.

PEERLE

The Best

\$1.50

waltz. "Mercedes"
e's Dream After the
march potpourri
overle" (arr. Meyer)
Cavalry" (Buppel)
" (Corbin) "The
" (Lansdowne)
" (Graham)

This is a most significant bargain. When every one else is asking as much as they can, we are asking as little as we can. This is the newest fabric for shirt waists—

This is a most significant bargain. When every one else is asking as much as they can, we are asking as little as we can. This is the newest fabric for shirt waists—

AT THE BIG BOOK STORE
Stoll & Thayer Co.
252-54 S. SPRING ST.

The celebrated "Miller" stand lamp. All nickel with white porcelain shade **\$1.59**

Decorated vase lamp. Complete with 7 inch shade to match **98¢**

Large size decorated vase lamp with 8 inch round globe or **\$1.98**

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1900. BUSINESS SHEET. Amusements. THE DEAD HUNTINGTON. Strong Friends and Bitter Foes in Life, and How He Made Some of Them. Gained "Popularity" and Was a Winner—A Bold Talker and Fighter.

of customers can be You can hardly come an usual. A few of the fine grades may be lines are staple go out of style and have performed.

Towels—com

Crash tow

es for w

Queen Quality" sh

of lam

THE DEAD HUNTINGTON.
Strong Friends and Bitter Foes in Life, and How He Made Some of Them.
Gained "Popularity" and Was a Winner—A Bold Talker and Fighter.

proved him. The paid eulogists who sang his praises during his lifetime will shed their adulatory adjectives profusely.

ENMITY OF SPECKELS.
John D. Speckels, the millionaire owner of the San Francisco Call, and the oldest son of the sugar magnate, Clifton Speckels, had amply demonstrated their enmity for the past several years. The enmity was not of the ordinary kind, but of the kind that is based on a deep-seated hatred. The two men were not only bitter enemies, but they were also bitter rivals. The enmity was based on a deep-seated hatred for each other, and it was not until the death of Huntington that it was revealed.

subsequent investigation showed the expenditure of over two million dollars for the lobby that was necessary to beat the bill. The Santa Fe system yearned for a terminus at San Francisco, and again the master mind of the Southern Pacific, Mr. Huntington, was the man who had to be beaten. For years the farthest point north that the Santa Fe could go was Los Angeles, and it was only by the aid of Huntington that it was able to reach San Francisco. Huntington was the man who had to be beaten, and he was beaten. The Santa Fe system was the man who had to be beaten, and he was beaten. Huntington was the man who had to be beaten, and he was beaten.

BRYAN'S INSINCERITY.
Acts of His Recalled by a Democrat.
His Part in a Deal for the Speakership.
Called the Democrats a Party of Plutocrats and Wanted a New Party.

for the necessities for the organization of a new party in this country. The cardinal principle of the new party was to be the party of the people, and it was to be the party of the people. The new party was to be the party of the people, and it was to be the party of the people. The new party was to be the party of the people, and it was to be the party of the people.

EMPRESS TZE-HSI, MAKER OF EMPERORS.
BY GEORGE J. LEVY.
(SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES.)

changes in time-honored customs, under the name of reforms. He had moved numbers of capable men from positions which had been hereditary for centuries, and he had made room for the agitators who were most loud-mouthed in preaching a revolution in the existing government. Despite the fact that his education had been only along the paths trodden for centuries by his predecessors, and that he was a native of the world beyond what had been found, he allowed himself to be persuaded by visionary agitators and designing agents of foreign powers that it was his destiny to head a party of progress and to give to his country the opportunity.

The Empress, in her foreign policy, had been a conservative. She had treated them with contemptuous inattention. But when they began to take practical shape, and when they began to be a party antagonistic to her own began to gather about him and to assume formidable proportions, she began to take interest in the coming trial of strength. The crisis came in 1894. A number of arbitrary changes were made, and the Empress was forced to accept the new situation. The Empress was forced to accept the new situation, and she was forced to accept the new situation.

KODAK ENTHUSIASTS.
The Los Angeles Camera Club Happy in Its Own Home on the Top Floor.

Friday evening was an auspicious occasion for the Los Angeles Camera Club, as then it took formal possession of its new home covering the entire top floor of the Wright & Callender Building on South Hill street, below Third.

Less than ten months ago this club was organized with but fifteen members and no regular place of meeting. Through enthusiastic, energetic work and concerted action, it now numbers more than 100 members.

The new headquarters is a most comfortable and convenient place for the club. It includes every convenience and facility for all the various branches of photography, and it is a most comfortable and convenient place for the club.

MEXICAN CELEBRATION.
Speeches, Music and Dancing in Honor of the Anniversary of Mexican Independence.

The anniversary of the independence of Mexico was celebrated in this city last evening at the Turnverein Hall, and a representative audience of the city was present to do honor to the occasion.

The stage, balcony and walls were tastefully draped with the Mexican colors, and the hall was filled with the Mexican flag. The program was a most interesting one, and it was a most interesting one.

Y.W.C.A.
The Sunday afternoon services which have been omitted during the vacation season will be resumed Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Rev. Hugh K. Walker, D.D., will be the speaker. Vocal solos by Miss Arline B. Ellis will be given. The choir will sing "The Song of the Sea" (Rocke). All women are invited.

MUSIC

EVENTS IN SOCIETY

For Mrs. Jirah D. Cole.

MRS. J. W. HENDERSON, 1119 North Main street, Heights entertained a luncheon Wednesday at her home for Mrs. Jirah D. Cole of Chicago, a member of the Treble Clef Club of Los Angeles. The dining room was decorated with flowers, and the center of the table was a bouquet of red blossoms. There were tall candles in glass holders and silverware were laid in gold. Those present were: With the guests, Evelyn Wynne, Indiana; T. Leah Davidson, E. R. Archibald, C. C. Wright, Charles E. S. Chapman; Misses Mary Sue, and Jennie Wynne.

A Reception.

Mrs. E. R. Firtle and family, who have recently returned from Alabama and Kentucky, were

study. *Mim*
ta. *Monica*.[illegible]

Grace Class
The Galveston

have organized for the
the same fraternity meet-
last year. Each fraternal
ably initiate a few new
ing the year. The members
I. X. are Misses Fannie Co-
Gorden, Inez Moore, Jessie
Ferguson, Belle Conlin,
ham, Rachel Weeks,
Nannie Longty, Bertha
Ginia Dryden, Sabina
Phelps, Edith Whitfield,
May Kimbrie, Tia Moore,
Adele Rindbeck, Elsie
Anderson, Marie
Botts, Blanche Domes

piano. To
Methodist

[illegible]

Electric Co.
Collision as a

Shurrs Eva Springer, total
Mrs. J. H. Springer, 10
Capella, Will Miller, 10
Fred McMillen, 10
Fred Pachter, Warren
Informal Dinner.
Mrs. and Mrs. S. A. Truitt
tailed at dinner. Truitt's
home on Westlake ave-
nue were La France and
Mrs. La France. The
and covers were laid for
guests were Mr. and
Mrs. La France, Mr. and
Mrs. Philip Thompson,
Harry Venable, Harry
Mrs. Boker of San Fran-
cisco.
Married.
Richard Host of Rich-
mond, A. L. Lampson of
married Wednesday. Re-
sidence of Mrs. John Owsen
Fifteenth street. The
ceremony was performed
and was witnessed by
The parties were
Mrs. Host will

strate the
developme

of Park, where they said they will be with their friends after hours.

Surprise Party. "Our Crowd" landed Bronner a pleasant surprise last evening at her Fourteenth street. A party of 250, including colored, Miss Edna Fuller captured the hearts of Coby and Mr. Hanson, who were the guests of honor. The evening was spent in singing, music, and refreshments. The guests were: Mrs. Donayen, Al. Wilson, Whelan, Miss. Anderson, Mrs. Bronner, Bronner, Eager, Dr. Ellen Dickson, Dr. E. J. Hart, Mrs. and Mr. Goldsmith, Dickson, Miller, Bronner, and others.

Home Party. Judge Gray and Mrs. San Bernardino entertained at Los Angeles and friends with a home party last evening at the Inn over Sunday. The guests were: Mrs. Brown, Miss Dickson, Mrs. Mary Dohan, Mrs. Thomas, and others.

making an
e finally

Surprise Party.
A pleasant surprise awaited Miss May Lake when she returned home from her vacation. The parlor was decorated with pink carnations, and the room was filled with similar and other flowers. The surprise party was given by the friends of Miss Lake, and the guests were Misses Isabel Thomas, Emma Fruchs, Lillian Fruchs, Mary McDonald, Gonzales, Hattie Morgan,

LEGAL AND COMMERCIAL

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL

L. CLEARANCES. The ex-
brought into the local clearing-
ast week amounted to \$2,284,
ompared with \$2,354,434.05 in the
g week, and \$1,723,788.05 for the
fore that. For the correspond-
k in 1929 the figures were \$2,-

STOCKS AND BONDS. The

SANDS.	
Water Co. of Pomona. 121	121
Electric Co. 42	122
Railway Co. 197	123
Pacific Railway Co. 124	124
Gas and Pasadena	
Electric Railway Co. 124	124
Gas Elec. Light and	
Co. 125	125
San Antonio Water Co. 125	125
San Diego Electric Co. 125	125
San Joaquin Co. 125	125
San Jose Co. 125	125
San Jose Gas & Elec. Co. 125	125
San Jose Elec. Railway Co. 125	125
San Francisco the following	

stocks are reported:
of Arizona, Ga, 1906-1910, 1900 at

[illegible]

Indicates a decrease of 51,000,-

1,135	18,518,481	26,110,303
875	5,624,977	9,814,098
752	2,394,561	12,289,210
1,836	23,991,520	47,783,647

per. says Bradstreet's, the August this year is 9 per cent fewer than in 1897, and 40 per cent fewer than in 1898. The liabilities are, as shown in the table, 10 per cent heavier than in 1898, and 10 per cent heavier than in 1897, only about one-fourth what they were in 1895. With the exception of the 35 per cent in assets over last year, the latter are the

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

